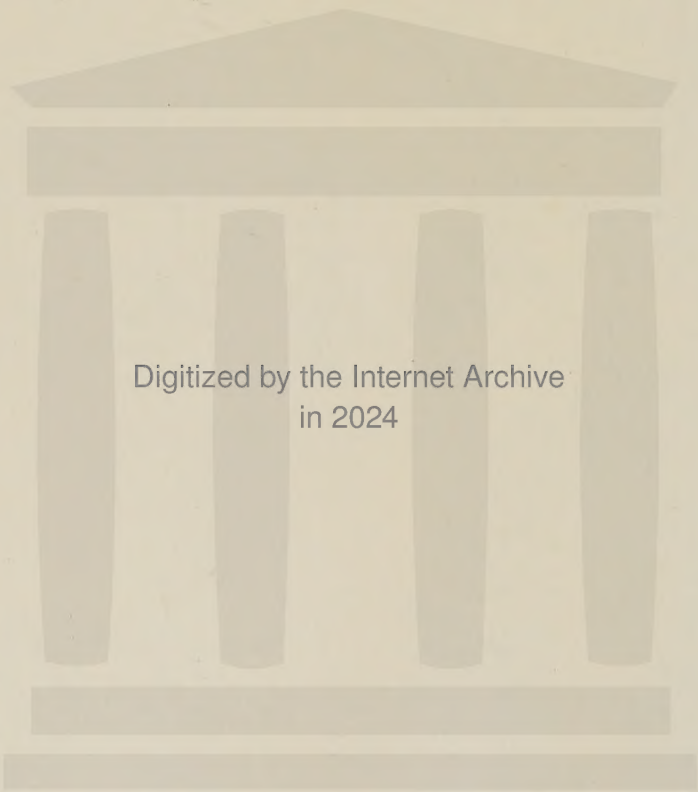
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EAGLEFIELD HULL, Mus.Doc. (Oxon.).

# MUSIC
## CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC AND MODERN

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*by*

EAGLEFIELD HULL

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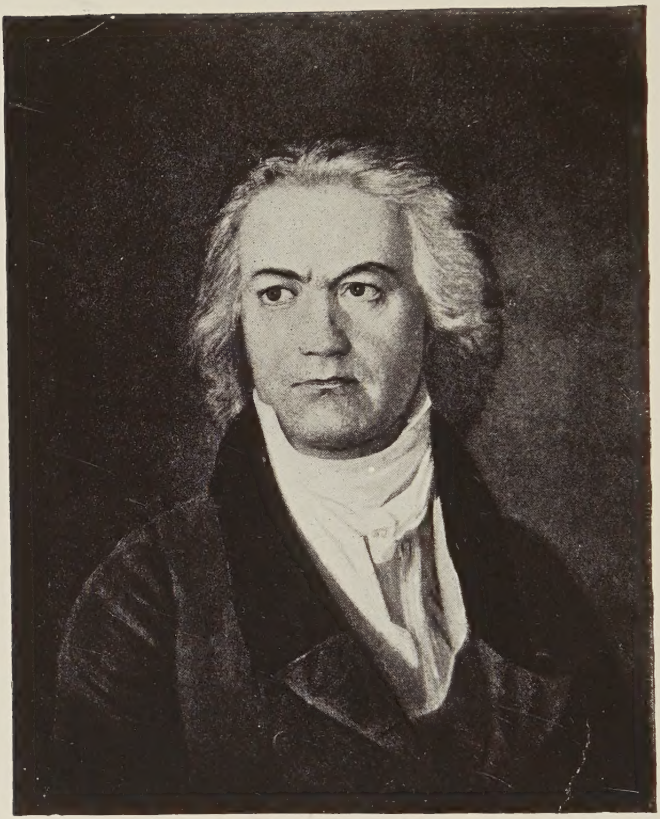

BEETHOVEN

*From a portrait by Robert Krauss after the original of Waldmüller and the cast of his face.*

# MUSIC

## CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC & MODERN

BY

EAGLEFIELD HULL

Mus.Doc. (Oxon.)

*WITH PORTRAITS AND MUSICAL EXCERPTS*

LONDON & TORONTO

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TO

MY WIFE

WHOSE LACK OF INTEREST IN THIS BOOK HAS
BEEN MY CONSTANT DESPAIR

# PREFACE

*This book I have made for my own pleasure ; I have taken stones for my walls, and tiles for my floors, wherever good material came to hand, without always troubling to acknowledge it when the lifting is as apparent as the use of the stones and columns from Hadrian's Wall by the church-builders of Northumberland. Such an adaptation of warlike material to peaceful ends I hold entirely justifiable. In the past I have profited much by the polemical writings of Newman and Evans, Pfitzner and Bekker, and I owe much to the scholarly works of Henry Prunières and Edward J. Dent, and the psychological study of Lucien Bourguès and Alexandre Denéréaz, as well as to the apt descriptive articles of that clever writer, Samuel Langford, who put so much emphasis on facility and swiftness in the capture of beauty. I am indebted also to a large number of interpretative artists, especially to Pablo Casals, Alfred Cortot, Josef Hofmann and Arthur Rubinstein, for many profitable discussions on music; to Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, and finally to Sir Henry Hadow, whose help with the book has been invaluable.*

*E. H.*

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# MUSIC

## CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC AND MODERN

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

We have been told so often of late that music is both a universal and a natural language that we have become accustomed to accept the statement unreservedly. Expression through sound is certainly common to all men and to all ages; but music with the ancient nations, with Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Byzantium, was manifested in an altogether different language from ours. To the Hindoo, Chinese, Japanese and others, our tonal language is altogether strange, though it is significant that the nations of the East have had their attention caught and their interests deeply engaged by the most recent European musical manifestations; whilst, on the other hand, in the evolution of our European musical language we are appropriating some of the subtler qualities of the Eastern systems in various ways.

Music serves many ends, and yet, finally, only one end, even "Art for Art's sake" becoming in the long run "Art for Life's sake." No really satisfying definition of art has ever yet been given. Art exists and is as great a mystery as life itself. "*L'Art, c'est l'Art; c'est tout,*" said a great French thinker. With it, life is "living"; without it, life is "merely existing." Art consoles, amuses, uplifts, beguiles, illuminates, energises. In its lower forms, it may be created merely for its own sake, to amuse, interest and pass the time; it may be produced for the joy it gives in conquering a difficult medium, as a manifestation of the artist's will; or it may be practised for refreshment or merely for the exercise of physical skill. In its highest form, it exists *for the sake of life*, as teacher and enlightener, social binder and sympathiser, a morally edifying and spiritual force.

There are some who are inclined to contrast particularly the art of the South with the art of the North; the former full

of the joy of life, and the latter immersed in deep thought. But great spirits come from all ages and all climes, and art is chiefly concerned with the strongest personalities, as they represent it at its highest value and greatest lasting power.

The historical lateness of musical development in comparison with the progress of the other arts is easily explained. The medium of the various arts becomes progressively less gross and less material; it proceeds from the dense to the tenuous. The sculptor and architect find that medium in the gross material which they shape and build into form. For the painter the medium is pigment distributed over a background. For the dramatist the medium is human personages in their interaction; and for the poet it is words, as language. But in the case of music, the medium of expression becomes still more refined, something entirely impalpable and non-material. The musician works in bare Sound and combinations of sounds; and Sound, though a physical phenomenon, is not something physically substantial, as is the case with the other arts. Music, then, is soul-expression in a *non-material medium*; and on that account, it is, historically, the latest-born of the arts; and well may all the other arts, as Pater puts it, continually aspire after the law and principle of music, to *a condition which music alone completely realises.*

In the history of music, we are confronted from time to time with the mystery of the astounding precocity of a youthful Mozart who composed pieces at the age of four, and sonatas at six, an opera, an oratorio and a host of other works before he was twelve; of a young Beethoven, who at the age of eleven, in offering his earliest compositions to a princely patron, wrote that in them he had striven "to translate the harmonies of my soul," which had revealed themselves to him in his inspired hours. But if we do not limit the term *music* merely to the sound-arrangements audible to the ear, or to the intellectual science of manipulating sounds, but recognise it as a self-existent entity, we see that the real music is already within the composer; it is the very stuff and fabric of his being. As Shakespeare has it:

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,

> Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
> Such harmony *is in* immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

And the measure of a composer's greatness is the measure of his capacity to draw from this subjective oceanic source, and to interpret the harmonies of his spirit into sensuous sounds, that will evoke in the hearer a sympathetic response and recognition. And so it comes about that the more impersonal a great composer's music is, the more uplifting and edifying is the message. Contrast the universality of Bach's music, for instance, with the intensely personal appeal of Tchaikovsky's. There can be no comparison between the wearing power of such different music.

Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst[1] says that an antique tradition tells of a golden age of blissful effortless condition in which all that the arts now labour to express was mankind's natural patrimony. Then came a change, a redistribution of cosmic forces, necessary for human discipline and education, for men can only learn and grow by experiencing sharp contrasts. Good is a meaningless term unless known in relation to evil. And so, man's present life is a discord in the eternal harmony, a discord awaiting its resolution. Thus true music is, as Plato affirmed of true knowledge, due to reminiscence; it is really *soul-remembrance*. Beethoven wrote of his own work: "I have no friend, I must live alone; but *I know that in my heart God is nearer to me than to others*. I approach Him without fear. I have always known Him. Neither am I anxious about my music, which no adverse fate can overtake and which will free him who understands it from the misery which affects others." Writing of his *Missa Solemnis* to his friend, Andreas Streicher, he says, "It was my chief aim to awaken and to render lasting religious feeling, in the singers as well as in the hearers." Handel said of his *Messiah*, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better." Of this uplifting force, all the great composers were themselves fully aware, just as they felt their own helplessness to stem the tide arising within them. And it is this helplessness in the matter of inspiration that

[1] Paper read at Leeds University, 25 October, 1926.

explains the frequent incongruity between the spirituality of a composer's works and the behaviour of the fleshly integument which confines his spirit. It may also explain why there is so little difference, if any, between their so-called sacred and secular music. When questioned about the light-heartedness of his church Masses, Haydn replied that when he thought of the good God, he felt so happy that he could not help this showing in his music. There is little difference in style and musical material between the secular and the church works of Purcell, and still less between the oratorios and operas of Handel.

But music is more than a teacher; it is a social binding force. How strangely old-fashioned Darwin's theory of the origin of music now appears to us! The biologist would have us attribute it to the call of sex, the male birds singing in competition before the female, a miniature setting of the Court of Love for Elizabeth in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. And Herbert Spencer's attribution of its origin to the deliberate attempt on the part of the instrumentalist to reproduce the inflection of speech is no less outdated. These two theories completely ignore music's superiority over all the other arts in its very freedom from the necessity to reproduce things, its non-representational character, its qualities of abstraction and its immunity from contradictory associations. Starved emotionally as Spencer's own nature was, he arrives nearer to the truth when he writes: "Music is the highest of all the arts, because it helps to develop the language of emotions and thus to induce sympathy between human beings." Art gives what nature cannot give. It raises man above the personal into the universal life, by means of participation in the same ideas through the same feelings, and it is therefore the greatest communal force in the world. Even Tolstoy bears witness: "Art is a means of union among men, binding them together in the same feelings." But not all music can lay claim to this universal appeal. Some is held up at the national frontiers on account of its special cultivation of racial traditions. Other music must remain purely regional, and other entirely aristocratic. For although indefinite in a certain sense, reacting and modified according to its receiver, yet in another sense, music is, as Mendelssohn affirmed, "more

definite than words." It can penetrate more deeply and surely to the centre of things, whose mysteries and subtleties are unapproachable in any other way.

We lose much by too narrow and restricted a view of music. Its springs are to be found amongst the country-folk just as in the great cathedrals and monasteries. It began in the country glade and round the hearth, before it passed to the church; the concert-room and the grand opera-house are comparatively recent inventions. The modern tendency towards an insincere rhetoric and the increasing commercialisation of the art bid fair to send it back to the home, its rightful place; and to make us value more and more the greater intimacy afforded by the smaller music-room.

Although music is the latest comer amongst the arts, it is rapidly attaining an amazingly important position. The stress of life is sharpening our perceptions, refining our physical senses and intensifying our æsthetic sensibilities. And the more spiritual the race becomes, the more musical it is certain to be. All indications point to the probability of music being even now but on the threshold of its potentialities. Sublime as is the polyphony of a Palestrina or a Byrd, immense as is Bach's sea of sound, soul-searching as is Beethoven's flood of harmony, superbly eloquent as is Wagner's great orchestral surge, the art has not rested satisfied with this immense kingdom, but sweeps on, almost scornfully as it were, to further conquests. Nor must we be impatient with innovators. In the very manner in which sound is moulded for the mere joy of making, real art *may* occasionally arise.

One of the most remarkable things about the evolution of music is the way each notable composer builds on the work of his predecessors, appropriating and developing it, until a whole period is finally summed up by one man of unusual genius "who rapidly gathers together the incomplete and personal ideals of the various members, antecedent as well as contemporary, into one supreme method, in which is displayed the actual end towards which all efforts were unconsciously directed."[1] We cannot fail to see here *the spirit of music* working to some ultimate fulfilment, using geniuses, periods and ages

[1] Wooldridge, *Oxford History of Music*, vol. iii. (Clarendon Press).

to sustain its progress, steadily pursuing, age by age, the working out of its full purpose. After a great consummator like Palestrina or Bach, the forerunners seem to disappear entirely, only to be brought occasionally to a hearing by some keen inquirer who discovers that Buxtehude has some fine special quality that even Bach does not possess; and so with Zachau and Handel, with John Field and Chopin, and many others. A great figure like Bach faces both ways, towards the past as well as to the future; others, like Palestrina, gather up in themselves all the efforts of the preceding generations leading up to them; they are the *consummators* of an era. And other revolutionary spirits, like Philip Emmanuel Bach, Mussorgsky and Stravinsky, will only look boldly forward from some lonely outpost; *inventors* and *prophets*, they are just as important and indispensable to music as the great consummators of the eras themselves.

So much for the composers—the original transmitters, willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious re-creators of the truth and beauty which is already *in* them. The second person in the process of musical re-creation is the *interpreter*, the performer; for he also has to re-create. The banal dance-tune and the sentimental drawing-room song are the only musical forms in which a composer can absolutely depend on the rendering being exactly as he conceived it; for he knows exactly what his hearers expect, and gives it to them. It seems indeed a strange paradox that the higher and deeper the purpose of music is, the greater are the variations possible to both the performer and the hearer in its transmission. Hence arises the *personality* of the interpretative artist, who is specially attached by nature and gifts to certain styles, and is in reality much less versatile than one imagines. And here it should be noticed than many performers are not primarily re-creative. They often derive much from teachers and other artists whom they hear. But a performer's chief value and significance certainly lies in the direction in which he is originally *re-creative* in his interpretations.

The third person in the re-creation of music is the *listener*. What is his rôle and what is expected of him? Often, we fear, a great deal more than he is ready to give. Real listeners are scarce; nor ought we to be surprised at this. We may reasonably expect the serious listener to conserve his listening powers, to

conduct himself circumspectly with the use of his listening time, occupying himself only with the best music, and keeping his hearing as sensitive as possible. One views with disquietude the careless, not to say casual, habits engendered by the practice of regular "listening-in" to broadcast music.

Of the keen and earnest listener, two things may rightly be expected—a knowledge of the small amount of technical *terminology* required, and a broad comprehension of the various styles and movements, and the changes which have come over the art during the last three or four centuries. Music has a right to its own terminology, and this is no greater than that required by any fine game such as cricket, golf or billiards.[1] It is, too, only reasonable to expect the intelligent listener to take a lively interest in the music of contemporary composers. No one composer nor one particular age has the exclusive patrimony of Truth, Beauty and Goodness; nor indeed does the whole galaxy of genius yet encompass it; for it is quite evident that we are but on the margin of a still greater musical revelation. Nevertheless in a broad kind of way we do find certain styles and expressions more closely attached to certain types of music-making. The abstract, eighteenth-century *classical* type is the music of the royal court, of the presence-chamber, and by virtue of its abstract nature, it was at times even delegated to the position of menial and ancillary music, being little more than the flourish when loyal subjects bow to newly-crowned monarchs. Its elegance, finish and taste accord with the standards of the aristocratic life amongst which it was born and bred. On the other hand, *Romanticism* at its fullest, in the commanding orchestral tones of Liszt and the glowing harmony of Wagner, addresses itself directly to the larger concourses of the public concert-hall and the opera-house. There is no possibility of mistaking the desires of these composers in this matter. At the present time, the great intimacy, penetration and delicacy of much *contemporary art* urges music again in the direction of the smaller music-room with its chamber-orchestra of solo-instruments, and of the home-circle with a still smaller number of players. Even the manufacturers of overgrown "concert-grands" are now reducing their measurements; and one will

[1] We give the necessary definitions in Appendix I.

soon be able to get as wide a choice in piano sizes as one can in gloves or collars.[1]

So swift has been musical evolution during the last twenty years, so manifold its forms, so arresting its technical problems, that there has been no time even for the charting of its courses. It is only during the last few years that musical composers have, as it were, paused for breath and given us time for a more steadying outlook over present horizons. And fascinating as is the study of the beginnings of modern music, the interest in the contemporary music of the last half-century far exceeds it in intensity and importance. Revaluations of the classical works take place from time to time, and will continue to do so. Forty years ago, Beethoven was at the summit of all music; and Bach, who now reigns supreme on the loftiest altitudes, was a forgotten figure. Of late years, the musical stature of Mozart has increased mightily. Little was known of Palestrina and Purcell, less of Byrd or Monteverdi, and nothing of Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa.

And further, yet another condition enters—one dependent on the art of the makers of instruments—the quality of the instrument used. Of late, with the progress made in wireless transmission of music, reproduction by gramophone and mechanical piano-players, our attention has been directed away from one most important point, the *quality of tone*. Yet we find the great composers, notably Bach and Beethoven, and great players such as Paderewski, Cortot, and Hofmann, showing an unflagging interest in the invention and improvement of instruments. It is indeed a most important requirement of the art that the sound itself should give pleasure, not only by its extreme variety and modulation, but also by its own *beauty of quality*.[2] Some nations are apparently much more sensitive to beauty of tone than others, the English and American most of all. It is significant that Burney, in the diaries of his travels in Germany in 1772, continually complains of the bad tone-quality of the instruments and their defective tuning. Sir

[1] Josef Hofmann plays always on specially made pianos, with keyboards which have an octave-span half an inch less than the normal measurement.

[2] Music made on poor instruments, especially of the percussive type, is responsible for much trouble in the way of irritated and exhausted nerves, and possibly even of deafness.

George Smart's German travel diaries, half a century later, are full of similar complaints. Though the sweetest-toned violins come from Italy and South Germany, neither the Italians nor the Germans seemed highly appreciative of purity and beauty in vocal tone. Yet, robbed of its sensuous and æsthetic appeal, music loses half its magical power. For the more modern and complex musical works, the employment of a really fine instrument with a beautiful tone is absolutely imperative. But complex and subtle music is not necessarily of a higher order than the simpler kind, and a plain Purcell air sung by a pure-voiced boy, or a romantic folk-song sung by a gentle Irish maiden, may be quite as far-reaching in its appeal as the most complex symphony or a Bach fugue.

And finally, something else is required for a perfect performance of any concert work. In the first place, the building must be good acoustically. It is an astonishing thing that our architects are not more successful with our concert-halls; nor are many of our fine cathedrals much better for music, as has lately been suggested. Old Bach laid down the fundamental principle for *good musical acoustics*—a room as high as it is wide and exactly twice as long, and no galleries. Failing this, and perhaps with it, the orchestral platform should be converted into a pit as deep as it usually is high. The subject is not studied at all thoroughly, and in our newer halls the dimensions are left far too much to chance. Even our "wireless" experts, whom one would expect to understand such things, show a lamentable ignorance of the laws governing perfect transmission of sound. There is, indeed, much lee-way to be made up in this direction.

The system of classification adopted in the present book may easily arouse qualms in the breasts of those who have a horror of "labelling" people and things. If to them it smacks overmuch of modern business methods, they may be assured that no one has a greater dread of "pinning down" musical works, like so many entomological specimens, than has the present writer. But when a storehouse becomes so packed that there is neither sense nor order in it (witness the average manner of arranging programmes),[1] some system becomes necessary to

[1] To put a classical work *after* a modern piece is an artistic misdemeanour.

prevent the whole being rendered useless for the purpose of life in the best sense. *Art is order*; and we must be orderly in our use of it. Sense, meaning and balance must be won somehow out of all this confusion of peoples and styles. If we are to understand music rightly, we must realise what are the aims of the various artistic movements. It is to be hoped that any possible ill effects that may arise in this book from too strait a treatment will be mitigated by a liberal amount of overlapping. Thus the same composer will occasionally be found mentioned in more than one section, although the chief treatment of him will be found in the section dealing with the movement to which he more particularly belongs.

If we have occupied ourselves in the following "bird's-eye view" chiefly with serious music, it is not because we underrate the value of lighter music. We believe with Bizet that there are only two kinds of music—good and bad.

Light music has its place and fulfils its purpose well; in England especially, we do the light, "pretty-pretty" music (*Kitsch*, the Germans call it) as well as it can possibly be done. If again we have occupied ourselves with instrumental music more than with vocal, it is because instrumental music alone is the pure art; in it the composer's spirit moves more freely than when tied to the bondage of words. Not that we would underrate the value of the union of the harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse; but vocal music can never be international and universal in the same sense as instrumental.[1] For with vocal music the question of translation always arises, and the truth that lies behind the Italian proverb, *Traduttori traditori* (Translators are traitors), becomes more apparent when the claims of music are added to the difficulties of conveying the true sense of the words. Instrumental music was doubtless coeval with vocal in the early stages of primitive life; but whatever the ancient music was, there is no denying that we have lost its traditions, and that in the middle ages of Europe an entirely new musical language had to be created, one fitted to convey the aspirations of the generations to come.

[1] The vocal music of the Classical period was never an equal yoking of Music and Verse. The words played a very inconsiderable rôle both in quantity and significance. In this respect the voice seems to have been regarded very much as an instrument would be, and the difference between classical vocal and instrumental music is not great.

*Part I*

# CLASSICAL

# PART I—CLASSICAL

## CHAPTER II

### PRE-CLASSICAL AND CLASSICAL MUSIC

We use the word Classical now in many different senses. We apply it to the whole body of surviving ancient Greek and Latin art and literature; we use it to cover that part of modern art and literature which is constructed in the antique style or on antique models; and we also use it in a more general sense, to indicate all art that is the best and most permanent of its kind. There is another meaning which is occasionally attached to the word, one to which we cannot give our assent. We sometimes see the term "classical music" used merely to designate compositions in the so-called "symphony-form" or "sonata-form" of the schools, these forms themselves being occasionally referred to as "classical forms." Yet the problem of "form" is never fully solved and has always remained in a fluid state. Just as the word Classical in architecture is often used to cover a good deal of poor material, shoddy workmanship and tawdry effect, so a lot of thin material, meagre ideas, well-worn tags and padding, provided they are put into what is imagined as "sonata" or "symphony" form, is passed off glibly as "classical music." There is a loose way of thinking that the problem of "form" no longer occupies the composer when he is setting words to music. Yet even in the old madrigals the greatest care was taken to present the matter lucidly and in an orderly way. The oneness of idea itself made for unity, but, in addition, each line was carefully worked out, and the poem itself was chosen with due regard to musical shape and form. With the opera the problem of "form" was even more pressing.

There is yet another meaning to the word Classical which is more difficult to put into a few words; briefly, it indicates

that art which is distinguished by sobriety in form and matter, both these properties being simple, lucid, orderly and beautiful, the form being well-proportioned and supreme over the matter; and this is the sense in which we shall use it in this book.

If the Pre-Classical music may be described in one word as Sound-Weaving, then the Classical music is Sound-Building. We might go on to say that Romantic music is Sound-Feeling, and Impressionism is Sound-Sensing. In Classical music the feeling of universality predominates; there is therefore less individualism (if any), and if there are any distinguishing national features, they are more concerned with the smaller details of workmanship than with the broad general effect. It was the classicist, Pater, who first used the term "frozen music" for fine architecture; and there is a great similarity between classical music and the solid constructional art of the early cathedral-builders. The music which supplied the soul to the wall-bound body of the cathedral had to follow the principles of the architectural art in its own parts, in its periods and groups of periods, and in securing a well-ordered and well-articulated whole.

In the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, all the arts and all the greatest artists themselves were much more generalised, less specialised, than they became later on; and we find them continually following one another's laws in preference to making laws of their own. In music this is heard more particularly in three ways. Amongst the earliest British and Flemish church schools we find music cultivated as an almost completely *abstract* science. Gradually we find *pictorial* devices creeping into the sound-shapes, and even into the mere notation; and finally, a growing desire to imitate the words *literally* entered music to remain until fully exploited by the great Bach himself.

Up to the opening of the seventeenth century all cultured music had been formed on the polyphonic or contrapuntal style; that is, composers were concerned with the simultaneous weaving of all the parts, and not with any particular melody as chief. Melodies were only heard in combination; none of them was above another, none was more important than another. In England, which seems to have possessed the earliest contra-

puntal church-music schools, and in the Netherlands, this purely abstract and mathematical side of music was cultivated with great assiduity. Music became, on the part of both the singers and the composers, a highly professional business, fussy about its own laws and rules, the secrets of which were jealously preserved. Composers delighted in all kinds of fantastic tricks, shortening and lengthening the notes when imitating the leader, turning the patterns upside down, taking them backwards, and what-not. Yet these qualities of abstraction, of impersonality, even its emotional coldness, pre-eminently fitted music for reinforcing the doctrines of the Mediæval Church, and made it a powerful antidote to the free, licentious, surging, emotional life of the world outside. The warmth of human feeling which entered gradually into church-music (for good or ill) by use of the chromatics was a long time in coming; and eventually came through the secular influences of the folk-music. That some church-composers like Philip Neri of Rome and John of Fornsete in Norfolk felt the advantage of combining the church and secular styles is proved by the former's invention of the oratorio in the sixteenth century and the latter's six-part madrigal arrangement of the old English carol *Sumer is icumen in*, which he composed early in the thirteenth century.

In the glow of the Italian Renaissance, music was destined to catch the full warmth of human feeling, and to set about throwing off its too professional manner and its mathematical shackles; it aimed at expressing itself heroically on the stage, and lyrically and tastefully in the private music-rooms and chapels. Classical secular music was then in its beginnings an aristocratic art, and it depended for its support for over two centuries (beyond the time of Mozart) entirely on a system of private patronage. Born in Italy[1] in the palaces of the wealthy nobles, and nurtured in their elegant chapels and presence-chambers, with tapestries made by the most renowned weavers and ceilings painted by the greatest artists, the first aim of music was

[1] For all that concerns the springs of the new harmonic (monodic) music, we might just as well have begun our story with England. The new spirit was certainly as strong and advanced here quite as early as in Italy, if not indeed earlier. See Chap. XII.

diversion and pastime. At the same time a strong feeling of rivalry between neighbouring princes and jealous prelates was rarely absent; for the great personages of the Renaissance times were as proud of their musical establishments as of their military retinues and political following. Yet—quite apart from the less worthy motives of these Italian princes and worldly-minded prelates, of our English Tudor monarchs and the heads of the more solemn German courts—with all these self-constituted patrons of music and learning, there was an undercurrent of serious endeavour in their pursuit, and a sort of recognition that the encouragement of the art of music made for some vague yet desirable goal.

The nature of the encouragement accorded by the various patrons depended entirely on the character and will (or whim) of the patron himself. Under a high-minded man of sympathetic and artistic endowments, music naturally prospered best; under an ambitious and worldly-minded tyrant, a musical establishment became merely one of the many appanages to the grandeurs of his court, like his military retinue and his culinary department. In the Gonzaga princes, Monteverdi had two tyrannical patrons who overworked him cruelly; Haydn had two most enlightened patrons in the two wealthy Princes Esterhazy (Nicolas played several instruments himself); Mozart had a mean, avaricious Prince-Archbishop in Sigismund II. Even in later times, Wagner would have been seriously retarded without Ludwig II. of Bavaria. But, stupid or enlightened as these wealthy patrons were, the actual creators of the art, the composers themselves, were under no misapprehension as to its ultimate purpose. Their aim was to capture Beauty and Truth, and to put their trust in good workmanship. They sought to express things which could never be encompassed by any other means. They created Beauty through the melodic line, and the balancing and contrasting of the various parts which made up the whole piece. Truth they obtained by a close and just union of music with the words or with the subject.

The ecclesiastical church-composers had departed far from these aims. They had at first woven their music round certain fixed church-songs. As time went on, the composers tired of this method and slyly worked in secular themes, battle-songs,

love-tunes and even tavern doggerels. The number of simultaneous melodic lines was gradually increased until it reached absurd dimensions. Tallis wrote an anthem for forty different voices. It was revived by Dr. Mann in London in 1898, and was sung again at Cambridge in 1899. The monks of St. Omer in Flanders were proud of a motet where forty different voices sang simultaneously, and legend says that the English Dr. Bull, on his arrival there, added forty more.

After the abuses and absurd complexities of the church-music, there came a feeling that a return to more natural courses was long overdue; and in Florence towards the dawn of the seventeenth century, Monody (one-tune music) was born. Now the birth of Monody was in this wise. Under the Medicis, the lovely city of Florence was surging with new ideas and new views of life; the warm pulse of the Renaissance was throbbing wildly in its veins. People were turning their eyes towards Greece in the hope of reviving the forgotten glories of its art and its literature. Little circles gathered all over the city to discuss art, science, religion, politics and culture, but chiefly art. And the chief of these circles (*camerati*) was the one which met at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio; and the small party which met in his palace bent their thoughts to the resuscitation of the Greek drama with its curious mode of recitation, half-singing, half-talking.

This small Florentine *camerata* consisted of Vincenzio Galileo (father of the famous physicist), a lute- and viol-player, a composer of parts and a student of Greek music; Girolamo Mei, author of some books on music; Pietro Strozzi, composer; Ottavio Rinuccini, poet; Giulio Caccini, singer and teacher of singing, who had composed some songs with lute; Jacopo Peri, singer and clavecinist; Emilio del Cavaliere, a Roman noble who had come to Florence as director of the court-music under Ferdinand I.; and lastly, there was Bardi himself. Such was the distinguished party which met in 1580 to produce new Italian art-works along the lines of the antique Greek drama.

These scholars and music-lovers seem to have confused the desire to restore pagan art with the principle of a return to Nature; for they considered that spoken language should be

taken as the right and proper model for song. It will be readily seen that there was ample material in this bevy of distinguished men for a variety of experiments; and all sorts of things were the outcome. After numberless experiments with the voice and a variety of instruments, certain new musical forms emerged which appeared capable of great development. Amongst these were the solo-song to the lute (perhaps already in use in England), duets with accompaniments of viols, the *Favola*, and the Pastoral; and, to crown all, there was the new form, the oratorio, of which Cavaliere's *Representation of Soul and Body* was the first example; and the *Dramma per musica* (or, as we call it, "opera"), an art-form which looked not only backward to the Greeks, but forward to Gluck, Mozart, Rossini and Wagner. In short, a completely new art had arisen which sounded the knell of the old contrapuntal or polyphonic period and heralded the birth of Monody or music with one predominating melody—the only music which the mass of people understands nowadays. It will thus be seen that modern music was born amidst surroundings of aristocratic culture and refinement, and that it was cradled in all the splendour that riches can bestow.

There is little room here to discuss the first operas. Chief amongst them was *Dafne* (music by Peri, words by Rinuccini), avowedly written in the new style, *stilo recitativo* or *stilo rappresentativo*. The music has, unfortunately, been lost. *Euridice* (words by Rinuccini, music by Peri and Caccini) has, however, been preserved, and shows us clearly what the new influence in music portended. Some attempts at opera had already been made in the older polyphonic style, notably Politian's *Favola di Orfeo* (Mantua, 1472); but they had not been conspicuously successful. In the early musical dramas of Peri, Caccini and others, we find Monody (a single tune to a harmonic accompaniment) unreservedly accepted, and music struggling to shape itself to the mood, form and expression of the words. By these means, it was enabled to discover its own power and to free itself in time from the necessity of words. And thus arose the classical instrumental music.

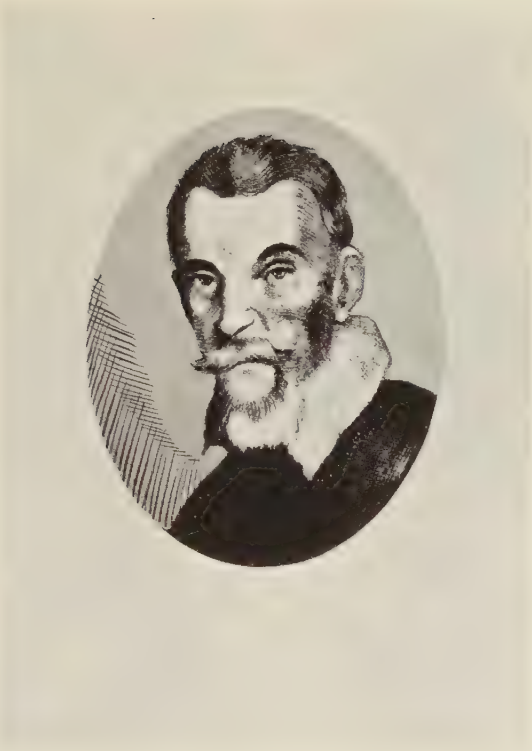
* * *

The outstanding musical figure of the Italian Renaissance, Claudio MONTEVERDI, is too often vaguely considered as the composer of the first grand opera, *Orfeo*; but his other musical activities are equally important. Like Bach in later times, he faced both ways. He wrote madrigals and church-music in the antique contrapuntal style, and when doing so, he indulged his taste for musical figures of a pictorial intention, as did the other masters of these severe styles. Yet the madrigal had sprung originally from the Italian pastoral folk-song, the *frottola*; and we see in Monteverdi, as in other early masters, a distinct leaning towards a more harmonic style through the greater use of block chords. His music becomes more and more a homophonic and syllabic commentary on the words, and increasingly pictorial in intention. In his *Catene del Amore* (*Love-Chains*) we find long festoons of thirds used to suggest the weaving of garlands. Sighs are translated into music by pauses. The voices rise on the words *Heaven*, *Heights*, *Ascension*; and fall on such words as *Earth*, *Abyss*. Broad undulating thirds represent the waves of the sea. The most daring discords and unexpected modulations are used to express martyrdom, sadness, pain and tears. This preoccupation with a literal translation is heard also in his opera *Orfeo*. There the voices ascend on the word *Cielo* (Heaven), scatter into rapid notes on *Fugge* (flees), drop a sixth on *Il precipizio* (precipice); *Zoppo* (lame) go in long notes, and *Ali* (wings) rise in runs of semiquavers. In his *Combattimento* and Warrior-madrigals (he had to accompany the princely patron on military campaigns) he is frankly realistic. He finds the right vocal rhythms for the stamp of the horses, the impetuosity of the charge, and the terror of the vanquished. His *Scherzi Musicali* are more lyrical.

In Monteverdi's time there were few professions more honourable and more remunerative than that of the musician. He was expected to live in a certain style. Monteverdi occupied an expensive house, kept a carriage and horses, men and women servants. His patron, Vincenzo Gonzaga, the Duke of Mantua, was the type incarnate of the Italian Renaissance princes. Devoted to display, fêtes, plays, balls and ballets, he was both generous and harsh, assassinating any artists who failed him, overwhelming with gifts (rarely money) those who served him

well. He pursued pleasure tirelessly; love and music, painting and alchemy, absorbed him. He brought as much care to the engagement of a new singer, or the purchase of a famous picture, as to the acquisition of a new province. Yet for all this, the prince had no consideration for his artists, and with his sudden requests for new operas and cantatas at short notice for state visits, royal weddings, and other court ceremonies, he overworked Monteverdi cruelly, "I do most humbly beseech your most Serene Highness," Monteverdi wrote to his patron, "for the love of God, no longer to put so much work upon me; and to give me more time; for my chief desire is to serve you, and this excess of fatigue will not fail to shorten my life." Monteverdi was no time-server, and his artistic conscience rebelled at doing things to order at such short notice. He was much happier when finally released from such high-handed treatment, by accepting a post in the free city of Venice, where he spent the last thirty years of his life, writing many operas for the first public opera-houses there. He died in Venice in 1643 at the ripe age of seventy-five, his mind fresh and young to the last.

Of the two Scarlattis, Alessandro and Domenico, father and son, it is hard to say which had the more genius. Domenico, the wonderful harpsichord-player, had the greater inventive powers. His father wrote chiefly for the voice and kept to the classical opera-forms; far too much so, for he was the chief user and abuser of the "A-B-A" form (first air—middle contrasted air—first air repeated), which he used for all his solos; and his admirer and follower, Handel, was not much more inventive in this respect. The leisurely chamber-cantata, with its formal set airs and duets, was immensely popular in the Italy of the seventeenth century, and Alessandro Scarlatti was at once its greatest and most fertile exponent. He wrote no less than seventy operas, besides hundreds of other works, and spent all his time between Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice producing them. More than half of his works are now lost, but the amount that remains is still enormous and bewildering in its variety. Very little of his pedantic chamber-music or of the fine tunes of his operas is heard nowadays, but he is a big



Claudio Monteverdi

figure for the musical historian. He means more to us when we acknowledge that his best pupil was Mozart.[1]

Far more significant is the music of his son Domenico, one of the first of the *virtuoso* clavier-players, whose technique was so amazing that those easy-thinking Italians were wont to say, "He is possessed of the devil." He spent a quarter of a century in Spain, as cembalist to the Court at Madrid, and there is no question of the excellent effect of the Spanish environment on his works. His complete keyboard pieces (over 300) have recently been published in twelve volumes, and they are as vital on the piano of to-day as they were on the harpsichords of Madrid and Naples in his own time. These joyous pieces are typical of the pleasure-loving courts of Italy where his taste was formed, and of Spain, where his art was most fully exercised and developed. The recent reaction against the Romantics has had the two-fold effect of sending people of taste back to these early classical keyboard-pieces, as well as forward to the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist music.

What Alessandro Scarlatti, the opera-composer, was to Italy, Jean Baptiste Lulli was to France. If Louis XIV. was the arch-type of the aristocratic and fashionable European courts of the seventeenth century, Lulli was the typical classical musician of this period. Born an Italian, sent as a page-boy to a great lady of the French Court, Mlle. de Montpensier, he was quickly promoted to be leader of the King's Band. A graceful dancer, an able composer, an expert stage-manager, an alert and astute man, able to use even his misfortunes so as to rise higher—he was just the man to realise the ideas of the Grand Monarch.

The fêtes at Versailles were carried out with the utmost sumptuousness. In the Tuileries, balls, serenades, concerts, masques, ballets, succeeded each other all the year round. Pleasures and vices were everywhere, but all were clothed in the robes of ceremony and dignity. Life itself was a stately ballet moving to a dignified measure. Courtiers monstrously bewigged and peruked, courtesans with the grand manner, dances, majestic as a peacock, slow enough for the whispered

[1] Edward J. Dent, *Scarlatti* (Arnold, 1905).

intrigues of love, architecture itself befrilled in exuberant ornament—everything was to the taste of this young and wily Italian, who added to the impulsiveness of his Southern blood, and habit of audacious scheming, a love of pomposity as great as that of the monarch himself. This organiser of royal pomps, of scenes of pleasure, did more for the ballet than he did for music. In his day it was a dance, a masque and an opera all in one—a series of pictures or slight incidents, strung together with the lightest of links, crystallising into rigid operatic conventions. Mythological subjects alone were favoured; for nearly two hundred years, the court and public never seem to have wearied of the loves of gods and goddesses, shepherds, nymphs and fauns, framed in classical landscapes and decked out in French court dress. The resources of Versailles seemed endless. The staging was sumptuous. One of these productions alone, the *Cérémonie turque* in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, cost £2,600 to produce.

Lulli's triumphal career was cut short by a curious accident —in 1687 he was conducting his *Te Deum* for the recovery of the king from illness, when he struck his foot with his long heavy-mounted baton. Blood-poisoning set in, and he died in his large canopied bed at Ville l'Evêque; and a sumptuous monument was erected to his memory in the chapel of his patron-saint, St. Jean Baptiste.

In music, Lulli was no initiator; he merely used other people's materials. His pomposity, majesty, and grandeur arise from his sober and dignified harmonic style (one devoid of complexity and chromaticism) rather than from any elevation of mind. His firmly strutting bass and the absence of any rhythmical surprise give his music a perfect assurance. Like Handel and most of the Italian composers, he is prone to stereotyped cadences. His melody is still tightly held in by the tetrachordal influence of the old Netherland composers. First and foremost he was a formalist, a co-ordinator. If he did not invent the so-called "French Overture" form (a slow majestic movement in 4-4 time with dotted notes, followed by a lively movement of dance-like nature in triple time), he certainly established it. His form was adopted by Bach, Handel, Purcell and others. He also helped to establish the general type of

lyrical tragedy, ballet-opera, and heroic pastorale. More than any other composer he understood the music of pleasure, that art to which the royal æsthete Louis XIV. always gave first place in his "Earthly Paradise" in which he tried to forget all earthly cares.

The France of Lulli's time was a France given over entirely to the Italian in music, and it was, perhaps, fortunate that the genius Henry Purcell only came into contact with Lulli at second-hand through Pelham Humphrey, whom King Charles sent over to Paris to learn the so-called "French ways." As M. Denéréaz says, Lulli's music was a magnificent, though somewhat cold, morning light; his successor Rameau announced the rubicund day.

François Couperin was the second leading musical figure of Louis XIV.'s time. The Couperin family affords the most striking example of a French musical dynasty. For two centuries this family was illustrious in furnishing remarkable artists to the musical establishments of the French courts and eminent organists for the principal Paris churches. From the early part of the seventeenth century up to the beginning of the nineteenth, Couperin fathers, mothers, uncles, nephews, aunts, nieces and cousins, were court composers—clavecinists, violinists, singers, or organists—whose outstanding talents were widely recognised by all. But the chief of all was François, called "Couperin le Grand" by reason of his pre-eminence as composer and player. He was organist of St. Gervais's Church in Paris for forty-four years, Superintendent of the Court Chamber-Music, and Royal Instructor to both Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He is deservedly famous for his many keyboard-suites, originally written for the "clavecin" and now frequently played on the pianoforte.

These suites, all known and loved by Bach, who modelled many of his own on them, had also a great influence on two other classical composers, Handel and his friend Domenico Scarlatti. They were published by the composer in four books at various times, 1713, 1717, 1722, 1730. Couperin's aim was to set down the music with the greatest possible fullness, as he played it on the instrument; even the manifold embellishments,

which form an integral part of his style, are most accurately indicated. Departing from the practice of the composers of his time, he strings his pieces together into larger groups, not called suites but *ordres*. The four books contain twenty-seven of these *ordres*, comprising in all nearly 200 pieces. These consist of dance-measures, rondeaux, and pieces with all kinds of fanciful titles; others are inscribed with the names of well-known dancers in the royal masques and ballets. The dance-pieces include allemands, passepieds, canaries, courantes, sarabands, minuets, gavottes and jigs. We find titled pieces which call to mind the subjects of Watteau's quasi-classical and pastoral pictures: *Fanfare for Diana's Procession*, *The Foresters*, *The Bees*, *The Pastimes at St. Germain-en-Laye*, *The Carillon of Cytherea*, *L'Himen-Amour*, *Les Grâces incomparables*, etc. Such pieces as *La Florentine*, *La Nanette*, *L'Amazone*, *La Mimi*, *La Gabrièle*, *L'Angélique*, *L'Olimpique*, *La Flore*, *The Little Nuns*, *The Lady with the Waving Plumes*, *La Drôle*, all refer either to favourites of the stage, or to Couperin's fashionable pupils. And one likes to think that Couperin has indicated their varied dispositions. Nor did he refrain from the portraiture of his own family and friends. *La Sœur Monique* is his own daughter who entered a nunnery under this name. He mentions in the first book that "the pieces bearing titles are in a way portraits which have sometimes been considered very characteristic, when I played them." He does not, however, wish to push the matter too far, and continues: "Most of these pretty titles are bestowed on the charming originals whom I wished to portray, rather than on the copies of my making." This may mean that he dedicates the piece to the lady designated by the title, a practice quite in accordance with classical procedure.

Couperin is equally adept in depicting various moods: *Happy Thoughts*, *The Lugubrious One*, *Tender Languors*, *The Wandering Shades* (spectres), *A Soul in Trouble*, etc. Even his romantic subjects are all treated with a classical finish and a courtly lightness of touch. He has humour too, flippancy, and even a touch of irony: *Slight Mourning, or The Three Widows*, etc. There are also Sphinxes, such as the piece, *Les Culbutes lxcxbxnxs*, and little jokes such as *Le Tic-Toc-Choc*, *The Crossed Legs*, and the sly little *Pince-sans-rire*.

Besides models for musical portraiture, he also takes pictures as his theme. There are Schumannesque titles, such as *Daybreak*, *The Butterflies*, *The Bees*, *The Foresters*, *The Spanish Sailors*, *The Tame Pigeon*, *The Reapers*, *Little Windmills*, *The Waves*, *The Warbling of the Birds*, *The Budding Lilies*, *The Spinner*, *The Knitters*, *The Nightingale in Love* and *in Despair* (two of the most beautiful scenes in all music), and so on. Nor did he fail to dress the folk-dances of the country in court attire, *La Charoloise*, *La Boulonoise*, *L'Ausoniène*, *La Bersan* and many others are obviously country dances, Certain titles of groups suggest that they were used for little salon plays or ballets. *Les Petites Ages* contains four movements, *La Muse Naissante*, *L'Enfantine*, *L'Adolescente*, *Les Délices*. The *Festivals of the Grand and Ancient Minstrelsy* is marked in five acts, and is an obvious skit on the troupes of wandering minstrels. This is a picture of an old country fair or a masque founded on such. It opens with the entry of the notables; then we have the song of the beggars and hurdy-gurdy men; the dance of the jugglers and merry-andrews with bears and monkeys; the duet of the crazy and the lame; and in the *finale*, the animals all break loose and a general stampede gives a spirited end to the *ordre*.

His classicality appears also in the perfect unity of his forms. He is satisfied with the one mood throughout, and refrains from contrast or conflicting moods within the movement. He confesses that he "greatly prefers what touches to what surprises him." Even with special colour-effects of the instrument he refrains from contrasting the sections within the piece, keeping one with both hands playing in the lower part of the keyboard throughout, for a 'cello effect; another with both hands in the upper part for a lighter effect. This is the true classical spirit.

And it was the same with his lessons. He was the fashionable teacher in Paris, and put great emphasis on perfection of playing. He considers women's hands better adapted to the clavecin than men's, and teaches the great ladies (who were proud to be numbered amongst his pupils) from his own published *Method*. He instructs them also how to sit gracefully at the clavier, sometimes even placing a mirror on the music-desk so that the pupil may correct any awkwardness or "grimacing";

though we see reflected in the illustration not the pupil's awkwardness but the master's own elegant and courtly self. "Watch the company," forsooth! "Smile a little also!" How well do his directions reveal his penetration into the spirit of his time! No other master gives us such an exact picture of it. He speaks of the bar (*mesure*) and the "*cadence ou mouvement*" (meaning the phrasing) and even uses a mark (') to emphasise these divisions, which are to his music what the metre and lines are to poetry. In his zeal for this means of expression, he even reproaches the Italian music with a lack of phrasing. Then, there are pieces of his of a more technical nature, some for crossing hands forestalling Domenico Scarlatti; but for this device Couperin recommends a harpsichord with two keyboards.

There is no doubt that in order to get the full flavour of all these pieces, they should be played on the harpsichord, as the elaborate system of ornamentation is best suited to that kind of precise and penetrating tone; but they come out well on the modern pianoforte and easily evoke visions and pictures of the gay life of the age of Louis XIV., that voluptuous yet most tasteful First Gentleman in the Europe of the seventeenth century. Couperin's high qualities of grace, elegance, sensibility, tenderness, irony and discretion, added to the perfect mastery of his particular art—the art of the miniature, by the way—made him one of the greatest of all masters of French musical style. No wonder the twentieth-century musicians, Debussy and Ravel, acknowledged him as their true master.

Couperin was fortunate in his patron. No king was a greater lover of music than Louis XIV.; and Couperin seems to have been the perfect courtier, and on good terms with the other great French court musician, Lulli, on whose death he composed *L'Apothéose de l'incomparable M. de Lully* for a small band of instruments. In it Lulli is met on his arrival in the Elysian Fields by Apollo, who presents a violin to him. Subterranean sounds indicate the envy of Lulli's rivals; Corelli welcomes and joins him in a true consort of Italian and French music.

Three years before Lulli's death, was born one destined to replace the Lulli tradition which was still powerful for fifty years after his death. Lulli's music was never genuinely French;

it was Italian melody grafted on to the French taste for external magnificence. Rameau's music on the other hand is typically French—the perfection of taste. It is full of grace, devoid of force (for force is brutal), and without emphasis (for emphasis is vulgar). His Latin sentiment without sentimentality sometimes becomes nearly as profound in feeling as Bach or Beethoven; but he is inhibited by his superficial mask of elegance.

Unlike most of the composers of his century, Jean Baptiste RAMEAU arrived at his art through a profound study of musical theory. Born in 1683, he was contemporary with J. S. Bach (whom he outlived fourteen years), Handel and Domenico Scarlatti. His father, an organist at Dijon, placed the boy in a Jesuit college for general education. A conflict was then raging between the French style and the Italian, and the Jesuits naturally favoured the latter. When Rameau went at the age of forty to Paris for the second time, he was still unknown, and the tide did not turn until he was discovered by a wealthy patron, M. Riche de la Pouplinière, a friend of Voltaire.

Rameau's first opera, *Hippolyte et Aricie* (first performed when the composer was fifty years old), was immediately attacked by the Lulli-worshippers. Disappointed, he simply said, "I was mistaken; I thought my taste would be successful. I have no other; and shall compose no more." But during the next twenty-one years he wrote twenty-one operas. *Castor et Pollux* (1737), with a more logical libretto, established his fame as France's greatest composer. Opposition, however, still continued; people complained of the number of semi-quavers in his music, and the hard-worked orchestra said they "hadn't time to sneeze." The famous Rousseau pursued him implacably with his eternal cry of "Back to Nature"; Voltaire retorted that it takes a whole generation for the human ear to grow familiar with a new musical style. The Encyclopædists, the "moderns" of the day, asked for real human interest instead of ballets with Apollo or Hercules as figureheads. In their zeal, they declared duets "unnatural," condemned fugues as "the remains of the Gothic spirit," and clamoured for the supremacy of the vocal art with simple accompaniments. Harmony for them was only important in its relation to melody. Rousseau certainly had a keen feeling for music, but this did not make him a "musician."

D'Alembert disliked sonatas; Fontenelle put his famous query, "*Sonate, que me veux-tu ?*" As a matter of fact, Rameau was no innovator; he at first rebelled against the conventional operatic routine, but he clung to the old classical subjects with spectacular display. Fond of mechanical stage-devices such as tempests, earthquakes, fires, he leaned to the descriptive side of music, making great efforts with simple means—the assault of Titans in *Naïs* done by syncopated notes, the ending of Chaos and the Sunrise in *Zaïs*, the monster rising from the waves in *Dardanus*. For storms he uses scales in contrary motion, and, Wagner-like, he suggests fire in *Zoroastre* by brilliant trills and sparkling grace-notes.

In his orchestration, he also used the instruments to characterise situations; and he obtained more colour by novel combinations of groups of instruments. In *Les Surprises d'Amour* he uses two groups in contrast—violins and flutes for the sybarites, trumpets and drums for the warriors. To a certain extent he follows the pictorial methods so greatly used by J. S. Bach. Augmented and diminished intervals express grief or anxiety; to express joy and eagerness, he uses ascending notes or phrases; for sorrow or disappointment, sudden drops (even a tenth) or falling phrases. A descending chromatic passage in *Hippolyte* had to be abandoned at performance on account of its difficulty. He sometimes emphasises his melody by *pizzicato* effects. His recitative is not essentially different from Lulli's; both followed truth in declamation. Rameau harmonises his phrases more fully, instead of merely punctuating them with cadence-chords, as Lulli did. In his keyboard music he is the continuation and the complement of Couperin le Grand; but Couperin reflects the taste of an amiable society devoted to pleasure, whereas Rameau is the French rationalist. Like Couperin, he puts special titles to his dance-pieces, minuets, musettes, chaconnes, *contre-danses*, etc., showing that he aimed at "character-pieces"; and he uses the dance-forms to convey feelings quite apart from the associations of the actual dance. His three little collections of harpsichord pieces (1706; 1724; 1731) follow the fashion of the times with their descriptive titles, *Rappel des Oiseaux*, *La Poule*, etc. In *Les Tourbillons* (gusts of wind stirring up dust) he anticipates Debussy;

and in the piece entitled *L'Enharmonique* he shows himself as greatly daring. He carries French keyboard-music in his Gavotte with Variations and other pieces, to the highest point ever reached before the appearance of Debussy and Ravel.

Rameau was also an important figure as a theorist in music; and although his theories are now largely out-moded, they exercised a beneficial effect on his own music. A great harmonist, he knew too much about the natural laws of sound to place his notes anyhow. He aimed at a vibrant, transparent sonority of an altogether different kind from Bach's and one of which Handel never dreamt. He was not only fastidious about the choice of his chords, but also about the distribution and the altitude of the notes. In this, he inaugurated a new era, pointing the way to Field, Chopin, Liszt and Scriabin. Until his time, musicians—Bach, Handel, even Lulli—were bound down to the "figured-bass." Rameau's harmonic verve was too great for such limitations. He used the "seventh" and "ninth" freely, and made great play with passing-notes and grace-notes. For over half a century, French musicians quoted his famous change from F-minor to E-major at the words "*que tout gémisse*" in *Castor et Pollux* as the most daring modulation conceivable. He even arrived through theory at the modern free practice of "added notes"; and his chords sometimes bristle with seconds, quite after the manner of Debussy and Ravel. If he did not prove, in his search after suitable intervals, that the natural principle of harmonic overtones was "the invisible guide of the musician," he nevertheless succeeded in showing that music was a science as well as an art, and as such was worthy of deep study. There may, indeed, yet come a time when his harmonic researches may again be brought into touch with some higher abstract law which may combine both music and mathematics.

In England the Restoration music,[1] which has a style all its own, was an attempt to graft on to the English stock the Rococo style of the French court of Louis XIV. When music in churches was resumed after the Commonwealth, it had to shed its former solemn and sedate mien, and jig in accordance

[1] The early English contrapuntal music will be discussed in Chapter XII.

with the new spirit of the times. During Charles II.'s sojourn in France, he had imbibed French tastes; and on his return to London, he soon showed that he had little sympathy with the grave and learned style of the old school. He expressed a wish for a livelier style, and ordered the composers to add instrumental symphonies to their anthems, for he liked church-music to go "with a swing," and the voices to be frequently contrasted with *ritornelli*—in other words, he wished for anthems such as Lulli wrote for the chapels of Louis XIV. in Paris.

We may find references to the new ways in Pepys's *Diary*; and in Evelyn's *Diary* for December, 1662, we read:

> One of his Majesty's chaplains preached, after which, instead of the ancient, grave and solemn wind musique accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church. This was the first day of the change.

The old choirmasters, Dr. Child and Christopher Gibbons, at the Chapel Royal hardly knew how to comport themselves with these newfangled ways, and proceeded with their compositions in the old style. The king called on these two musicians, together with Henry Cooke, Matthew Locke and Henry Lawes, to form a new choir at Whitehall, and Captain Cooke, the master of the boys, not only succeeded in training choir-boys, but fine composers too. Blow, one of these, has left many fine anthems and songs. His two-part setting of Herrick's *Go, perjured man*, was written at King Charles's request, in imitation of the Italian Carissimi's *Dite o cieli*. Blow exercised a good influence on Purcell. So, too, did another Chapel Royal chorister, who, like Purcell, had shown precocious talent as a composer, writing several anthems before he was sixteen. Pepys refers to one. The king interested himself in young Humphrey, and sent him abroad to study the French methods under Lulli, and the Italian style, probably with Carissimi of Rome and Scarlatti at Naples. His trips and lessons, which cost £450, were paid for out of the Secret Service Fund! Humphrey, according to Pepys, returned "a regular Mounseer," He was a fine lutenist and therefore a free harmonist. His songs for Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, and for Dryden's and

Davenant's (mauled) version of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, may have served as models for young Purcell; his anthems certainly gave Purcell the lead for pathos, deep feeling, and direct expression; for both Blow and Humphrey were artists and endeavoured to express themselves as fully as was compatible with the low tastes of the Court.

Henry PURCELL was a Chapel Royal choir-boy at the time when Dr. Blow shared the post of choirmaster with young Pelham Humphrey. The French musical historians, who, one and all, invariably parade utter nonsense as history directly (and only) when they touch the subject of musical history in *England*, repeat, one after another, that Purcell was the pupil of Humphrey in composition. This hardly meets the case; for Humphrey died at the age of twenty-seven, when Purcell was only fourteen. It is true that Purcell was a prodigy-composer, writing trios and anthems at the age of nine, and the *Macbeth* music shortly afterwards; but his father, who died when he was only six, was a skilled musician, who played with Matthew Locke in Davenant's first English opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*; and his uncle, who adopted young Henry, seems to have been as wise and circumspect a father as Leopold Mozart himself. This uncle, Thomas Purcell, was also a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal (never entirely a *church* band of musicians) and Chief Lutenist there. He shared with Humphrey, over whom he took precedence, the duties of conductor of the king's band of "Twenty-four Violins," formed in imitation of Louis XIV.'s famous band. Further, from the age of eight to fourteen, young Purcell sang under Captain Cooke and Dr. Blow, as well as under Humphrey; and on Blow's monument in Westminster Abbey, Blow (an older man than Humphrey) is called "the master of Henry Purcell."

Purcell's anthems contain much fine music, although his true greatness is not found in them. The secular rhythms, to which the king could beat his feet, contrast oddly with the more serious passages; and the solo parts are far superior to the choral sections. When he takes himself seriously, however, he reaches a noble expression, with deep pathos, powerful declamatory passages and massive choral effects. His *Te Deum and Jubilate*, as we shall see later, was closely copied by Handel.

It is in his music for the stage that Purcell is at his greatest. There his magnificent gift of melody places him with the two greatest melodists the world has ever known, Mozart and Schubert; and his marvellous "sense of the theatre" has only been equalled in music by Wagner's. He had also a peculiar genius for expressing "English undefiled," recognising the full importance of the words at a time when few composers gave them a second thought. His literary sensitiveness was doubtless developed by his close friendship with Dryden and other poets. But, as a rule, his works are deficient in that unity so essential to all works of art. One can transplant his songs and choruses from one work to another without damage to the unity of aim, for which he never sought. Of all musicians, he takes the shortest views; he is always concerned only with the immediate moment. Yet he achieved one perfect opera, *Dido and Æneas*, the only one of his set to music *throughout*. Some authorities, indeed, have called it the *only* perfect English opera. The librettist, Nahum Tate, fortunately had the power here of producing a superb climax and then desisting.

There is really little, if any, French influence in Purcell's work, but he was evidently a great admirer of the Italian classical melodists and harmonists. In his *Golden Sonata* for two violins and piano, dedicated to the queen in 1683, he frankly avows his desire to imitate therein "the great masters of Italy." Again in his Preface to *Dioclesian* (1691), he says that

> Whereas Painting and Poetry have arriv'd to their perfection in our own Country, Musick is yet but in its Nonage, a Forward Child which gives hopes of what it may be hereafter in ENGLAND, when the Masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning ITALIAN, which is its best Master, and studying a little of the French air, in order to give it somewhat more of Gaiety and Fashion.

But we must also remember that Purcell has in his Prefaces something of Dryden's courtly servility.

He appears to have been strangely ignorant of the virginal-music of the century preceding him, and to have gone to Italian models for his longer pieces. The curious fact that a toccata of his appears in the German Society's edition as a piece by Bach, even to this day, shows the Italian foundation of each.

But Purcell's art is first and foremost a really English art; no music is more English than his. His love of good broad tunes, swinging lilts, direct expression, special English forms, such as military marches and quick-steps, the masks, national subjects, the pomp and circumstance of war, are all part of his Englishry, which is seen as clearly in his numerous short harpsichord pieces as anywhere. Much of this music appears sketchy, because of the reliance on a system of "short-hand" writing, known as "figured-bass"; and it is a very open question whether the wider distances between the two hands should be "filled-in" with extra notes or not.

Purcell was a real genius, a serious and true artist, and his death at the early age of thirty-seven seems to have prevented his revealing his full measure. As it was, he left enough works of a superfine quality behind him to fill twenty-two volumes of the edition of the Purcell Society, which started its labours in 1876 and finished them in 1926. These works include anthems with orchestral accompaniment, cantatas, operas, plays with songs, royal odes, masques, chamber-music, harpsichord and organ pieces, duets, trios and catches. Every English music-lover should feel it to be his proud and pleasing duty to become acquainted with as much of Purcell's music as possible.

Except for a few brief sojourns, HANDEL left Germany at the age of twenty-one. He died at the age of seventy-four, having lived for nearly half a century almost entirely in England. It would be wrong to deny the influence of his early German training in Halle, Berlin and Hanover; but it is very easy to exaggerate the importance of it. The chief influence came through his excellent master, Zachau, who also had Handel's strong feeling for large musical canvases. There is a likeness between the orchestration of the more picturesque movements in the oratorios of each. Handel was evidently very impressionable, even then at eighteen years; for he could carry music in his capacious mind for years. An air of Keiser's, which Handel heard in Hamburg before he was twenty-one, was reproduced "note for note" as his own, thirty-seven years later, in the minuet to his overture to *Samson* in 1743.

The interval between his German boyhood and his English

residence was filled by three very successful years in Italy, studying and producing Italian music. Under Frederick in Germany, the Italian influences were paramount; and the journey to Italy was for any artist a kind of devotional act. The cult of the Italian melodic line was just what the German needed to purge his taste, his heaviness, and his sentimentality. Handel then imbibed the Italian musical science and learned all too readily its set harmonic patterns. He also fell in love with pictures, which he collected all his life; and this pictorial sense had a great bearing on his music. His Italian sojourn was the real formative period of his musical style. For the ripening and consummation of it, however, he owed everything to English traditions and characteristics and to his own innate genius and amazing industry.

Handel is the type of universal genius. Being of the vocal order, he was rendered national by force of language and environment. It is wrong to say that he killed English music, and equally wrong to say (as Rolland says) that there was nothing to kill. When Handel came to England there was a good Byrd, Gibbons and Purcell tradition. The printed Purcell music was still being sold, and there was a plentiful supply of manuscripts about (as the Purcell Society can abundantly testify). Handel came to a country in which the taste for public concerts was already more widely developed than in any other. The public concert as an institution dates from the Restoration period. Previously, music had been the art of small friendly circles. But in the middle of the seventeenth century, the world of fashion began to be centralised in London, and the county coteries and quasi-feudal households of the nobility tended towards dissolution. Cromwell had given State concerts at Whitehall; performances in London taverns (judging by Pepys's *Diary*) seem to have been frequent; and at Oxford there appears to have been a vigorous musical life. John Banister had started the first regular public concerts in England in 1672. Thomas Britton's series began six years after, and Handel himself, forty years later, took part in them. The Musical Society managed choral concerts from 1683 for over forty years.

There was also in Charles II.'s reign, in addition to the royal circle, a rapid extension of the knowledge of both French

and Italian music in England. Handel took up all the Purcellian ideas and developed them to their fullest, according to his abilities. His art is a wedding (perhaps we might even say an adaptation) of the Italian style to English traditions and needs. We are accustomed to speak of him as a classical master, but it is not generally realised how pre-eminently he represented the "classical" in music. Here in this Olympian musician was a gift to England indeed—a complete and magnificent representative of the Renaissance in all its varied musical forms. His taste for the antique pagan stories (*Alessandro*, *Scipio*, *Muzio*, *Atalanta*, *Daphne*, *Serse*, etc.); his somewhat secular way of treating religious music; his use of the recitative and of the great vocal forms (especially the fugue); his brilliant orchestra with its high trumpets; his pompous, decorative amplitude; the quality of the expression and the impersonality of his works; his equal balance between joy and melancholy, without revealing a preference for either; his continuation of both the Italian and the English traditions; his joy in painting large, heroic canvases (he "filled in" the picture, where his forerunners only made "sketches");—all these are the qualities of one of the greatest classical masters of the Renaissance.

His genius was as mighty as Bach's, but in a different way. Just as Bach was the consummator of the whole of the polyphonic music before him, from Okeghem, Lassus, and Palestrina to his own day; so Handel was the consummator of the new harmonic style inaugurated about the end of the sixteenth century by Monteverdi and others in Italy, and by the lute-players of England. He had, too, all the fine careless disorder of the Italian masters. Many of his works are little more than sketches with "figured-bass." There are in *Messiah* many evidences of rush. Indeed, it is not surprising, for he wrote the whole work in the space of twenty-one days. In a few places, the parts will not work at all, and the conductor has always the business of "patching them up" somehow. Still, if mere speed and facility caused him to leave passages thin and unfinished, it gave him in return a wonderfully broad rhythm and a masterly swing. Both Bach and Handel used the formulas of their epoch; but, whereas Bach was more contrapuntal, Handel loved to make his affirmations by blocks of chords; and the

simplest of chords, at that. His music is nearly all common chords; sevenths and ninths are rare. This simple harmony, mostly in only three parts, is always well spread out, and his phrases are short and incisive; his melody keeps largely within the tetrachords. He loves firm melodic lines, massive harmony, strong climaxes, great crowds. Indeed no musician has ever used a larger style than Handel—no artist ever painted with a broader brush. And, notwithstanding his amazing industry, finish of detail had to be sacrificed in the process.

This brings us to a side of his art which is very difficult to explain—his unblushing purloining of whole movements from other composers' works, without any acknowledgment whatsoever; and only later musical research has restored the movements to their right owners. The most remarkable examples of his use of other composers' music occur in the Dettingen *Te Deum*, of which no less than nine of the movements come from a work of Urio's; and six movements in *Saul* belong to the same Italian master. A serenade of Stradella's was much used by Handel for more than one of his works, notably for his *Israel in Egypt*, where large portions of it are transferred bodily into Handel's score. For the chorus, "Israel was glad," in the same work, he appropriated wholesale an organ *canzona* of the German, Kerl's, merely adding the words to Kerl's notes. A few of his other works are equally doubtful. It is true that in those early days all music was very largely common property. All the great masters took the common musical figures and fugue subjects without hesitation, just as later masters take well-known tunes for variations. They asserted their individuality in the treatment. But Handel took all these movements "note for note." With his broad views (the opposite to Purcell, in this respect), he possibly regarded single numbers as mere details, stones to put into the great edifice. Or was his room so strewn with manuscripts that he did not remember whose was which? Or was it his marvellous memory that played him tricks? Or did he regard himself as the *embodiment*, as well as the culmination, of all existing music? He never sketched out on paper in preparation of a work. In truth, he seems to have *improvised* all his life.

Although Handel imbibed the Italian art so naturally, he

never really caught the Italian perfume. He was born to succeed Purcell. With his aversion from the merely pretty, his avoidance of complexity and all pyschological refinement; his tonality, so strong, healthy and direct, with firm basses moving by fifths, emphatic to the point of reiteration, so powerfully affirmative in its cadences, he was, though German-born, the very incarnation of the English spirit in music. He took great pains, too, to understand the English tradition in music; and fashioned his works on Purcell's forms. In writing his festival *Te Deum and Jubilate* for the celebration of the Peace of Utrecht (1713), he deliberately modelled it on Purcell's *Te Deum and Jubilate*. Especially Purcellian, too, is the idea of having every solo air immediately taken up again by the chorus; and Handel adopts this plan time after time, notably in the *Birthday Ode for Queen Anne* in 1713. His use of the Purcellian quick-steps and hornpipes is another distinctly English feature. He loved the English scenery, the parks by moonlight, the twilight enveloping the flat Leicester country, the sunrise in spring-time. All these appear from time to time noted in his music with the sure stroke of a Flemish landscape-painter; and the story of the *Harmonious Blacksmith*, though now exploded historically, is at any rate as appropriate as it is *ben trovato*.

His favourite afternoon employment at one time was to get himself locked up in St. Paul's Cathedral together with the organist, Dr. Greene, after the three o'clock service, and, in summer often stripped to their shirts, they played away, one after the other, until eight or nine in the evening. He associated himself with all the great national events, wrote Birthday Odes (1713), Wedding Odes (Princess Anne), Coronation Anthems, Funeral Anthems (Queen Caroline), Dettingen *Te Deum* (to celebrate Duke of Cumberland's victory over the French, 1743), and Marches for the Gentlemen Volunteers of London (against the Scots). And thus by the natural force of his genius, as well as by his circumstances, he became the national musician of England.

He had a kind of grand simplicity which attracted him to the humbler folk; and he left many records of them in his music. We have the Calabrian *pifferari* in the Pastoral Symphony

in *Messiah*, the Flemish *carillons* in *Saul*; and the street-cries of London formed the foundation of some of his best airs. He loved to imitate natural sounds, the lark, the cuckoo, the cricket, the nightingale—even the ten plagues in *Israel in Egypt*. Certain oratorios and the serenata, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, ed Il Moderato*, are threaded with records of his country walks near London.

He was a thorough-going visualist in music, living more through his eyes than any other musician up to his time. When he wrote the *Hallelujah Chorus* he "saw all heaven opened." Loving beautiful pictures, and, above all, light, nature and the spectacular view of things, his blindness towards the end of his life seemed to paralyse his hearing. During the writing of *Jephthah* in 1751, when composing the chorus "How dark, O Lord, are Thy ways," scarcely had he written the opening *Largo* than he had to stop working. He wrote in the manuscript:

*I reached here on Wednesday, February 13, had to discontinue on account of the sight of my left eye.*

The work was broken off for ten days. On February 23 (his birthday) he wrote:

*Feel a little better, Resumed work.*

and he noted down the music to the foreboding words: "Grief follows joy as night the day." He took hardly five days to finish this chorus, which is really sublime. He stopped then for four months. On June 18, he resumed the third act, only to be again interrupted in the middle. The last four airs and the final chorus took more time than a whole oratorio usually occupied, and he did not finish it until August 30, 1751. His sight was then gone. After that, all was ended. The sun was blotted out, "Total eclipse . . . ," the world effaced. From 1751 to 1759 he composed hardly anything. He played the organ a few times in public and accompanied his *Messiah*, which was always given for charitable purposes. He was a Governor of the Foundling Hospital, and bequeathed £1000 to the Royal Society of Musicians. He died, as he wished, "on Good Friday, in the hope of rejoining my sweet Lord and Saviour on the Day of the Resurrection." On Holy Saturday the sweet singer of the

*Messiah* slept with his Lord, and in Easter week he was buried (where he wished his body to be laid) in Westminster Abbey.

Handel's rôle as a composer of open-air music has been little noticed; yet he composed much for the garden-resorts of London — Vauxhall, Ranelagh, South Lambeth Place, Marylebone Gardens, etc., where, as Pepys tells us before Handel's time, "vocal and instrumental music vied with the songs of the birds." His *Water Music* and his *Firework Music* were composed for open-air occasions.

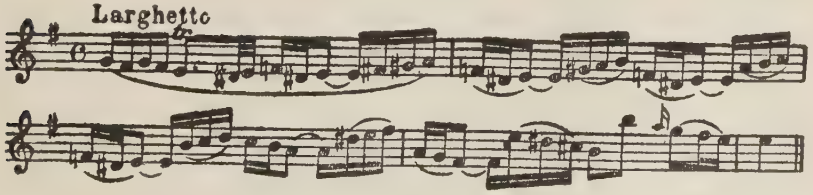
Handel was never a church-musician; and hardly wrote anything for the Church. Mr. Streatfeild, in his excellent book on Handel, has warned us against turning him into a moralist. It was always the dramatic and heroic sides of his subject which appealed to him first and last. He began in London with the conventional Italian opera, *Rinaldo*; his first opera to English words, *Acis and Galatea*, takes a middle place, between the operas and oratorios, for it was at first performed as a cantata with costumes; and after that he wrote no more for the theatre-stage. Moreover, what were his oratorios but dramatic works for the free and open theatre of the people? The oratorio and the cantata have always been the English opera. Small wonder, then, that he became for so long the idol of the English people; for he was the first great artist to speak *to* the people and *for* the people, not for himself. To his popularity alone is due the foundation of the English choral societies, which were the chief means of sustaining the great English reputation for choral singing. It is not true to say that he destroyed the old madrigalian style of singing. This relapsed into the less distinguished glee, a metamorphosis which was much in evidence all over Europe. The cult of Handel continued to increase for a century and a half after his death, until in the 'eighties hardly a single tiny hamlet could be found in England without its choral society, and even to-day in many a little village on the Yorkshire moors can be found some of the first printed full scores of *Messiah*, *Samson*, *Saul*, *Judas*, *Acis and Galatea*, etc. And from Handel's music these societies passed on to Mendelssohn's, and thence to the simpler works of the later schools, Sterndale Bennett, Barnett, Cowen, Sullivan, and now Bach.

With the growth of Romanticism, the feeling for the genius of Handel was lost; and the promotion of colossal festivals and the perversion of his solos by uncultured singers, with their screaming top-notes, has almost degraded his cult to a by-word. Only a return to choirs of reasonable dimensions and an unpretentious knowledge and simplicity can revive this fine and often sensitive music. One of the most touching performances of *Messiah* I ever heard was its partial use in a small Hertfordshire town to accompany a simple little mystery-play. Handel himself had for its first performance (in Dublin) only a small choir of about a score of singers, and a like number of players. Why, then, the monstrosity of 3000 singers? There are recent signs in Germany that a resurrection of Handel's works on a reasonable scale and with enlightened ideas may take place. Meanwhile our more intelligent solo-singers will find as many real gems of expressive melody amongst the little-known operas of Handel, as they are now discovering amongst the lesser-known works of Bach.

# CHAPTER III

## THE MUSICAL LANGUAGE OF BACH

Bach stands aloft all by himself. If there be any one man of whom we can speak convincingly on the subject of heredity, that man is assuredly Bach. His biographers have traced his family back through five prolific generations, all of them musicians, to the head and fount of the line, one Veit Bach, himself a musician of note. Wechmar in Germany disputes the honour of being Veit Bach's birthplace with Pressburg (then in Hungary). The probabilities lie with the former, although there is some curious evidence in favour of a Hungarian origin, not the least significant being the great John Sebastian's liking for the diminished third (melodically as well as harmonically), an interval which comes from the Hungarian scale. See the air in the cantata *God goeth up*.



Be this as it may, we can see the genius of the Bach family steadily rising from generation to generation until it reaches its full consummation in John Sebastian. His father, organist at Eisenach, dies when the boy is only eight; the boy (the youngest of eleven children) is taken into the household of his eldest brother, the organist of Ohrdruf. Arrived at manhood, John Sebastian takes for his first wife, his cousin Maria Barbara Bach, a well-known singer, by whom he had seven children. His second wife, Anna Wülken, was herself a Court Singer, and daughter of the Court Trumpeter at Weissenfels. By her, John Sebastian had thirteen children. The ascending scale of genius, culminating in him, falls back only slightly with the sons by his first wife; Wilhelm Friedmann had no small endowment of his father's genius; Philip Emmanuel had great prophetic and inventive musical genius; and Christian (the "London Bach") had no mean gifts (Burney placed him above his father). But with all this numerous progeny, in two generations after the flower of the race, John Sebastian, the Bach line was clean wiped out.

During his lifetime, the race was lusty enough. Its members were accustomed to gather annually at one another's houses to hold great family musical festivals, singing cantatas, extemporising variations and counterpoints over the beloved Lutheran chorales, and inventing their far-famed *quodlibets* right into the small hours. It was in such an atmosphere that the mind of the young Sebastian gradually grew in strength, until the habit of thinking in several simultaneous melodies became entirely natural to him, and he could never imagine a melody without others in combination with it. Indeed, the fame of "the Bachs" became so great that for a long time people used the word "Bach" as a synonym for "musician."

As with the racial contribution, so it was with his art. Bach entered into the full heritage of all the greatest musicans who came before him, and drew his sustenance from all sides. In his early youth he got into trouble with his brother for his precocious copying of manuscripts, amongst others, the famous *Fiori Musicali* of the Italian Frescobaldi of Rome. As a young man he walked to Hamburg to hear the renowned Reinken play in St. Catherine's Church and direct at the Opera, and to Lübeck to attend the famous evening concerts (*Abendmusiken*)

in St. Mary's Church directed by the renowned Buxtehude. He walked repeatedly to Celle to hear the court-music there; and transcribed the violin sonatas of Vivaldi and Corelli for the organ. He studied and admired the *bravura* cascades of notes in the organ works of Froberger, the famous organist of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. He worked hard at the *fugato* forms and loved the flowered melodic intimacy (*colorature*) of Pachelbel. Bach owed as great a debt to the French clavecinist, Couperin le Grand, as he did to Buxtehude at Lübeck, whither he walked the whole distance of two hundred miles and back, more than once, to hear the music. Later in life, when at Leipzig, he liked to go and see his son at the Court of Dresden, in order to "hear the pretty French tunes there."

With his head full of ancestral and homely musical experiences, Bach would have been only a great contrapuntist like Orlando di Lasso, had he not possessed an immense soul, which has been likened to Goethe's. This great soul reflected Nature in all her varied moods, and responded to all the physical nuances of human life as well as to its spiritual needs. There is the Bach of the great organ fugues, the gigantic A-minor, the stately E-minor, the springing G-minor, the solemn lofty B-minor—the greatest architect in sound that ever lived. He loved to make the minor keys sound resplendent. So fine is the musical architecture of these that one thinks he must have been able to close his ears and hear a whole fugue set out, unroll, accumulate and complete itself, just as Goethe could close his eyes and see a flower slowly bud, unfold and blossom out into full flower.

There is the Bach, the great dramatic musical genius, composer of the two *Passions* according to *St. Matthew* and according to *St. John* and of the *Christmas Oratorio*, and the Bach of the Church Cantatas, an assiduous and industrious composer furnishing a new cantata for every Sunday of the Church's year. According to his son, Philip Emmanuel, Bach wrote at various times five complete cycles (295 in all).[1] They show us Bach surrounded weekly by his seventeen regular choristers,[2] and a few violins, flutes, oboes, trumpets and drums, conducting after

[1] Only 229 are now known to exist.
[2] Five sopranos, two altos, three tenors, seven basses.

the manner of his time, with a roll of music, whilst one of his pupils played from the "figure-bass" on the organ.

There is Bach the aspirant for the post of *Hof-Komponist*, writing secular cantatas, voicing the community's loyalty to the reigning house, in birthday and wedding celebrations, new appointments, etc. Two of the secular cantatas are practically humorous operettas: *The Contest of Phœbus and Pan* (sometimes called *The Peasant Cantata*), and the *Schweigt stille* (called also *The Coffee Cantata*),[1] which contains three characters, a father, a daughter (who will not give up the new coffee habit) and her suitor. One, a kind of masque with four characters, symbolising the rivers Pleisse (soprano), Danube (alto), Elbe (tenor), and Vistula (bass), which was performed at Leipzig in 1734 in the presence of Augustus III. and his queen, is sufficiently interesting to assure us that a new Bach here awaits resurrection.

Then we have Bach the educationalist; the composer of the six organ or harpsichord sonatas for his second son Philip; of the *Forty-eight* to prove the advantage of tuning all the keys equally, of the book of easy pieces for his young second wife, Anna Magdalena; of the *Art of Fugue*, a work, like Hardy's great drama *The Dynasts*, for silent reading. There is Bach the practical workman, inventor of the Viola Pomposa, a small 'cello to which a fifth top-string (*chanterelle*) was added (it was probably the *Violoncello Piccolo* marked in his sixth 'cello-suite), and the designer of many improved organ-pipes and mechanisms. And there is Bach the expert violinist, who wrote the six sonatas for violin alone, and the six suites for violoncello alone, with a consummate knowledge of the capabilities of these instruments. One can easily understand why the idea of "string bowing" and the love of minute detail permeates all his music.

Then there is Bach the family man, the tone-poet of domesticity, fond of wife, children and other home pleasures; not oblivious to good cheer, devoted to pious readings and discussions, liking his joke, happy in his attic when engraving his own music, not so happy when teaching Latin to the choir-boys

[1] The form of *Coffee and Cupid* and *Phœbus and Pan* is that of the modern chamber-opera.

at St. Thomas's School, more comfortable when training his own sons in music, and even taking resident 'articled pupils,' as though there were not already enough in the family. No one could possibly have lived a fuller and a happier life. For further testimony, is there not the jovial Bach of the clavier suites and dances? This feeling of "homeliness" is found in no other composer to the same extent. It is present in the *Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues* more often than is generally imagined; and it was this sense of comfortable intimacy which caused Schumann to write that the *Forty-eight* should be the daily bread of every young musician. This happy feeling is best brought out of the music by emphasising the characteristic "bowings" and picturesque designs and symbols, and by playfully accenting the good-humoured fun which pokes through in all Bach's music (even his sacred subjects) at the least provocation.

Another "homely" side of Bach's music is thus emphasised by Dr. Schweitzer in his wonderful book on Bach:

> If it should come about that the cantatas are performed publicly, but at the same time fall into disuse in the domestic circles in which the first enthusiasm for Bach sprang up about a century ago, we should have won only half the victory. Perhaps the finest feature of Bach's destiny is that, without his ever having dreamt it, he has provided the world with a spiritual domestic music. The performances of the cantatas by a few singers with pianoforte accompaniment may be imperfect, but if the performers only have their hearts in their work they are fully conscious of the beauty of the music, and their souls feel the consecration of it perhaps more than in listening to the most perfect performance.

We have not yet made our æsthetic study of Bach. "A sudden question, even to an advanced musician, as to the meaning of this or that movement from, say the *B-minor Mass*, would not find a ready answer. We need not wonder then that many a performance comes out vague and unimpressive." [1] Bach's music appears less accessible on first acquaintance than the music of any other composer. The necessity of following closely the repetition and development of the themes is the first requisite for its intelligent enjoyment. A certain divination and the proper commentaries are needed for the living strength of the music to be properly felt. It is necessary to study his

[1] S. Langford in the *Manchester Guardian*.

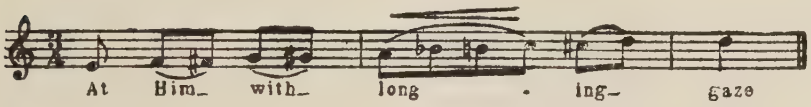
language to discover what correspondences he establishes between the words he sets, and the musical interpretation he gives to them. In analogous circumstances we find him employing themes which resemble one another, and using similar resources. This leads us to form a kind of dictionary of his language and to understand it, without forgetting that all his metaphors were not new, and that the larger part of his figures were merely renewed and not created. These musical formulas were already quite familiar to the hearers of his day in the works of his predecessors.

This musical language is a special one, and its full recognition and acceptance is not a mere amusement for the researcher but an absolute necessity for the player or the singer, if he is to give us the real spirit and essence of this music. Bach represents the *essential elements* in the idea, and not their career and vicissitudes. Beethoven and Wagner poetise in music, but Bach paints and depicts. Yet with it all, he keeps within the language of musical symbolism. Expressions such as "ascend," "fall," "hasten," "stumble," "awake," "arise," "mount," furnish his germ-figure or *motif*: he does not give us thunderstorms, falling walls and howling dogs as did his contemporary, Vogler. This musical language of Bach was derived partly from his predecessors, but he swiftly carried it on to perfection. The forty-five chorale-preludes of *The Little Organ Book* constitute the short dictionary of his musical language, the key to the understanding of his music. Here must come all Bach conductors, players and singers if they are to give full expression to his music. The longer lexicon is to be found in the two hundred and twenty-nine church cantatas. There we find that the methods of procedure in his descriptive musical language follow an unalterable parallelism between the words of his text and the musical images that he adapts to them.

First, as to the direction of the motives, ideas of "height" or "depth" are translated by ascending or descending passages. The words "wide" and "far" are always interpreted with large intervals. In a similar way, Bach always contrasts "here" and "there" by giving one to a high note and the other to a low one. A parallel method is seen in his *St. Matthew Passion* at the passage narrating the crucifixion of Jesus with the two

thieves, "one on the right hand, and one on the left." Further, the themes are diatonic or chromatic, according to the nature of the subjects they have to express—joy or trouble. The monotone is always used to portray immobility, as in the passage, "I *stand* here on the road," in the cantata *God goeth up with shouting.*

When Bach wishes to express a feeling of doubt or uncertainty, or speaks of a troubled and oppressed life, he chooses great wandering themes which unroll, as if at random, and appear destitute of any tonal law. The subject of pain and misery he frequently expresses by the rising interval of the minor ninth or the diminished seventh. The descending chromatic scale for the idea of affliction or lamentation cannot be said to be his invention, for it was in common use long before his time. A striking example occurs in *Dido's Lament* from Purcell's opera *Dido and Æneas.* On the other hand, Bach uses the rising chromatic scale to express the awakening of the soul stimulated by suffering, and he often associates it with the idea of desire, as in the passage "At him with longing gaze" from the cantata *God goeth up with shouting*:




a passage which points forward to both Liszt and Wagner. Again, he frequently ends on a dissonant chord for the voices, giving the resolution to the instruments alone, a procedure followed by Schumann and other modern composers. It is in numberless ways, such as these, that we discover in Bach the greatest musical prophet that the world has ever seen.

Both he and his predecessors use holding notes for such words as "long," "remain," "wait," "hold," "stand," "endure," and for ideas of rest, peace, sleep and eternity. Even Bach's treatment of rests and pauses is characteristic. He employs them with words like "sighing"; and also, by separating every note of a roulade with them, for "laughter." A remarkable use occurs in his *Magnificat* at the words "And the rich he hath sent empty away," where the music gradually

disappears and is followed by a prolonged rest. Not unfrequently the image suggested by single words causes him to overlook the general sense of the text. In the *Christmas Oratorio*, at the words, "Up, Zion, now leave thy weeping," Bach uses one of his lamentation motives, although the text is clearly joyful. But it is, alas, more often the editors and commentators who make these short-sighted mistakes.[1]

Probably no influence in the whole range of music has been so widely spread and so deeply rooted in national feeling as the Chorale in Germany. Amongst the chief factors which contributed to this result were the rise and spread of the Lutheran movement throughout Germany, and its synchronisation with the efflorescence of a school of organists never surpassed. The early German organists, from their youth up, turned for inspiration quite naturally to the chorale and its tune. The Chorale-Preludes of Samuel Scheidt (1587–1654) and of Schiedermann (1595–1663) are amongst the oldest manuscripts we possess; but there must have been a plenitude of others before them. And after Scheidt came a long line of distinguished composers, Strunck, Tunder, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, Bohm, and Reinken. And in Bach's own time, the works of his friend, Gottfried Walther (not to be confounded with Luther's musical colleague), were good enough to be confused once or twice with John Sebastian's own. Several pieces have only recently been transferred from Bach editions to Walther's credit. Apart from his two hundred and twenty-nine cantatas, nearly all of which introduce chorales, Bach founded over a hundred and forty-eight organ-pieces on chorale-tunes. These are distributed as follows: forty-six in the *Little Organ Book* (*Orgelbüchlein*); seventeen *Catechism Chorales* from Part III. of the *Clavierübung*, and eighteen Chorales collected for publication just before his death; six *Schubler Chorales*; six sets of Variations or Partitas; and fifty-eight ungrouped miscellaneous preludes. The writing of these chorale-preludes and variations extended over the whole of Bach's career from the youthful

[1] The Novello edition, on the strength of a mere title, has marked the prelude *Alle Menschen müssen sterben* soft, although it is founded entirely on Bach's "joy" motive, in view of the joyful Resurrection.

Partitas on *Ach, was soll ich Sünder machen*, etc., up to the eighteen which he revised for publication on his deathbed.

Let us examine a few. In *Ach wie flüchtig* (*O how fleeting is our sojourn here*), the sense of flight, the restlessness and the mist, are all conveyed by the curious fast-flying scale-figures. In the Easter carol, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, the rolling semiquavers symbolise the rolling away of the sepulchre-stone. In all three settings of *Christ unser Herr zum Jordan kam*, the left hand depicts the rapid flow of the River Jordan. In *Durch Adams Fall* (*By Adam's fall*) we have heavy downward and continuous jerks in the pedal; in Simeon's song, *Herr Gott, nun schleuss den Himmel auf*, we actually hear the halting steps of the old man; and so on.

Bach's invariable chromatic treatment of pain, grief and trouble may be seen all through the preludes, notably in *Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund* (*When Jesus on the Cross was nailed*), where seven upward jerks are strongly marked, and *Das alte Jahr* (*The old year now has passed away*), where the passing is full of sad regrets. Steady basses symbolise the solidarity of the Church's faith and the inflexibility of its laws. There is no doubting, too, that we are to see the risen Christ "spurning his foes" in the impatient bass intervals of *Heut' triumphiret.* "Joy" figures are always similar; and the real explanation often comes only after detailed examination of the whole of the words of the Chorale. The "joy" motives, for instance, which appear strange at first in *Alle Menschen müssen sterben* (*All men must die*), are explained by the triumph over death on which the hymn insists. The symbolism of spiritual joy is nearly always supplied by a musical arabesque like a violin solo, as in *Christum wir sollen loben schon*; *Der Tag, der ist so freudenreich* (No. 1), etc. The suggestion of bells (and no doubt the use of a bell-stop) occurs in *Gottes Sohn ist kommen*, and notably in the riotous prelude *In dir ist Freude.*

Even Bach's use of "canon" does not seem to be an arbitrary thing. It is prompted in *Ach Gott und Herr* by the "curb of conscience" and the "determination to tread the thorny path" expressed in the hymn. Again, its almost flamboyant use in *Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot* suggests the rigidity of the Hebraic moral law and its strict regard for

every "jot and tittle." The canon between the treble and tenor in the *Allein Gott* (No. 2 in G) plays its part in the suggestion of Jacob's vision of the angels' ladder. The magnificent pedal-part of this prelude gives one of the finest thrills in organ music. The study of these chorale preludes is an unending delight; and enough has been said to show that not only all that is necessary to the soul's salvation is to be found in them, but also all that is necessary to the understanding of the whole of Bach's music.

Bach was true to his nationality. He was the first great composer whose music, in spite of Italian and French influences, is essentially German. And he asserted this distinctly German art largely by basing it on the Lutheran Chorale, the natural heritage of Germany. He was rightly described, soon after his death, by Forkel as "the first great voice out of Germany since Luther." Zelter, the friend of Goethe, called him "a sign of God, clear but inexplicable."

And yet the key to all this language was lost soon after Bach's death. The language so perfectly consummated by him was dropped immediately after his time, and was not taken up again until the coming of Scriabin. When the English musician and historian, Dr. Burney, visited Carl Philip Emmanuel, not a bar of his great father's music was played. Bach himself recognised that the old order was passing and a new one taking its place. Towards the end of his life, he observed, "My art has become old-fashioned. Taste has greatly changed. The old art will no more sound in our ears." And here we have yet another case of his wonderful foreknowledge; for his son, Philip Emmanuel, and the other young composers of the new generation were only then writing "baby-talk" in the new language that was to be.

# CHAPTER IV

## CLASSICAL, GALLANT AND ROCOCO

The days of Gluck were the great days of Maria Theresa. The new Vienna of the Baroque period was already strongly in evidence. The city veritably sparkled with its splendid churches, and the gold-roofed palaces and castles of its rich nobility. The whole hierarchy of heaven came down to earth in the high-towered church built by the artist Daniel Grans of Rothmayr. Rafael Donner spun his dreams in the fountains in the Neue Markt. Inside the palaces were all kinds of tasteful furniture, rich embroidered tapestries and ceilings painted by great artists. In its irregular streets, mediæval buildings jostled against superb mansions in the late Gothic and Baroque styles. Much-bewigged lords, clad in blue paletots, silk stockings and buckled shoes, swinging gold-hilted swords, talked with all and sundry; for, with all their splendid show, the Austrian nobles were the happiest and most easy-going aristocracy in Europe.

In the theatre, where the foreigner prevailed, the opera was Italian, the comedy, French; and only the open-air clowning was left to the Viennese players. Metastasio, the Italian poet, held the reins at the theatre, and the Italian classical school of Scarlatti, Caldara, Hasse and the two Bononcinis supplied all the great composers; Bianchi, Vittoria Fesi, the sisters Gabrielli and the *castrati*, Bareggi, Bertoletti, Guarducci and Manzuoli were the operatic stars. The spirit of the age was a reflection of that of the Italian Courts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or, at most, an elongation, adaptation and modification of it. Music in the mediæval days had been more of a craft than an art, because the emotions were then expressed in life itself; but in the seventeenth century it had become an art—the art of taste, pleasure and æsthetics.

But music cannot develop entirely along its own lines,

without reference to the other arts. The significance of Voltaire and Rousseau was then making itself felt in all the chief European Courts. Nature played a large part in the æsthetics, politics, morals and sociology of the time. Gluck was a typical figure of the period of culture which attempted to reconcile the spirit of the antique Greek art with the naturalistic tendencies then being felt. Time after time in the history of art we find music referring itself back to the principles of Truth and Life. The famous Preface to Gluck's opera, *Alceste*, round which so much discussion has centred, is nothing more than the application of these principles to opera.[1]

Gluck, a young woodman's son, had at first found shelter in Vienna in the house of Prince Lobkowitz. Prince Melsi sent him to Italy for further study. Much stimulated and greatly profiting thereby, he returned as one of the most interesting personalities of the musical Vienna of that day. In 1748, on the birthday of the Empress Maria Theresa, his opera *La Semiramide* was produced with extraordinary success in the newly-built theatre next to the Imperial castle, in the presence of the whole of the Imperial family. But he was not satisfied, and again went abroad for further studies. His later advent into Vienna was of the greatest importance. He had begun as the purveyor of "fashionable" opera, which he wrote so well (as Handel said) that he could not compete with the composers then in favour. But in his opera *Orfeo* of 1762 with its frankly dramatic ideals he arraigned the entire panoply of operatic conventions. The still more uncompromising *Alceste*, and his famous visit to Paris in 1774, brought the whole controversy to a head. The broad, simple and weighty style of his operas must have seemed particularly grave and austere, when placed side by side with the elegant Italian works. In his Viennese and Parisian operas, the Greek ideal which Gluck followed was the German sentimentalised one of Goethe, a very different thing from the dainty, Cytherean ideas of Watteau, Boucher and the rest.

Gluck's art was like sculpture, chiselled in deep relief, all lines, no colour or ornament, the calm beauty of a Praxiteles *Hermes*. Before Gluck's time Monteverdi's operatic reforms had

[1] E. Newman, *Gluck and the Opera*.

been side-tracked into frameworks used merely for the glorification of the voice. Carissimi, it is true, had brought a classical roundness and sweetness into his melodic line. Scarlatti had adorned the form with pomp and circumstance. The Rococo love of ornament entered all the arts. In the time of Gesualdo, only excess in anything was regarded as a virtue.

Gluck's simple harmony was innocent of counterpoint or any other complexity. It is the very poverty of his sound-æsthetic—the regular accents, square-cut phrases, insistent repetition, the frequency of long sustained notes, unison passages, endless tonics and dominants—that leaves him freer to express the true gesture of his text and restore unity and truth to the drama. His austere recitative, derived from the old Church plain-song, is very different from Lulli's and Rameau's, which was descended from the Venetian and Florentine operas. Gluck's art may be summed up as "the prose of music," and what fine, weighty prose it is!

It was in the matter of dynamics that Gluck's vision reached through to our own times. His steadily built-up sequences, rising to their culminations and falling away gradually, called naturally for *crescendo*, *diminuendo* and *rallentando*, and he marked them accordingly. In this handling of the varying degrees of *intensity* of sound, he forestalled the very secret of Beethoven's tremendous dramatic power. Another great dramatic genius, Berlioz, wept for joy when he played certain passages from Gluck's *Alceste* on the piano. The fruits of the seed sown by Gluck were not fully gathered in until the coming of Wagner, although the work done by him was invaluable to Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; for the sonata and the symphony, as well as the opera, require a *unity of time and place*.

The most distinguished son of the great John Sebastian, his second, Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach was born in 1714 (the same year as Gluck). Though he was one of the most independent spirits in music, the father and son yet lived in the greatest respect for one another. Notwithstanding Philip Emmanuel's way was a completely revolutionary one, the ageing father admitted humbly that the old music was passing,

and that another was taking its place. Philip Emmanuel's mind turned to a lighter, and more easily pleasing, kind of music, one which ran with a natural, limpid flow, free from all contrapuntal complications. He was thus able to give his full attention to the great problems of musical architecture—the proportion and balance of the phrases and rhythms, and the regularisation of the two-bar and the four-bar phrase. In short, with him we meet for the first time, a system of "punctuation" in music (that feature which we find again in Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven), the development of the tiny *motif*, and the logical response of one short phrase to another.

Handel and J. S. Bach, and the older Italian masters, it is true, possessed these features; but their contrapuntal habits prevented them from advancing so far as Philip Emmanuel, who managed his cadences in such a way as to suggest the commas and semicolons of literature, and balanced his phrases after the manner of poetry. Consequently, the formulas which he derived from his predecessors acquire, under his pen, a new atmosphere, a freer swing, a clearer symmetry of phrase. This is brought about by the larger number of points of repose, and by a melody rendered more care-free and tender through the development of the dactylic rhythm, especially in the cadential "six-four, five-three." This imparting of a greater precision to musical form is Philip Emmanuel's chief contribution, and gives him a very important place in musical evolution.

As inventor of the mould, the architectural form, of the sonata, he it was who opened the door to the early symphonists, Gossec, Stamitz, Sammartini, Haydn and Mozart. His "sonata-form" follows the custom of the Italian Overture in three movements: (i.) moderately fast, (ii.) slow, (iii.) lively. His opening movement is binary in division, but ternary in treatment of matter.

| A. Statement of two ideas; (i.) in tonic (ii.) related key | B. Development and modulation<br>A. Restatement of first two ideas in tonic |
|---|---|

He composed principally for the harpsichord; and it was his virtuosity as a player which helped him to lay down the

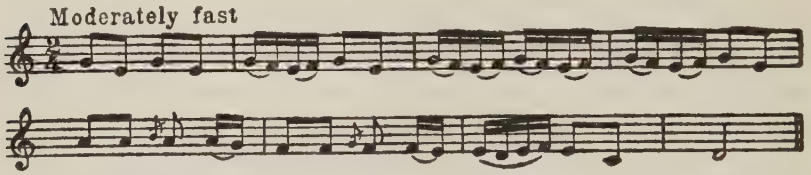
lines of sonata construction. He also designed the "development section," for which task he was well equipped contrapuntally. "John Sebastian," writes Sir Henry Hadow, "was a contrapuntalist very experienced in harmony; Philip Emmanuel was a harmonist who was well versed in counterpoint." John Sebastian was the consummator of two or three centuries of contrapuntal development; Philip Emmanuel filled the rôle of "the inventor" in music. He was the real father of the new style of "classical music" which gave us the sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. "He lives to compose," said his easy-going brother John Christopher of London, "whereas I compose to live." A greater than John Christopher—none less than "Papa Haydn"—wrote, "I owe all I know to Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach."

The European public has hitherto accepted HAYDN as a representative of the German genius in music; but he is far removed from the German type, both in psychology and in blood. The German profundity of thought and feeling for introspection are entirely lacking in Haydn, who is one of the most daring of pioneers and the most hazardous of experimentalists. His unique humour differs as widely from the wit of Mozart as it does from the grim jesting of Beethoven. It is as audacious as Rabelais, though without his sharp satire; and it bubbles up everywhere. Equable in temper, tranquil and happy in disposition, when accused of unseemly levity in his Church compositions, he replied that whenever he thought of the good God, he felt so happy that his music had to laugh with him.

The historians have made of him a kindly old man, whom his friends and bandsmen liked to call "Papa"; but his homely exterior concealed a great soul and a sound mind. He was the first of the great nationalists in music—a classical nationalist applying Viennese polish over the surface of the folk-music of his native land, Croatia. The Croatian race is Slavonic, and occupies the entire territory from the Drave to Lake Scutari, even overflowing into Istria and the surrounding countries. The folk-music of this country is nearer than any other to the common Italian melodic stock, from which the early classical

music of the Renaissance drew its sustenance. The simplicity of this rich Croatian folk-song carries with it the smell of the fresh fields, the scent of the new-mown hay. This stock, from which Haydn drew so freely, was eminently fitted for his elaboration into the logically developed constructions of sonata, string-quartet, and symphony. His manner of construction and building-up movements from tiny *motifs* of a few notes, he derived from Philip Emmanuel Bach.

In many cases, Haydn took the actual folk-tunes themselves into his music, and Dr. Kuhač, who has collected the South-Slavonic folk-songs, has traced back to their sources many of Haydn's chief melodies, including that for the Austrian National Hymn. There is a dance-form, a Slavonic measure called the *Kolo*, which was to Haydn what the *Csardas* was to Liszt. Here is a form of it, well-known in Dalmatia and Bosnia, used by Haydn (with an amended cadence) in the *finale* of the C-major string-quartet, op. 33, no. iii.




And lastly, we have the evidence of Haydn's birthplace, Trstnik (called Rohrau in German), in a district which can claim the birthplaces of numerous musicians: Veit Bach (grandfather of John Sebastian); Chopin's great hero, Johann Nepomuk Hummel; Ludwig Straus; Beethoven's first violin Zupancič (Schuppanzigh); and Trtič, otherwise Tartini of *Trillo del Diavolo* fame. Haydn's original name, spelt Josip Haiden, with its various spellings and derivations, is still of common occurrence throughout Croatia.

Joseph Haydn began his first regular musical training in the choir of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna. Dismissed through a practical joke, he set up practice as a music-teacher in a garret "with a violin and worm-eaten clavier," borrowed from a friendly bookseller. Coming across some sonatas of P. E. Bach,

he was completely fascinated with them and studied them for sixteen hours a day. Soon after this, we find young Haydn playing accompaniments for the singing-lessons of the fashionable Italian teacher, Porpora, and acting in general as a valet to him. He also obtained a few pupils himself from the people of the Court. Invited to a party of musical amateurs at the country-seat of Count Fürnberg, he found a little band of four strings; and, with a mind full of P. E. Bach's sonatas, he wrote the first eighteen of his one hundred and thirty string-quartets. Haydn did not seem conscious of the fact that he was inaugurating a new kind of composition. Yet such was actually the case; for the sixteenth-century Italian pieces of Allegri were in the strictly contrapuntal church style, and the English fantasies of Byrd were for sets of viols. Count Fürnberg recommended Haydn to Count Morzin, a privy councillor to the emperor. The count wintered in Prague and Vienna and spent the summer at his newly-built castle of Lukabec in Bohemia. For his band, Haydn wrote *Divertimenti* and little symphonies.

Then came the chief event in his career, his appointment as musical director (*Kapellmeister*), at first to Prince Anton and (after his death) to Prince Nicolas Esterhazy, at his castle of Zeljez (Eisenstadt). Prince Nicolas, who had visited Paris, determined to make his new castle the rival of Louis XIV.'s celebrated palace at Versailles. It was built in the Italian style, with a profusion of balconies, colonnades and statues. It contained a hundred and thirty rooms in all, full of curios, pictures and other treasures. There was a separate opera-house, holding four hundred spectators, as well as a smaller theatre for the marionettes. The park contained a maze, grottoes, waterfalls, classical temples and Chinese pagodas. The prince maintained a large band of musicians, and Haydn, like the rest, had to wear uniform. At first, it was a dark red coat and breeches, braided with gold, white stockings and powdered wig with pig-tail. Later, it was a pale blue coat and vest, silver braid and buttons, with white collar and cuffs. Haydn always dressed himself carefully for composing, not forgetting to put on the diamond ring which the emperor had presented to him, and he remained true to the "pig-tail" to the end of his life. Magnificent fêtes took place from time to time at the castle, in honour of

the visit of the Empress Maria Theresa and of other notabilities, and as the prince was proud of his orchestra, Haydn and his musicians were kept very busy.

In Nicolas Esterhazy we have one of the finest representatives of that system of private musical patronage, which was responsible for the greater part of the music of the Classical and Rococo periods. He himself played the *baryton* (*viola di bordone*), for which instrument Haydn wrote over 160 pieces. These *Divertimenti* would doubtless fill up the prince's leisure during Haydn's many absences; for the count's rule over Haydn was as light as ever fell to a musician's lot. He allowed him to travel freely, and was delighted with his *Kapellmeister's* increasing fame. "My prince," Haydn wrote, "was always satisfied with my works. Not only did I enjoy his constant encouragement; but, finding myself at the head of an orchestra entirely obedient to my orders, I could make experiments and try effects. Separated from the rest of the world, I had nothing to occupy myself and was compelled to be original."

The life of the Court had less influence on him than it did on Mozart, and country life appealed to him a good deal more. In the village there was a famous inn, where Haydn could go, when he tired of Court flummery, and hear endless folk-songs and look on at the Slav dances on the village green. Coming of peasant stock (his father was a wheelwright), he was plebeian in the best sense of the word—and his experiences of the fashionable world of Vienna, Paris and London only made of him a "man of sap" rather than a townsman; and one of the chief differences between his compositions and Mozart's is best explained by saying that Haydn's have more "sap." Very early in his career, he began to get his compositions published in various countries. He visited London twice; and his notebooks on these occasions give amusing insights into the attractive yet simple, childlike character of the man. He notes down the 800,000 tons of coal burnt in London in a year, the price of chickens and ducks, the oysters consumed at the Lord Mayor's dinner, the recipe for the Prince of Wales's punch, the 4000 carts for cleaning the streets, the London fog so thick that one might spread it on bread, the cost of the bells which rang for his doctor's degree at Oxforth (*sic*); but he also notes the

apprentices' long hours of labour, the immense national debt of England, and the sleepiness of the London orchestras. He manages to carry on a prolonged love-affair, in a very courtly and proper way, with a London lady.

In 1780 he met the young Mozart, and exclaimed to his father, "I declare before God that your son is the greatest composer I have ever known," and he maintained the friendship to the end of his life. Mozart in his turn asserted: "Haydn was the first who showed me the way to write a quartet." Later on, the older man, who lived twenty years after Mozart's death, profited by the chromatic influence of the younger genius. A striking example of this occurs in the overture to *The Creation*. This masterly piece of "harmony through counterpoint" has been frequently pointed out as the forerunner of the Patheticism of Wagner and César Franck.

Haydn's music is not so refined, so transparent nor so light as Mozart's, and it lacks his elegance. He has been called "prosy" because of the literal way he interpreted the words in his music, notably in his oratorios *The Creation* (after Milton's *Paradise Lost*) and *The Seasons*, where the lions roar, the deer leap, and the doves softly coo. But did he really describe them literally? Did he not merely *suggest* them by musical means? He could be profound in his slow movements. There is something here deeper than Mozart; for Haydn is "nearer the soil," whereas Mozart drapes his grief with some of the fashionable crêpe of the Viennese salon. Mozart enjoyed Haydn's music, and said: "No one has more lightness in his fun, more tears in his emotion than Joseph Haydn. He alone has the secret of making me smile, and touching me to the bottom of my soul." Haydn might surely have returned the compliment.

Although he did not choose his subjects too meticulously, he poetised all that he touched, telling everything in an unmethodical way, like a man who has no end of things to say. Despite many curious Beethovenish foreshadowings, his symphonies are not like Beethoven's, where a mood is commented on in endless ways. Haydn's run in strings of episodes, connected only by the contemplative soul itself. No composer was less suited to the stage; for he possessed the dramatic instinct only to a feeble degree. The poems which he chose for his songs did

not set his heart aflame, and he treated them in the style of Scarlatti and Porpora.

It is as a composer of quartets and symphonies that Haydn holds a place amongst the greatest. His first movements derive from P. E. Bach's sonatas in form and treatment, but how much lighter and gayer was his subject-matter! His good humour wins our hearts. These simple melodies, their clear-cut phrasing and light stringing together, foretell the rich fecundity of Strauss. His musical phrases are shorter and more pithy than Mozart's; he often uses one bar where Mozart with his great formality has two. The metrical pattern of his minuets and other dance-movements, although not far removed from Bach's, has still a great rhythmic freedom. His phrases of five, six, or seven bars in length provide a welcome relief from the ordinary four-bar phrase. His movement is thus more elastic, and he is fond of the alternation of sudden rests and movement. He is, indeed, the inventor of the rhetorical pause, of which he makes ample use.

Haydn is the first composer to humour himself, to indulge in contemplation. The weakened dynamicism of his flow nearly reaches at times a complete lethargy. Then he sustains a chord for several bars and preoccupies himself with spreading it out, merely for the sake of the atmosphere it gives, thus anticipating many moments in Wagner and a large share of Debussy's Impressionistic methods. Haydn did not overdo his use of ornaments, though he was very particular about those he marked and liked them to form an integral part of the melodic expression. His style is devoid of the *arabesque*, and free from the *virtuoso* ornamentation so dear to Mozart. His bass is freer than that of preceding composers. Liberated from the "figured-bass" feeling, it descends to the depths, with a larger feeling than Handel's stiff movement by fourths and fifths. It has already acquired something of the singing character of the basses of Beethoven, Wagner and Franck. Being all his life an orchestral conductor, it is natural that his language should be orchestral rather than of the keyboard order. In his London "Salomon" symphonies, (the "Farewell," the "Oxford," etc.) he shows us how important the tiny *motif* is to the construction of the symphony and sonata form.

It was Haydn who changed the title of his minuets into

*Scherzi*, and he was constantly aiming at a new type of minuet. The change occurs in the string-quartets as early as op. 33, and can also be noted in the quartets, opp. 39 to 45. There perhaps he felt a greater outlet for his humour, which was wont to take fantastic turns. In the "Farewell" symphony, the performers leave the platform one by one. In the "Surprise," he introduced a sudden *ff* chord "to make the old ladies jump." Another time, when he was setting the *Ten Commandments* to music, for the sixth, *Thou shalt not steal*, he himself purloined a theme of Martini's. He wrote a *Jacob's Ladder* in mockery of a violinist proud of his high "positions."

Haydn was a master of musical scene-painting, as his two oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, fully testify. Although he said he always thought of a little story first, as a mental stimulant to composition, he cannot for that reason be called a writer of Programme-music. He must always be regarded as one of the greatest masters of "pure" music. If his music seems tame nowadays it is because it is so frequently misinterpreted. No music is so essentially the product of its own smiling land and light-hearted people, and if played with a full knowledge of the Slav folk-music (as the Hungarian String-Quartet loves to play it), it has a fresh and vigorous force which easily places the composer amongst the immortals. Although many of his followers, Pleyel and the like, can truly be placed with the *Zopf* or Pig-tail period, Haydn himself has already taken the first move away from the classical standpoint in thus going to the people. His music is not that of the court, but of a sane mind, full of the sense often called "common," though really it is very rare. His music is without the thrill of the infinite, without the charm of mystery, without bitterness, irony or morbidity; it is the music of perfect health.

Mozart is the most remarkable case of precocity in the world. At four years old he composed sonatas for the harpsichord; at five he played in public; at seven he composed his first opera. At ten, he wrote an oratorio, and a year later the opera *La Finta Semplice* for the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria. At fourteen he heard the *Miserere* of Allegri in St. Peter's, Rome, and went home and wrote it down from memory. He

was then examined by the Bologna Academy and awarded a special diploma for a piece written in the severe ecclesiastical style of the sixteenth century. At the same age he wrote and conducted an opera for the largest opera-house in Europe at that time—La Scala, Milan. As a child, he loved ceremonial; everything had to be done "to music," even marching from one room to another with his playthings. His nature was excessively gentle and sensitive, and his father said he was governed by looks rather than by words. His ear, unusual in the formation of the lobes, was exquisitely fine in perception, and as a child he could not bear the sound of the trumpet. His power in mental music constantly increased until he would compose a whole movement in his head, before putting a note on paper.

Mozart's first arithmetic lessons fascinated him so much as to supplant his love of music for a time, and this predilection for mathematics was preserved throughout his life. Indeed, there is something of the same fine abstraction of mathematics about his music. One may speak of a movement of Mozart just as a mathematician might speak of a beautiful proposition of Euclid. His love of fugue was akin to this, and when he had caught the passion for this form (from Martini) he kept it all his life. Brought up to a strict observance of the rites of the Catholic Church, many a pilgrimage had to be made to offer Masses at the famous shrine on Maria Plain.

Mozart early became accustomed to travelling; and, as his father believed in travelling *noblement*, the child delighted in the fascination of roads and towns and obtained an unusual knowledge of the ways of the world. He soon discovered everywhere the poverty of the nobles, for instance. In France he regretted the excessive painting, and the ugly embellishments of the court ladies. In Munich and Italy, he admired the church-music. Everywhere he tried the organs. In London his father permitted him to play an organ concerto (probably one of Handel's); "for " said he, "that is the way to gain the love of the English." He played to George III. and his court in London and dedicated four sonatas to Queen Caroline. In Vienna, with the empress, he once supplanted the attraction of the famous Field-Marshal Daun, a marvellous great man, who had a different coat for every day in the year. He must, too, have

seen all the great beauties of Nature, and known some of the most romantic spots in the lovely Salzkammergut region; yet, strange to say, Nature plays no part in his music,[1] perhaps for the good reason that the young boy was kept hard at his lessons and music. No youth's progress was more carefully superintended by a father.

Mozart's was the supreme type of genius. He was the greatest natural musician who ever lived, a being full of spontaneous lyricism, making music as naturally as a bird sings. His style was serene, limpid, simple, lucid, transparent. It frequently happens that as children we are charmed and finally satiated with these blithe merry tunes of Mozart; and we only take them up again later on in life, when finally a love for his music that is almost passionate seizes us. This is because of the simple and direct appeal of a music that is so perfect of its kind that one is inclined to think that is all there is in it. Its lightheartedness and good humour are wonderful. Such delicacy, such mastery, such perfection of form, such sublimity is not to be found elsewhere in music. "I am always in good humour," he wrote, "and my heart is as light as a feather." His music indeed is like a bright cloudless day in summer, the music of a radiant child, the music of eternal youth. He impressed his unique personality with ease and grace on all forms—operas, symphonies, concertos, chamber-music, sonatas. We have compared his music to abstract mathematics; we might also liken it to fine architecture.[2] And there is that curious underlying profundity in it, which Bernard Shaw alluded to, when he said it was Mozart who taught him how to be both witty and profound at the same time.

Vernon Lee has well said that throughout the eighteenth century, the evolution of the musical phrase and of melodic "form" took place in Italy. Mozart was born into a century

[1] But a good case could be made out for the part played by folk-tune in his music. The æsthetic of his middle period seems to be largely the addition of the Mannheim technical device of the sighing pathetic accent followed by its rapid *diminuendo*, to the Swabian folk-tunes. The basis is the folk-song of the Bavarian and Tyrolean valleys round Salzburg. Rochus Dedler, who composed the Oberammergau Passion-music, about 1805, reveals this trait. The day may come when someone will do for Mozart research, what Dr. Kuhač has already done for Haydn.

[2] *See* W. J. Turner, Essay on Mozart, in *Variations on the Theme of Music*.

in which music was dominated throughout by the influence of the Italian opera. In both vocal and instrumental forms it was the *classical* ideas which were being expressed. Italian opera, Italian polyphony and Italo-German symphony were the three early moulding influences which remained permanent and fundamental throughout Mozart's life. It is in the perfection of the relationship of the sounds that the emotional and æsthetic appeal lies. He is one of the few masters who can write chromatic melody without losing dignity and purity of style; and even in his operas, he sets romantic subjects in a classical style.

The modification of the classical idea known as the Gallant style was essentially a characteristic of the later Italian art; it was a reaction against the severe manner of Alessandro Scarlatti and the stately eloquence of Handel. The style appealed strongly to the young Mozart, especially since Piccini had added humour to it (in the *Buona Figliuola*) and it served until Mozart eventually opened a style of his own. A later age considered him the typical exponent of the Rococo; but he was actually a revolutionary and founded a new style of his own. Professor Edward Dent had observed three divisions in Mozart's complete output:

(*a*) The first period when he is asserting himself and (with his father's sage advice) trying to find an audience.

(*b*) The second period in which, having caught the ear of the public, he tries to develop to the fullest extent compatible with retaining his hold on the public.

(*c*) The final period in which he is indifferent to his audience and writes only for himself.

The last was the period when he best expressed the humanity of his own time, instead of hankering after the emotions of past generations; and Prof. Dent suggests that Euphorion may be neither Byron nor Goethe, as has been suggested, but may well represent Mozart himself. It is his intellectuality, its masterly subjection to the purposes of sublime expression, and his humour (itself an appanage of intellect), that brings us back over and over again to Mozart. The like of such empyrean music as the finale to the "Jupiter" symphony or the opening of the "Venus"

(G-minor) has only been equalled (never surpassed) in the final Variations of Beethoven's last C-minor piano-sonata, often described as "the Music of the Spheres."

Mr. Samuel Langford[1] puts the classicism of Mozart thus beautifully:

> The inexhaustibility of Mozart must ever give cause for wonderment to the modern musician. That there ever was a time when just to write music was enough for the composer, and when the composer was so compact of music that he might seemingly write on to the end of life without exhausting himself or his art with a uniform ease and perfection of utterance that makes his music more like the work of nature than of art, has become to the modern mind such a far-off thing that the music of Mozart is to us a garden of enchantment owning no relationship to the world that is. . . . The music of Mozart is so much all of a piece that the musician hardly bothers to ask more about it than about the glass of water that he would drink. Each is as unquestionably a fact of nature, and though the Mozart music has no being or birth or parallel of any kind except in man's thought, its being has the same ideality and finality as the simplest things of nature. The making of music by a Mozart has been likened to the instinctive spinning of the spider's web. The flaw in the comparison is that the Mozartean spider was such a unique insect. It had but one forbear, and that a clumsy one; and but one sublime follower, and that one more clumsy still. The lightness of Mozart, the quality which makes his music tread on air, belongs to him alone. Everybody is supposed to know all about the spinning; but none can spin like him. . . . But the player who does not become a finer creature when he is faced with Mozart's music is, so to speak, no musician at all. For we come back to that in the end. Other men compose music; Mozart is music. In his hands, music is not constrained to any purpose beyond itself. With him we may live in a blissful state whose very solemnity is only a new flooding of beauty which comes suddenly from heaven, and is as free of bitterness as its most blissful joy.

Mr. W. J. Turner has written: "Whether we take a whole opera—such as the *Marriage of Figaro*—or a mere scrap scribbled impromptu on the page of a visitor's book—such as the Gigue written in 1789 for the Leipzig organist, Engel—we are confronted with a completely finished musical composition in which there is not a superfluous bar, not a redundant

[1] In an article in the *Manchester Guardian*.

meaningless note." But this is not so; in the compositions of the earliest and middle periods, we do not find all equal or even perfect of kind. At his best, Mozart is one of the Olympians; at his worst he is a delightful composer of ceremonious music and holiday pieces of the serenade order, good but not supreme.

But there is another side of Mozart's pyschology which is little known, one which very few singers and conductors appear to realise. Beethoven knew all about it, when he nicknamed his hated sister-in-law the "Queen of Night," after the character in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. Suddenly into the still, cloudless, perfect day of Mozart's music comes at times a tremor of terror, a demoniacal clang. The revelation soon escapes us, for he never lets his emotion upset the equilibrium of his soul or of ours. If he suffered, it was always with the certainty that it would pass—he never felt bruised at every turn, as Beethoven did—and these sudden gusts only tend to make the general sunshine of his music more radiant. There is the famous dramatic stroke of the trombones when the statue enters at the dinner-party in the last act of *Don Giovanni*. The Queen of Night's equally famous air (No. 14), with its startling cold-blooded ferocity, has a truly diabolical verve; it is a real Satanic incantation.[1]

There is yet another side to all this serene music. Some of his contemporaries found his music melancholy. This strain comes out in the most unexpected places. The great descending B-minor phrase at the opening of the section of the *Adagio* for strings in the second *Divertimento*, and the opening phrase of the C-minor piano *Fantasia*, supply remarkable cases of this baffling blend of melancholy and passionate revolt. Then there is that curious spiritual tumult in the introduction to the C-major string-quartet. The rough accents, the angularity of his dynamic curves, his hard harmonic doublings, reveal at times a sombre irritation, some indefinable bitterness which remind us vaguely of certain morbid states in Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra*. But Mozart soon turns aside from these wild strains. No sooner has the cry come, than consolation flows in; no sooner is the terror sighted than he is able to turn away and dismiss it from his mind. As a fifteen-year-old boy he wrote from Milan

[1] See Dr. Alfred Heuss, *Das dämonische Element in Mozarts Werken* (Berlin, 1906).

to his sister: "I send you a couple of lines. I saw four fellows hanged in the Cathedral Square. They hang them here just as they do at Lyons." That is all; the horrible experience is dismissed. The subject is puzzling. Was this supremely gifted, abnormally sensitive little being unable to feel the tragedies of life as other men? Or did he possess some superior philosophy which enabled him to rise above the unpleasant side of things? The profundity and pathos of the G-minor quintet, the poignant passages in the "Venus" symphony (G-minor), are not exactly the *embodiment* of sad experiences. Was his life really always so happy as we imagine? Did he feel overmuch his early refusal by Aloysia Weber? He certainly was happy all his life with her sister Constanza. What, then, was the explanation of those long interruptions from work, in his short life-span of thirty-five years? He certainly was over-fond of punch, and indulged freely in the frivolous life of Vienna. It would be as great a mistake to lay too much emphasis on these pessimistic and demoniacal veins (for they bear but a small proportion to the rest of his work), as it is for singers and conductors to ignore them when they do occur.

But for the purpose of this survey of modern European music, one of the most important aspects of this bright and ardent flame which swept so quickly across the firmament of Europe remains to be mentioned. Mozart almost broke his father's heart by his refusal to settle down into a permanent appointment at some court or other. We see in his refusal to stay longer in the service of the unbearable Prince-Archbishop Sigismund of Salzburg the first assertion by any artist whatsoever of the rights of individuality in the matter of art; and by his marrying and settling in Vienna as a perfectly free man, he established his claim to complete independence of action. He certainly paid the price of his temerity, for however prosperous the couple was at first, there is no doubt that for some reason or other at the last the household was in dire straits. We have the story of the *Requiem* written on his death-bed and finished by his pupil. His funeral took place in a terrible snow-storm which drove the few followers to their homes, and left the body of Mozart to be thrown into the common grave for paupers. And—Salzburg skull and Viennese tablets notwithstanding—

no one knows to this day the place of his grave. Such was the end of the mortal remains of one of the fairest and purest souls which ever came from the great Unknown and returned thereto. There is surely no more tragic and mystifying story in the whole history of art.

By the end of the eighteenth century the pure classical and heroic styles were already watered down to the Rococo style in Italy and Austria, and to the Gallant in France and England. In Italy, in the short space of a century and a half, music, poetry and literature had become merely an accomplishment of society, to whom the aim of the arts was merely to "please by imitation." In the eighteenth century, as Vernon Lee tells us, the population of Italy was composed of a curious medley of scholars and cavaliers, artists and adventurers, engravers and ballet-dancers, men of science and effeminate ecclesiastics. On the tomb of the Abbé Galiani, the economist of the day, were carved a bust of Plato and figures of Silenus, Punchinello and one of the Graces. For poet, they had Metastasio, and for Pope, a man of little ceremony, Lamberti, fond of tales of gallantry. France found Italy a convenient battle-ground and carried on a courtly warfare in which the officers' quarters opened straight on to the fortifications and finely-decked ladies flitted about the camp. The little gunpowder left was used not for guns, but for firework squibs. Italy, now become the playground of Europe, was being sacked of its treasures, pictures, statues and gems. Scholars and dignitaries of the Church exchanged sonnets and boxes of bon-bons. Composers invoked the aid of Heaven before sitting down to compose. Cardinal Lorenzi, having said Mass, improvised his sermon *in verse*. The nobility amused themselves at the theatre. "A jest from Scaramouche or Harlequin, an old book bound in leather, the noise of a gilded coach rumbling along the street, the beautifully written score of some grave oratorio, the air of a song, delicate as a bird's, a sham sun-dial painted on the wall—dust, luxury, nothing to do, Volta and his frog, Silvia with her smile —there you have Italy in the eighteenth century." [1]

[1] From Monnier's *Venice in the Eighteenth Century*, which follows closely (perhaps too closely) Vernon Lee's great work.

And the first-fruits of this decadent Italy may be seen in Gioacchino Rossini. Carlyle must have forgotten Rossini when he wrote that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," for there is no possibility of denying Rossini's genius nor of forgetting that he was of all workers in art the most careless and slothful. He was a great admirer of Haydn's music, and something more than a reminiscence of one of the best-known melodies in Haydn's *Seasons* is to be found in the vivacious trio "*Zitti, zitti*" of the *Barber of Seville*. If people point to the high-water mark of his very last opera, *William Tell*, and ask why a man with such amazing gifts of musical expression did not leave other works of this calibre, the answer is because of his indolent nature. He nearly always composed in bed. Once, when the manuscript sheets of a quartet had fallen from the bed, he wrote out the whole movement again from memory, rather than trouble to pick up the papers from the floor. When we turn over the pages of his serious operas, *Tancredi*, *Mahomet*, *Mosè*, etc., and see one opportunity after another for deep expression and fine dramatic climax ignored, and put off by the poor and commonplace phraseology of this futile music with its external trills and cadenzas, bouncing along like a rubber-ball without meaning or connection, one is astounded at such impotence.

With the one exception of *William Tell*, the thing for which Rossini stands in music is a disease and a peril in serious opera; in *opera-buffa* (comic opera) it carries the Italian *maestro* to a masterpiece—*The Barber*. The "Rossini fever" which swept over Europe in the eighteen-forties and fifties was merely the complete triumph of the singer over the composer. No man could write so well for the voice, no self-respecting composer could have so completely devoted himself to the service of the singer as Rossini. It is true that some of the great masters, even in their finest pieces, have given hostages, at times, to the public love of vocal display in ornate music, for instance, Mozart, in the *Seraglio* (Constanza's rôle), *Magic Flute* (Queen of Night's part), *Don Giovanni* (Elvira and Donna Anna); and Beethoven indulged so freely in vocal gymnastics in his first long aria for Leonora in the *Fidelio* of 1805 that the young singer Milder asked him to bring it nearer to the truth. But

with Rossini, musical construction, operatic form, dramatic opportunities, orchestration, musical logic, harmony, counterpoint, *everything* was nearly always sacrificed on the one altar —the glorification of the singer. And what are we to say of a highly-gifted composer who wrote thirty-seven operas before he was forty, and then abandoned composition for good, though he lived to an old age which we can hardly describe as "ripe"? The fact that Rossini was successful beyond the wildest worldly dreams of a musician merely shows the gullibility of the public, and the shallow nature of the society of the mid-eighteenth century. This craze for "Italianism" in opera was far different from the beneficent and warming rays which spread from Italy in the Renaissance of the early seventeenth century. Then, in the dramatic truth and pathos of Monteverdi, the sweet classicism of Carissimi, the purity of Scarlatti and the high aims of Corelli, Italy was at her very best. With Rossini and Bellini, she fell to her lowest degradation.

But Rossini is not quite so bad as he is painted. There is about many of his overtures a sparkling vivacity which is all his own. His innovation of a particular kind of long *crescendo* over a roll of drums, which earned him the sobriquet of "Signor Crescentini" in Paris, was certainly overworked, so much so that his critics said he made music "by machinery," but it was a positive inspiration on its first appearance. In Italy it was he who banished the piano from the orchestra; and he can certainly orchestrate music with wonderful sparkling colours. It is to his credit also that he abolished the "male-sopranist" still customary in the Italy of his day; but it must be remembered that he married the great singer Colbran, for whom he had written many of his best parts at Naples, and the continued success of the *Barber* is not so much the fine bass rôle as the great opportunity it gives the *prima donna* in the "lesson-scene" where the Count succeeds in entering Rosina's house, disguised as a music-master.

The circumstances of the composing of his *Barber of Seville* are significant. On 26 December, 1815, he signed a contract to write a comic drama for the next carnival season in Rome, for which he was to receive four hundred Roman *scudi* (about £80). The plot of Beaumarchais's *Marriage of Figaro* was

decided on. Both Sterbini the librettist and Rossini the composer were delivered into the house of Zamboni, who was to take the part of Figaro, and the opera grew into shape in this queer way. Sometimes the composer would outstrip the librettist in his work and the words would have to be fitted to the music, and the part of Figaro was fitted on to Zamboni's voice from time to time. A number of copyists was kept busily employed in the house, and Rossini would throw them the music-sheets as he finished them. For days on end the joint authors scarcely ate or slept. Rossini had no time even for shaving, and when, in the incredible space of *thirteen days*, the full score of the opera was finished, Rossini had a lusty beard. At the first production of the opera, everything went wrong. When the guitar-player had to retune his instrument on the stage, the house hissed; when a string broke, the house rocked with laughter. When the solo air got under way the audience did not like it and jeered. Not a note of the great bass air was heard. They listened to the pretty Rosina, but did not like her music; and the splendid concerted *finale* was utterly ruined by the appearance on the stage of a black cat. At the end, only the composer clapped; and they hissed him for doing so. When friends went to his house, an hour later, to condole with him, they found him asleep. The next day he made a few minor alterations and the opera was better received; and in a week the public enthusiasm for it was unprecedented. And small wonder, for the music is one of the most delightful examples of Rossini in his gayest and merriest mood.

Beecham has shown us that the best of Rossini has lost none of its original sparkling vivacity. The Roman Puppazetti (Marionette) Theatre can still make great sport with *La Gazza Ladra* (*The Naughty Magpie*); and Respighi has recaptured all the brilliancy and high spirits of Rossini's melody in his arrangement of the famous Diaghilef ballet, *La Boutique Fantasque*. Surely Rossini himself would have appreciated to the full all the fun of this ballet, for he looked on the world as nothing but a "fantastic toy-shop."

In England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the taste, apart from the "Rossini craze," had never degenerated

into Rococo art, and the purer styles of English and Italian classicisms were still cultivated. The heroic style of Purcell and Handel had, it is true, passed into a phase somewhat akin to the Gallant style of France and Italy. Dr. Burney's (1726–1814) *History*, and his daughter's novels, show us that the taste of London society lay chiefly in the direction of the later Italian classical styles. Music for these fashionable people must be "pleasing and tasteful." If the classical subject or the love-song take a sad turn, the music must still lament "with good taste," since it is to be performed in the presence of "company." It is a thousand pities that Burney did not know the old English traditions, although it is to his credit that he fully acknowledged the heroic genius of Handel. But, whereas formerly the two chief subjects of vocal music were Love and War, now they sang only of Love. We could hardly expect Burney then to appreciate the robust sea ditties of Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), although one of his own sons was in the Navy. Yet he might have recognised the greatness of Arne, a true melodist and a man of education and classical finish. Arne even attempted sonatas, not on the German constructional plan of developing a tiny *motif*, but on the Italian plan so well laid down by Domenico Scarlatti. Arne's model was still the *sonata da camera* of the Italian classical era. Nevertheless, his was a real English art, direct in expression, eminently singable and playable. His settings of the Shakespearean songs has the genuine ring and he rightly eschewed the overloaded ornaments of the Italian rococo art.

And then came Henry Rowley Bishop, conductor and composer to the Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, from 1810 to 1830; Professor of Music at Oxford; knighted in 1842 by Queen Victoria; a prolific composer of operas (over eighty, really song-plays) and ballets, innumerable glees and pleasant songs (*Should he upbraid*, etc.), and adapter of a Sicilian melody as an English song to represent "Home, sweet home" to the prim families of the Victorian epoch. And after Henry Bishop came Felix Mendelssohn to the Victorian Court.

Mendelssohn was born under a happy star. Favoured of the Muses, he wrote his best piece, the *Midsummer Night's*

*Dream* overture, when eighteen years old. Son of well-to-do parents, he was shielded from a knowledge of real life. Possessed of good looks, with a polished social deportment, he was a great favourite in the drawing-rooms of Berlin, Frankfort and Rome; and he liked those easy successes. In the very correct drawing-rooms of the English Court, he was a visitor highly favoured by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The Victorians did not like people who were extreme in manner or excessive in feeling. The behaviour of such persons was not *de rigueur*; they were not asked again. A little music, not too disturbing, just a few tasteful "songs without words"; there you have it—the music of careful deportment, the music of the Victorian age, restrained at all times and on all occasions. No music could be more *comme il faut* than Mendelssohn's, which was lucid, pure, self-conscious, self-complacent, sentimental, modest—the music of a demure young lady. Wagner once put on kid gloves to conduct one of Mendelssohn's pieces in London. Mendelssohn was not physically strong; he only lived to be thirty-eight. We see this bodily weakness in his music. His æsthetic is small and narrow, his phrases are short, too even, and lacking in contrast. His music is full of stereotyped patterns, and there is no breadth nor dynamic flow.

Yet he once seemed capable of great music; for there is that exquisite idyll of fairyland, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. He had the knowledge of the Romantic art. With his superior intelligence he could not avoid it, for he was born in 1809, about the same time as the greatest musical Romanticists—Schumann was born in 1810, Wagner in 1813 and Berlioz in 1803. Indeed Mendelssohn achieved several romantic works, *The Walpurgis Night*, the *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, the *Italian* and *Scotch* symphonies, the *Reformation* symphony (into which he brings Luther's Chorale), and the symphony to the *Hymn of Praise*, based on a very Anglican treatment of a Gregorian tone; he even strove hard for Realism in the *Hebrides* overture. Many of the organ-sonatas and fugues are touched with romantic feeling. He responded easily to the appeal of Nature; the Hebridean seas moved him; the trim Welsh gardens with their bell-like flowers suggested dainty fairy-pieces. But whereas Weber and Schumann arrived

at Romanticism through their strong national feeling and their intense passionate natures, and it came to Schubert by instinct, Mendelssohn achieved it only through his critical spirit.

Some people have detected a certain Oriental indolence about him. Like nearly all the great geniuses—Purcell, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Chopin—he was precocious in composition; but they all rose slowly to their mature period. Not so Mendelssohn; out of his hundred and twenty-one works, none is superior in any way to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* written at the age of eighteen, and the symphony in C-minor written at fifteen. His harmonic formulas return on themselves too easily—A-B-A or A-B-C-A (as with the first chords of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture). He is veritably a man of formulas, and his music on the whole is more banal than that of any of the great composers.

He however occupies a high place in oratorio; and if it were necessary for two foreigners to bridge the English choral tradition from Purcell over to Parry and Sullivan, then Handel and Mendelssohn were just the men; for Handel knew little English, but discoursed real English music; and Mendelssohn made a careful study of the English tongue, but wrote Handel-and-water music in an up-to-date manner. With his oratorios, however, he took the greatest pains, and he had a real feeling for choral effect. Mendelssohn, with his healthy and well-balanced moral nature, was really a born classicist. His music, whilst having all the appearances of a highly expressive art, is essentially formal. Even in his overtures he used the "German classical sonata" form, revitalising it, as he did the fugue. Each work is beautifully built, neatly designed, well-proportioned, solidly harmonised, elegant, tasteful and beautified by a strong sense of style. Yet all his works lack that interior life, that flame of passion, for which all the skill of workmanship and all the taste and ornamentation in the world will not atone. He could create atmosphere and even the "open-air" feeling, in the *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* overture; but his own voyage through life was too calm and prosperous. He never went through any of the great storms and trials, and consequently he left us an art perfect in itself, but incapable of touching our hearts.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the Romantic revolt, which changed all the European arts, passed completely over England in music, despite the fact that this country played such a large part in literary Romanticism. Sterndale Bennett's art was splendidly chiselled, refined in conception and perfect in finish. His friend Mendelssohn probably escaped Romanticism by his close connection with England. Sullivan was successful only as a classicist, following in the steps of Mozart and the French light opera. When he attempted more subjective things, in the *In Memoriam* overture and the romantic opera *Ivanhoe*, he was not so characteristic, and not sufficiently individual.

Though allied to German stock, as we are by blood, there is something in the nineteenth-century great German Romantic movement in music which is alien to us. The often sickly sentimental words which the German Pietists coupled to the noble Lutheran chorales are unnatural and impossible for us. Parry, strongly influenced by Wagner at one period (his oratorio *Saul*, for instance), is only at his best in the English traditional style of *Blest Pair of Sirens* and his *English Lyrics*, or when following with his English-made boots in the mighty tread of the universal Bach.

Stanford and Elgar are our only two great Romanticists —Stanford through his love of folk-songs and his strong nationalism, and Elgar, thorough-going English Romanticist as he is, through the influence of Schumann, Bruckner, Wagner and early Strauss, with no respect at all for folk-songs, but a strong bias in favour of national subjects and great national events and occasions. On the whole, our bent has been all along in favour of abstract art, fine workmanship, sound æsthetic appeal, held together by a becoming restraint; and seeing that the present reaction is away from Romanticism, this preference seems all to the gain of our contemporary native composers; for we may be said never to have left the broad and indisputable road of *classical art.*

# CHAPTER V

## BEETHOVEN

### CLASSICIST: ROMANTICIST: DEMOCRAT

Ludwig van Beethoven is one of the most remarkable examples in the world's history of the mind's victory over the body, the triumph of the will over the most adverse circumstances. In the past he has been too facilely classed as a German. The Beethoven family belonged originally to a village near Louvain, and moved thence to Antwerp. Ludwig's father, Jean, and his grandfather, Ludwig, were both musicians at the Elector's Court at Bonn—the father a tenor-singer, the grandfather a bass, afterwards promoted to the rank of Kapellmeister. The father married a German girl, the daughter of a cook at the castle. Her son always maintained a tender affection for her; and her death, when the boy was only sixteen, was one of his greatest tragedies.

Beethoven spent an unhappy childhood in a home devoid of all comfort. From his earliest years, life was for him a bitter fight for existence. Owing to the dissolute habits of his father, the boy had the cares of the home thrust upon him at an age far too tender for such a task. His worthless father had kept the child at the piano-keyboard from the age of four. At eleven, the boy was put into the theatre orchestra. At thirteen he took lessons from Neefe and deputised at the organ instead of paying for them. A close friendship with the Breuning family lasted throughout the composer's life. When Beethoven was seventeen, the Breunings and other friends found the means of sending him on a short visit to Vienna, where he extemporised to Mozart, who exclaimed: "Keep an eye on this young man—the world will hear of him some day."

Back went young Ludwig with a glowing account to his

Bonn friends, who all agreed that he must go sooner or later to live in Vienna, then the musical centre of Europe, rendered famous by the presence of Haydn, Mozart and the many illustrious Italian masters. At the age of twenty-two the decision was made, and his good friend, Count Waldstein, a nobleman eight years his senior, wrote in the Farewell Album, which was passed round young Beethoven's circle of friends, the following entry:

> Dear Beethoven, You are travelling to Vienna in fulfilment of your long-cherished wish. The genius of Mozart is still weeping and bewailing the death of her favourite. With the inexhaustible Haydn she found a refuge, but no permanent possession, and is now waiting to leave him and join herself to someone else. Labour assiduously, and receive Mozart's spirit from the hands of Haydn. Your true friend, Waldstein. *Bonn*, 29 *October*, 1792.

Beethoven never saw Bonn again.

His life divides itself into two periods — the youthful one up to the age of twenty-two, spent at Bonn; and the Viennese period, from that age until his death at fifty-six.

The Court of Bonn, under one of the most care-free and enlightened of princes, was given up to the elegances of Italian music; and Beethoven's music of the first period is explained by the Bonn ideals. On the other hand, music in Vienna was cultivated almost exclusively by a rich aristocracy. According to rank and riches, each house possessed and maintained a *Haus-Kapelle* with a private choir, an orchestra, a string-quartet and a wind-band. Consequently, Vienna was then the music-market of the world. Beethoven was a true Viennese. He loved the coffee-houses and the streets; he would turn and twist his face into a smirk of admiration at the sight of a pretty girl; he enjoyed good food and wine, but was not too particular about the manner of serving it in his own rooms. Stephan von Breuning's wife had always a great dislike of lunching with him there. Nor was much care for his personal appearance ever one of his characteristics; although he made occasional efforts in this direction under a special stimulus. All such endeavours, however, were doomed to failure from the beginning by his uncouth exterior, clumsy deportment and excitable temperament. Scorning social conventions and time-tables,

he could not endure his kind patron Prince Lichnowsky's fashionable hours. Fawning attentions disgusted him, and yet he easily felt a social slight.

Beethoven has hitherto been presented to us in a falsely romantic light; as a matter of fact, few musicians have shown such a strong grasp of reality. He was inclined to severity in estimating his fellow-men, and his conduct throughout was that of a man who knew clearly what he wanted, as well as how to get it. "Never show to men the contempt they deserve; for you never know to what use you may want to put them later." Sad to relate, he was at times somewhat unscrupulous in business matters. Still, he was certainly not the man to be immersed in everyday affairs, and his art stood above all mundane matters.

He travelled but little. Except for a trip to Holland during childhood with his mother, his only journeys were to Prague and Berlin, about the age of twenty-six. Towards the end of his life, there was much talk of a visit to England, but his plans never matured. His very last talks contained great praise of the kindness of the English people.

Unevenly and imperfectly educated in general, he maintained an interest in things outside his art. He read Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Tiedge, Plato, and Shakespeare, repeatedly studied Sturm and Kant, and was interested in scientific inventions. In political and social matters, he was a curious mixture of the aristocrat and the democrat. He greeted the liberation of France, dedicated his third symphony at first to Napoleon, and compared the new French Republic with Greece at the height of her glory. But, on the other hand, his pride as an artist knew no compromise; he would allow none to approach his throne without due respect. Among his circle of music-loving friends, he was hearty and jovial with all; but there was, nevertheless, a faint note of conscious superiority even in his friendliest utterances. Friends in the best sense of the word—his intellectual equals—he never possessed. Not for him was a stimulating heart-to-heart intimacy like that of Goethe and Schiller, of Byron and Shelley.

His chief luxury was in his choice of rooms. In the summer he migrated to some pleasant country spot near Vienna—

Heiligenstadt, Mödling, Döbling or Baden. Occasionally he was tenant of three separate dwellings at once. His passion for the country may have been inspired by the recollections of the beloved Rhineland of his early childhood. The more he withdrew from the world, the more he found alone in Nature the peace denied to him elsewhere. He once observed that he loved a tree better than a man.

His relations with women arose naturally from his friendly impulses; and many of these fair ones were distinguished people—Eleanore von Breuning, Nanette Stein the pianist, Bettina von Arnim (first of the intellectual "flappers"), the somewhat hysterical Amalie Sebald, Marie Bigot, Marie Pachler-Koschak (artistically and personally very near to Beethoven), the Countess Erdödy and Dorothea von Ertmann. With some he overstepped the bounds of friendship, for Beethoven was never without a love-affair. First there was Magdalene Willmann the singer, then Countess Giulietta Guicciardi and Countess Theresa Brunswick. The dedications of his works to many of his fair friends were always far more than marks of mere courtesy and respect. Who of all these, if any, was the object of his letters to "The Immortally Beloved" it is fruitless to speculate; for the deepest gloom broods over the whole affair. The riddle is as baffling as that of the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. But all these explosions quickly evaporated; the blaze, suddenly shooting up, died down as quickly. He was not the man to wreck his life for a woman; love was never his driving force. There are no erotic tendencies in his music; his art stands outside the realm of sexual impulses. His love affairs were but incidents; some deep-rooted instinct kept his art aloof. He made endless plans for marriage, but his common mating impulses were transmuted into a desire for the love of all mankind. The sense of self is exchanged for a sense of cosmic being. Dithyrambic joy, ecstatic rapture is the essence of his genius. His coarse-grained humour was but as froth on the deep pool of sympathy and confident faith.

His two great personal tragedies were the guardianship of his weak, dissolute, adopted nephew Carl, and his deafness (probably due to syphilis contracted in his early years), which first appeared about the age of twenty-eight, and increased to

complete atrophy of the aural sense soon after forty. The crisis came in the midst of an intense creative period, and only the sense of his high mission and of the immortal value of his music kept him from suicide. The mood of despair, however, did not last long; for he realised that the joy of creation was his for life. Indeed, Wagner regarded Beethoven's physical misfortune as a great boon to his art, driving him entirely into his inner life. When Beethoven conducted the first performance of his Ninth symphony, one of the singers turned him round to acknowledge the clamorous applause which he had not heard; *nor had he himself heard a note of the symphony.*

The essential characteristic of Beethoven's music, which differentiates it from all other music, was but dimly perceived in his own time. Weber thought the *Eroica* symphony "bizarre"; Cherubini did not understand *Fidelio*; the Ninth symphony was long regarded as unplayable in France; as late as 1880, Bülow, on conducting this work for the first time in Berlin, repeated the whole work as it did not appear to have been understood. In all Grove's numerous English writings on Beethoven, there is no indication of a real understanding of the *raison d'être* of Beethoven's music. He used music for entirely different ends from those conceived by Haydn and Mozart. There is such a thing as purely musical development, as we see in the masters of the great Classical period; but with Beethoven a composition must not only be beautiful but *meaningful.* It never occurred to him to treat music as "absolute," to make it for its *own* sake, as many of the Classical masters did. He used music to record his own spiritual development.[1]

With him, it must not only be an æsthetic emotion, but a spiritual experience too; and this man passed through one of the profoundest spiritual experiences of which we have any record. Entertaining no doubts as to the pyschological basis of his art, he early accepted from Neefe the doctrine of a necessary correspondence between things musical and spiritual. By demanding intelligent co-operation he showed that he regarded listening to music as a living experience. He studied æsthetics,

[1] See the leading article in *The Times Literary Supplement* of Feb. 18, 1926 reviewing Paul Bekker's book on Beethoven (Dent & Sons).

and endeavoured to think clearly, and to get at the meaning of things. He affirmed the definite inner significance of Key, maintaining that there was a proper key for each mood and that no piece should be transposed. The terms "to compose" and "to write poetry" were interchangeable. On the title-page of his *Name-Day* overture, he naïvely wrote, "Made into poetry by Ludwig van Beethoven." "From the heart it comes, and to the heart it goes," he wrote over the *Kyrie* of his *Messe Solennelle*. *Innigkeit*, *Innerlichkeit* (intimacy, innerness) is the real motto of his work.

Even his programme-music was always "an expression of feeling" as he explained in a direction-note to his sixth symphony. "Anyone who has the least understanding of the countryside will know at once what the author wishes to express." One perceptible symbol alone remains—the *form* of the sound-phenomena. Only an analysis of the forms and a close study of the emotional and spiritual content will bring æsthetic understanding. He himself has provided a few sign-posts, a kind of summary of the contents, sketched out on broad emotional lines, in his expression marks and other directions. His treatment of dynamics is significant.

Beethoven was not a revolutionary musician. Though born in the *Sturm und Drang* period, he was not *of* it. This position saved him from spending time on experiments. Music for him was a spiritual and intellectual creed expressing words and their attendant images upon a higher plane of Abstraction. This impulse to Abstraction is the driving force behind his work. In visual art (a two-dimensional art), painting is an abstraction of sculpture (a three-dimensional art); thence the æsthetic line of development is from the actual sound, from the sung word to the abstract instrumental tone; and in music itself, from the simplest dance-form to the expression of the deepest philosophy. After *Fidelio*, to the end of his life, he was searching for a suitable text for another opera. This was one of his curious *naïvetés*; for to submit to the ideas of another was impossible to him, though he himself did not apparently realise his position. "Schiller's poems are difficult to set to music," he wrote, "the composer must be able to rise far above the poet, and who can do that in the case of Schiller?" Music to

Beethoven always meant instrumental music. "When I think of a melody I always hear it in the orchestra," he wrote.

The sum of his message is freedom (artistic, political, personal) of will, art and faith, and he gives it symbolic expression through "the heroic idea." This idea is readily felt in the third symphony called *Eroica*, for which he used Napoleon at first, and General Abercrombie later on, as his model in the flesh; but the "heroic idea" is really the basis of all Beethoven's music. The nine symphonies are a broad and popular summary of the artist's complete evolution. The third (*Eroica*) symphony is a landmark in all music. His sixteen string-quartets give a more intimate exposition of the growth of the "poetic idea." The piano-sonatas (if rearranged in order) give it in a handier form. The ten violin-sonatas form a nearly complete epitome, but do not cover the latest period. The few works for 'cello and piano cover nearly all the various stages of his evolution.

Beethoven's wrestle with musical form was as ceaseless and untiring as Wagner's. The usual conception of "first-movement" and "sonata-form" as a ready-made mould into which to pour his musical thoughts was never his. On the contrary, we find him, not only ever seeking new and better forms for the expression of his ideas and filling each in turn to bursting-point, but also wringing dry one medium after another. First it was the piano-sonatas which, starting along conventional lines, were soon off the track in the romanticism of the C-sharp-minor "Moonlight" and the "programme" ideas of *Les Adieux*, plunging forward into the adaptation of fugue and the tone-poems of the E-major, op. 109, and A-flat, op. 110, and the combination of romanticism and abstraction of the C-minor, op. 111. He could go no further, for the great B-flat, op. 106, had already burst the form as well as the medium altogether. And so it was with the orchestral symphonies. After the *Eroica*, No. 3, and the C-minor, No. 5, he was off again on the road of adventure until the great "Choral," No. 9, was no longer an orchestral symphony at all, but a work pointing the way to the great art-form which will unite the full strength of the two choral and orchestral mediums in one new form, the full solution of which has not yet been found. And lastly it was that most intimate of all mediums, the string-quartet. With the

three quartets, op. 59, dedicated to Count Rasumovsky, we enter a new field. The treatment of the Russian folk-tunes, introduced as a compliment to the count, is purely Beethovenish and as little Slav as can be imagined. The tender, pathetic *Adagio* to the F-major quartet is one of the finest of all the composer's slow movements. The dark and passionate opening to the E-minor and the wild humour of its *finale* are symptoms of a coming change; but he turned aside and let the string-quartet medium drop until near the end of his life when he had exhausted the orchestral medium with his "Ninth." The last five quartets form a group by themselves, as they are the greatest and most lyrical works of his third and last period. Structurally they return to an earlier cyclical form of many movements. The three, opp. 130, 131, 132, were published after his death in the wrong order. The "great B-flat" was the last he wrote.

"In this third period," Dr. Ernest Walker observes, "we find side by side grim uncouthness and unearthly serenity, wild passion and noble majesty, inconsequential antics and delicate charm, tortuous involutions and limpid simplicity; the B-flat quartet in its original form containing the *Grosse Fuge* is indeed a compendium of them all. True as is Schubert's epitaph about 'fair treasures and yet fairer hopes,' the words would apply with still deeper intensity to Beethoven's third period, the period of his new birth, with its strange and sometimes painful struggles, and its steady persistent reaching up to a supreme dim ideal; but he died too soon, and then that particular door in music was shut, and not even Brahms found the key."

Beethoven's third philosophical period is as obscure as Goethe's Second Part of *Faust.* Just as with Goethe, when great excitement and passion rules, metrical laws go altogether. Beethoven's ideas were nearly always too big for his forms and moulds, and sometimes they seem too much for music itself. He was a thinker first, and a musician second; so, as we shall see, were Gluck, Berlioz, Parry and others, in different ways. The "religion" of Beethoven's day was the ethical system of Kant. It lies at the back of all his music, and it was his efforts to express the philosophical concepts involved

therein that carried his music so far into the region of abstraction. This belief, free from dogma, was grounded on the root-principles of the Christian faith. "Religion and thorough-bass are both things that settle themselves," he wrote, "one does not argue about them." He recognised the eternal mutability of things; and when dying, shook his fist at the thunderstorm, crying out grimly, "*Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est!*" The world he reveals to us is one of tremendous events and visions; but a single principle dominates the whole —the "heroic" struggle for absolute freedom of personality. Despair over the world's travail did not break him; he loved life for the very struggles it brought; for through pain he found a new joy; and his *Mass in D* remains the perfect expression of his own faith.

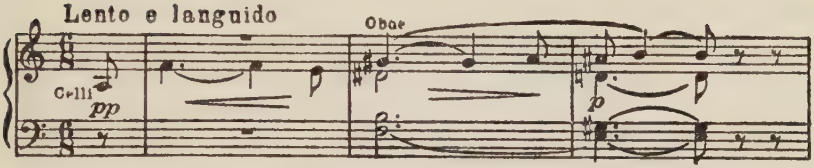
*Part II*

# ROMANTIC

# PART II—ROMANTIC

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GREAT ROMANTICISTS




The term Romanticism is not easy to define, especially as romantic feelings are not confined to any one age or any one particular group of artists. But in music, as in literature, the term can justly be applied to a specific period, a certain class of composers and an easily recognised style. Romanticism is best described by contrasting it with the Classical style. The Classicist occupies himself primarily with abstract beauty, with formal matters, with technical perfection and good workmanship. He will delight in arabesques in music, just as the sculptors loved to indulge their fancy in capital and scroll in church architecture. He is universal and impersonal, his own emotions being held in strict subservience to the more abstract æsthetic principles. He tends at times to formality and didacticism, and is inclined to deal with nature only at second-hand, through the pastoral fancies and pseudo-shepherdesses of the Court diversions.

The Romanticist, on the other hand, loves the calm of lakes, the grandeur of mountains, the fairness of women, the strength and will of men, the world of little children with their voices pure like birds (a world not far removed from that of the elves, fairies and mannikins), the loveliness of flowers and meadows and trees, and all the beauty of the

earth. He delights to rove in imagination through the wide world of chivalry, adventure and romance; and, more than anything else, he loves the deep feelings and inner emotions which all these things arouse, the unloosing of which leads always to rich warm lyricism, a goal from which the *curiosa felicitas* of classical diction is far removed.

In deepening the pathos of things, Romanticism, with its preoccupation with the inner self, leads at times to the unbridled outpourings of a Tchaikovsky, a private grief which seems to us very paltry beside the calm, abiding pathos of certain classical laments, notably Purcell's *Dido* and Monteverdi's *Arianna*, which have never been surpassed in deep and restrained feeling. Romantic elements, especially the element of chromaticism, do not necessarily make for Romanticism. Spohr in his chamber-music was classical; in his oratorios and symphonies, something of a Romanticist. The English organist, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, for instance, imported Spohr's chromaticism with warmer colours in his church-music, without altogether sacrificing his English strength and classical style.

The Romantic poets were invariably fortunate (or was it their need?) in the choice and opportunities of their abodes—Shelley and Byron in Italy, Wordsworth and the Lake Poets in Cumberland. So too with the Romantic musicians. Weber always summoned up a vision of some country landscape when he composed; Schubert, man of the town though he was, loved the Bohemian countryside; Liszt adored romantic spots; Chopin was sensitive to the beauty of Nohant, and the wild and profuse Majorcan foliage. Yet the classical Mozart, brought up amongst some of the loveliest scenery in Europe, paid little attention to it. Wagner was a great walker, and driven as he was from place to place, he always managed to fly to some beautiful spot. "For my work," he wrote at Zurich, "I am exceedingly fond of the sun, the 'protected' sun. The real cream of the summer is the early morning before breakfast. That is the great fortifier." The elixir of Nature seemed necessary as a tonic to the heavy toll paid on the emotions of the Romanticists, who were more introspective and went deeper down into their feelings than the Classicists.

"The excesses and extremes of feeling," wrote Wagner, "are even more intense in musical creation than in any other, for music is essentially the notation of emotion." "This last act," he wrote of *Tristan*, "is a veritable ague, the profoundest, most unheard-of suffering and longing, and immediately afterwards comes the most turbulent exultation." And again, "God knows that no one has taken a thing in such earnest before."

A great part of the Romantic movement revolves upon the love between the sexes. Berlioz's amorous affairs, which play a great part in his *Autobiography*, do not seem to be definitely connected with his musical output, but they cannot be separated from it altogether. Indeed, some of his compositions were the direct result of his love for Henrietta Smithson, the Ophelia of the English company of Shakespearean players in Paris. Schumann's Romanticism was part and parcel of his love for Clara. Wagner seems to have been unable to compose without the stimulus of some deep feminine companionship. We find the same need in the German poets, in Humboldt's *Letters to a Lady Friend*, and in the friendship of Goethe and Charlotte Stein, to whom he writes, "Your relationship to me is so holy, that I feel strangely made true for the first time in my life by this bond. Words cannot explain it, nor can it be understood by men." But the Romantic musicians *did* reveal it, for their expanding art was a perfect medium for it.

The development of modern harmony, especially the intensification of chords by chromatic alterations, and the new possibilities of colour given by the continued improvement of the orchestra, put an immense increase of expressional means into their hands. The horn, the trumpet and the clarinet took on themselves new rôles, the piano assumed an increased depth of tone; and the Romanticists revelled in the new colours on their orchestral palette. Musical forms themselves were changing, and they delighted in shaping them to their purpose; for Romanticism in music was, amongst other things, a revolt against the formalism of the eighteenth century. Its spirit is not really confined to any one nation. It was foreshadowed in English music by Giles Farnaby in the sixteenth century, in French music by Rameau. In literature

it was foretold in *Ossian*, in Percy's *Reliques*, and by Chatterton in his *Rowley Poems*. But Berlioz apart, Romanticism in *music* is predominantly German in character.

Let us first consider Berlioz. His life was of the most romantic nature. Read his *Autobiography* and, even allowing for poetic licence and a literary flair, we can see how his independent spirit suffered shock after shock from officialdom, complacency and misunderstanding. Twice he was refused the coveted *Prix de Rome* at the Conservatoire. The second time (1829), no prize was awarded. Berlioz was in dire poverty. But having come across a French translation of Goethe's *Faust*, he set some "scenes," which he used later; and more important still, composed the famous *Symphonie Fantastique*—the most remarkable piece of "programme-music" ever written. If anything in music deserved to be called a "human document," this does. It shows us what a state of spiritual turmoil this human volcano was in at the time. But it does more than reveal the man Berlioz. It sounds the tocsin of the Classical period of music, just as surely as did Hugo's famous "forty days" of *Hernani* at the theatre. The Romantic movement had come. France had declared for Freedom. The year 1830 brought the social Revolution. Berlioz, himself one of the wildest of revolutionaries, wrote a cynical "exercise," *Sardanapalus*, in the stiffest and most academical manner, omitting the tragic moment of the conflagration from the plot, and he secured the prize (which covered three years' residence in Rome), and straight away rewrote the work after his own heart and had it performed. It was a fiasco, for he lacked practical experience in concert-giving; but still it was glorious. And characteristically enough, having been awarded the *Prix de Rome*, he did not want it; for he had fallen madly in love with Shakespeare and with Henrietta Smithson, the fair Ophelia in the English company in Paris, and he did not want to leave her. She on her side thought he was mad, and even asked for police protection. Finally to Rome he went, and learnt there, more from Italian painting and architecture than from music, how to deal grandly with large subjects.

But after two years in Rome, where he found little in music

to please him, he could stand it no longer and sacrificed his scholarship. Again the decision was anything but free from considerations of the fair sex. Before leaving Paris, through the discouragements from Miss Smithson he had been thrown into the toils of a second fair one, Mlle. Mooke; now hearing that she also had thrown him over and married someone else, Berlioz set out in hot haste, furnished with a double-barrelled pistol, two phials of poison and a lady's-maid's costume, determined to kill everyone concerned. He was so enraged that he forgot the disguise dress at Florence and had to buy another at Genoa. The police, terrified by his desperate looks, refused him at Turin and sent him round by the Riviera (so he said). But already his anger was cooling, and a letter to the Roman director asking advice, and that his name be kept down, already reveals a certain amount of reflection. He waited a week at Nice for an answer, wrote the overture to *King Lear* and spent "the happiest time of his life" there; later he was arrested for sketching the fortifications and sent back to Rome.

On his return to Paris, he found Miss Smithson had broken her leg in alighting from her carriage. He pressed his suit and made preparations for a civil marriage, only to have the contract torn up before the notary's eyes. But in 1833 the ceremony was performed.

With the Romantic movement, the orchestra came more into its own. The tone-painting of the harmony came to be powerfully reinforced by the orchestral tone-colours themselves And here Berlioz was the great initiator. He composed with *tone-colours* as much as with chords, and this is partly the reason why his music looks so weak in the score but sounds so miraculous in performance. With him, hearing only is believing. We shall see something similar, later on, with the Russian revolutionary Mussorgsky, in whose works Berlioz's wonderful power of depicting gesture is carried still further. Berlioz also added something to the solution of form, in his *leit-motif* (leading or guiding theme) or *idée fixe*, as he called it. In the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the following musical theme which represents the hero appears in all the divisions, but in each in a different form.

Berlioz was not the first to use this device of the *leit-motif*, but he was the first to put it to such prominent use and development, to employ it as the binding element of the whole work. He was also a writer. His *Autobiography* and other books bear witness to this; and his manual on *Orchestration* still remains the best of its kind ever written.

Berlioz aims at making music definitely pictorial. In his *Messe des Morts*, he approaches the great subject of the Requiem as Michelangelo approached the great frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. He paints in sound with mighty masses and vivid colours. There is no restraint. He asks for an immense orchestra, four brass-bands at different points to make the *Rex tremendæ* more resplendent, sixteen drummers and extra brass to make the *Tuba Mirum* more terrifying, and so on. No such volume of sound had been heard in Paris since the taking of the Bastille. "If a man cares to be hypnotised with music," wrote Wagner of Berlioz's work, "here's his chance." Berlioz was the great musical depicter of action. His purely dramatic sense was stronger than Wagner's. In his *Symphonie Fantastique*, sub-titled *An Artist's Life*, he exteriorises in sound an entire series of events and circumstances: Part I. *Dreams; the stirrings of Passion;* II. *The Ball. Thoughts of the Beloved one;* III. *Country Scene;* IV. *March to the Scaffold;* V. *Dream of the Witches' Sabbath.* What is this but a whole drama in music? Berlioz will tell you it is more—*his actual life.* And therein he is the first of the great Realists.

The Romantic movement in its wide appeal to the people emphasised the national sides of the art; and Wagner's valedictory address over Weber's German grave[1] echoed the feeling of all his countrymen: "There was never a more German composer than thou; to whatever distant fathomless realms of fancy thy genius bore thee, it remained bound by a thousand

[1] His body was removed from London and interred in German soil seventeen years after his death.

tender links to the heart of thy German people; with them it wept or smiled like a believing child, listening to the legends and tales of its country. It was thy child-like simplicity which guided thy manly spirit like a guardian-angel, keeping it pure and chaste; and that purity was thy chief quality. . . . Behold, the Briton does thee justice; the Frenchman admires thee; but only the German can *love* thee! Thou art his own, a bright day in his life, a drop of his blood, a part of his heart!" Thus was the first of the great Romanticists in music venerated by him who came to fulfil the artistic revelation.

Weber's operas were both a glorification of the Germany of the past and a promise of the Germany of the future. He was the first great nationalist in music. His musical soul pulsed strongly in sympathetic vibration with the romantic revolt in literature. Like Berlioz in France, Weber was one with the movement which produced in literature, Rousseau and Victor Hugo, Scott and Byron, Goethe and Schiller, the art movement which Napoleon's great adventure brought to a head, the end of the "Perruque" period or, as Carlyle called it, the period of "Gigmanity"—the respectability of keeping a gig. The Court of Louis XIV. was the arch-type of the artificial life; the Romantic movement brought back the "true man," or, as Rousseau called him, "*l'honnête homme*."

All the best qualities of the Romanticists are found in WEBER in full strength. Beethoven admires the characters of his operas, especially Caspar in *Der Freischütz*. "Now Weber must write operas in earnest, one after another," he writes, "without caring too much for refinement. Caspar, that monster, stands four-square, like a house; wherever the devil sticks in his claws, we feel it." Berlioz also admired Weber's romantic colouring and wept tears over the touching beauty of his orchestration, especially the dreamy phrase of the clarinet over a tremolo of stringed instruments in the midst of the overture to *Der Freischütz*; he writes of it thus: "Does it not depict the lonely maiden; the forester's fair betrothed, who, raising her eyes to heaven, mingles her tender lament with the sobbing of the tempest-stricken trees? O Weber!" The patriotic songs from the *Lyre and Sword* collection raised Weber's popularity to an unprecedented height in Germany.

Through them, he awoke the sleeping soul of Germany, the old true German spirit, full of heroism and mystery.

His cult of legend and of the exotic are two other romantic traits. He explains it thus, in his *Autobiography*: "The quiet way in which my family lived, the constant intercourse with cultured people, the watchful prudence of my parents in isolating me from all vulgar contacts, accustomed me from my earliest years to live more and more within myself, in the world of imagination, and to seek my occupation and fortune there." He is certainly grateful here for small mercies, for no musician had a rougher upbringing. And what an imagination this tender soul possessed! Defeat and disappointment dogged his early steps. His musical equipment in harmony was as meagre as Berlioz's. To the end of their days, neither composer knew any chords beyond "common triads" and "diminished sevenths," a defect which makes their achievements all the more astounding. Weber's first two operas, *Sylvana* and *Peter Schmoll*, gave little earnest of what was to come. His first success, *Abu Hassan*, a little one-act comic opera, was written at the age of twenty-five. The plot concerns the shifts of Hassan and Fatima to avoid paying their creditors. Finally they even pretend to be dead. The music is a filagree work of the daintiest kind imaginable.

His next opera, *Der Freischütz*, is his most characteristic work. Here is the true Romanticist, tuning the phenomena of Nature in sympathy with the troubled affairs of men. With Weber's strong imaginative power and his masterly handling of the orchestral tone-colours, a new element entered music for the first time; an element which makes the weird supernatural visions haunting the Wolf's Glen a monument of dramatic and creative power for all time.

In *Euryanthe* the composer found a subject which gave him a splendid opportunity for tone-painting—the chivalry of Mediæval France, the ceremonial marches, the motley processions, all the pomp and circumstance of the Court. The plot is weak, but Weber's Eastern colour is unmistakable. Lovers of Wagnerian zoology may be reminded of the appearance of a serpent in it. His leaning towards the supernatural favoured him again in his last opera, *Oberon*, commissioned

for Covent Garden, London. The Fairy King has quarrelled with Titania, and vowed never to be reconciled until two lovers are found constant to each other through every trial and temptation. Sir Huon of Bordeaux sets out for far Bagdad to claim Rezia, the Caliph's daughter, as his bride. Armed with a magic horn, he goes through fire and flood, shipwreck and evil enchantment, barely escaping death by burning, but remaining faithful through all, until at last Oberon steps in and cries "Enough"; and then Huon is transported home to the Court of Charlemagne where a rapturous welcome awaits the hero, such a welcome as no composer can set to music better than Weber. The slight human interest of the plot and the composer's ill-health left weaknesses in the work, which is not a thorough-going opera. Weber admitted that the English ideas were very foreign to his own; and complained of the intermingling of so many speaking characters who do not sing, and, worse still, the absence of music at the most important moments.

Weber was the first to establish a definite connection between overture and opera by the use of themes taken from the body of the work itself. Thus the overture with him becomes a kind of brief summary of the drama. Even more important to our study of the Romantic movement are certain instrumental works. When Weber finished the *Invitation to the Dance* in 1819 and played it to his wife, he gave the following explanation of it: "First approach of the dancer (bars 1–5); the lady's evasive reply (5–9); his pressing invitation (9–13—the short *appoggiatura C* and the *appoggiatura B-flat* are very significant); her consent (13–16); they enter into conversation; he begins (17–19); she replies (19–21); he speaks with greater warmth (21–3); she sympathetically agrees (23–5). Now for the dance! He addresses her with regard to it (25–7); her answer (27–9); they draw together (29–31), take their places, are waiting for the commencement (31–5). The dance itself. Conclusion: his thanks, her reply, their retirement. Silence." This of course gives no account of the main body of the composition, the Valse itself; but in the *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra we have a much more detailed explanation, given to his wife and also to his pupil, Julius Benedict, immediately after the

composer had finished writing it, on the day of the first Berlin performance of *Der Freischütz.*

> The fair lady sits in her tower, gazing sadly into the distance; for her knight has been away for years in the Holy wars. Will she ever see him again? She hears of battles, but no news of her loved one. In vain her prayers and longings. . . . And then a terrible vision rises before her. She sees her knight lying wounded and deserted on the battle-field. Could she but be with him—die with him! She falls down exhausted and faints away. . . . But hark! what sounds are these? What glitters in the sunlight from the woods? What are these forms approaching? Knights and squires with Crusaders' cross, banners and shouts. Yes; and there *he* is! She rushes forth and throws herself in his arms. What indescribable happiness! A thousand voices proclaim the victorious return.

Here is the *subject* that determined the form of the work. It is an excellent example of "programme-music." Here truly is the definition of Romanticism as "music fertilised by literature" apposite! And in Schumann too we have music fertilised by the same means.

Schubert was the greatest natural melodist and the most careless composer that ever lived. Not for him was the torture of self-criticism and the endless threshing-out of the ideas, as with Beethoven; not for him was the complete mental construction of a whole symphony before writing down a note, as with Mozart. All his life, he was really an extemporiser, a channel through which music ran unceasingly. To him, nature seemed always beautiful, life always sweet, man always good; because, out of his own good nature, he wished it so. He loved and caressed all he touched, not with a maundering pity, but with a healthy sweetness. Beethoven is the impassioned stoic, Schubert the tender lover, making no demands, no claims. Perhaps this is why the iconoclasts, who have recently gone about discovering Beethoven's feet of clay, Schumann's pedestrian rhythms, Strauss's shocking lapses from good taste, and Wagner's moral delinquencies, have passed Schubert by; for they could only challenge him on strictly musical grounds. There is no "morality," no "metaphysic" behind him. Not that his music is content with beauty pure and abstract. Melody is "all in all" to Schubert, the richest of

song-makers. He is of all true Romanticists the nearest to the Classicists. For this reason, "all attempts to write a 'programme' to the 'Unfinished' Symphony must fail. There is a drama of the spirit in it, but the conflict is turned entirely to melody. Schubert may not even be discussed, as Mozart (on whom he partly founded his art) often may, in terms of rhythmical pattern. He was a reed through which the wind blew everything into sheer song; and this songfulness softens and sweetens poetic pain in him, so that if it does wound us the hurt is tender and passes as swiftly as it came." [1]

His style of harmonising, free from appoggiaturas, with the plain chord always on the beat, and his refined feeling for cadence, make his melody the most flowing of all, the easiest to be performed and remembered. His music has not the continuity of a Mozart, nor the logical unwinding of a Beethoven. His web of sound unrolls itself, almost as a thing apart from his will. He poured himself out on every poem he came across, good and bad alike, six hundred and thirty in all; on one occasion he composed eight songs in a single day—and they range through all styles. In setting a song, he could identify himself more completely with the poet than any other composer, unless it be Hugo Wolf. If nothing stands between him and the poet, there is nothing between him and his hearers; for no music makes a more direct appeal.

And what a range through all kinds of emotion he is able to express, from the dainty simplicity of *The Hedge-rose*, through the innocence of the *Ave Maria*, the quietness of *Thou art my rest*, the stillness of *The Wanderer's Night Song*, the freshness of *Hark, the Lark*, the happiness of *Who is Sylvia?* the fervour of *To Music*, the sweetness of Rellstab's *Serenade*, the pathos of the *Hurdy-gurdy Man*, the romantic conjunction of Nature's ferment with the pent-up burning love of the *Young Nun*, the rapture of *Gretchen's Spinning Song*, the dark symbolism of the *Death and the Maiden*, to the splendour of *Time the Charioteer*, the massive grandeur of *Dithyramb*, the gloomy splendour of the *Group in Tartarus*, and the expanding tragic emotions of *The Erlking*, the finest dramatic song ever written! Then again, the two song-cycles, *The Maid of the Mill*

[1] Adapted from an article by N. Cardus in the *Manchester Guardian*.

and *The Winter Journey* (both to Wilhelm Müller's words), are practically little operas for solo-voice and piano. Schubert takes a new conception of the song, one in which both singer and player work equally for the emotional reproduction. In the finest of these songs the singer must sing with his mind and the player must play with his heart.

On the whole, Schubert worked best when he had the words to restrain and shape his musical outpourings. His piano-sonatas and those for violin and piano, like his C-major symphony, suffer from over-diffuseness and lack of what we may call musical architecture. The classical "German sonata-forms" were not for him. His "development sections" are weak, unrestrained meanderings. He had not the gift of inventing other "forms" for himself, and the "tone-poem" was then unknown. There are two forms, however, in which Schubert is almost as great as he is in song; and in both these forms he exercised a great influence on Beethoven, with whom intercourse, although not frequent and close, was always friendly. These forms are the Dance and the March. Here his very shortness of musical breath and his squareness of accent and phrasing are assets that give his harmony a freer play. Later on, Liszt decked out the bouncing country lass of Schubert's Viennese Waltz for the fashionable Parisian salon; and he also exploited the romantic harmonic colouring of Schubert's songs in his amazing piano arrangements, called "*de*rangements" by those who cannot play them.

His conjunction of melody and harmony occupies a place between that of Haydn and Beethoven. It is less stiff than the former, simpler than the latter. Some of his harmonic colouring arises from his fondness of a *major* scale with the sixth note *minor*, a feature derived from the gypsy music of which he was very fond. This feature is common to Czech, Polish and Hungarian folk-music, and is one, as we have already seen, which had a great fascination for Bach.

Completely untutored musician as Schubert was, he advanced boldly and freely along the line of harmony. He was the first to write that plain progression of colourful chords which was to become so dear to the hearts of Wagner and César Franck. His fondness for changing the "dominant

seventh" chord into the "augmented sixth" allowed him the luxury of the pathetic "diminished third" in melody. In the choice of adequate emotional harmony he is unrivalled; and with him the harmonic lyricism of the nineteenth century reveals itself almost entire. The first also to obtain emotional value by the chromatic alteration of chords, he may justly be called "the creator of romantic harmony." Curiously unequal in output, weak in rhythmic variety, inexhaustibly fertile in melody and harmony, his church music (Viennese *rococo* style) shows him at his weakest, and his trio in B-flat for piano, violin and 'cello and his symphony in B-minor—all the better for being "Unfinished"—at his very best. Beethoven drank from his harmonic springs and Dvořák drew inspiration and guidance from his sweet-sounding chamber-music.

But it was not in Vienna that the real German Romanticist in music was born and bred. The Romantic artists did not concern themselves with city ways, and with the demands that art should be always suited to the tastes of the wealthy and aristocratic. The Romantic artist occupied himself with the romance of more ordinary folk, and even with the poor. By this time, both Burns and Scott had appeared in German translations. Schubert had already set some of Scott's poems of romantic chivalry and gentle maidenhood; and now Schumann sets Burns, "the poet of the poor," along with his dreamy Romantic German poets.

The Romantic movement asked of composers more knowledge outside their art than the Classicists possessed. With it, music left the solitudes of the Alpine peaks and came down to the tempest-swept valleys of our emotional life. What it lost in classic perfection of technique and balance, it gained in emotional depth. Schumann's whole life was an attempt to unite the two ideals. In spirit, he was a true Romanticist, directing his music towards the external world with endless signs, hints and explanations. In technique, he ignored Beethoven and admitted Bach as his model. "Bach and Jean Paul" he wrote, "had the greatest influence on me"—polyphony and romance. But what are we to say of a composer who confesses, "I learnt more counterpoint from Jean Paul than from my music-master"?

Schumann stood in as close a relationship to the earlier Romantic movement in German literature, as Debussy in later times did to the Impressionist poets and painters. And Schumann arrives nearer to the softness of touch and the light shadings of the dreamy soul of a German Romantic, than does any other musician. With him the short-lived emotions of everyday life are prolonged indefinitely into dreams; sentiment is set free to wander where it will. He ever lingers long and lovingly round his final cadence, as though loth to leave it. The following type of close is as good as a letter-signature:

Hopes and vows are renewed; but such ardent natures often fall into presentiments, even despair at times. His piano-piece *In der Nacht*[1] is the musical arch-type of this. Weird and uncanny, it turns round and round on itself, in vague uneasiness. It is the forerunner of many a passage of vague unrest and disquietude in music. Beethoven touched on this *beklemmt* and fearful note once or twice; but Schumann fixes this mood securely, like all others, as an entomologist pins down a specimen. Over the inquietudes of the left-hand arpeggios, the short fugitive phrases flash with a weird light. The music falls throbbing and heavy, from the profound depths of his being.

[1] Schumann himself said it was written on the programme of *Hero and Leander*.

But Schumann "poetises" and "idealises" here, as he does everywhere.

His music is the antipodes of Realism and a full quarter of the way round the circle from Classicism. With him the essence of Romanticism passes into the music itself and dispenses with the "programme-basis" of Weber and Berlioz. His piano-music, written before the year of his marriage, merges in a perfectly natural way with his outpourings of song in that year and after, for it was already one with them. If we play the song *Du bist wie eine Blume* (*How like a flower thou art*), we find it just as "romantic" without the words as with them; and Schumann's instrumental music is every whit as romantic as his vocal works.

The Romanticism of Schumann sprang from two sources, Literature and Love—the literature of Richter and Hoffmann, and his love for Clara Wieck, whom he married after many struggles, in 1840, when he was thirty and she twenty. The son of a Leipzig bookseller and famous (if not well-to-do) publisher, Robert Schumann was always a keen reader of books. He was a well-read man, familiar with his Homer, his Shakespeare, his Byron and Scott, besides the German Romanticists —Hoffmann, Rückert, Heine, Geibel, Eichendorff and Chamisso. In his youth the novels of the two great Romanticists, Richter and Hoffmann, had already captured the minds of the German public, and it is only by reflecting on these strange and lovable characters that we find the real key to much of Schumann's fantastic music.

Jean Paul Richter, born near Bayreuth in 1763, studied at the University of Leipzig with the idea of following his father's profession of church-pastor. As his chief pursuits, however, were poetry, literature and philosophy, and to theology he could not apply himself, he returned to his parents (who had moved to Schwarzbach) and tried his hand at authorship. His published pieces immediately revealed an unmistakably strong and original mind of a most fantastic order. He lived successively in Hof, Weimar, Berlin, Meiningen and Coburg, finally settling in Bayreuth, with the title of *Legations-Rath* and a pension from the Prince of Bavaria. There he died in 1825, loved by his friends and honoured by all Germany.

His books have the strangest titles: *Greenland Lawsuits; Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess; Selections from the Devil's Papers; Golden Rules for the Weather-Prophet; The Art of Falling Asleep; The Invisible Lodge; Wild Oats* (*Flegeljahre*); *On the Evergreen of our Feelings; Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath*, and so on. His best novels are *Hesperus* and *Titan*. A collection of essays, fantasias, apologues, and dreams was called *Autumnal Flora* (*Herbst-Blumen*).

Carlyle says of Richter:

> He is a phenomenon from the very surface; he presents himself with a professional and determined singularity; his language itself is a stone of stumbling to the critics; he deals with astonishing liberality in parentheses, dashes and subsidiary clauses; he invents hundreds of new words; alters old ones; or by hyphens he chains and pairs and packs them together into most jarring combinations; in short, produces sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering, interminable kind. Figures without limit; indeed, the whole is one tissue of metaphors, and similes and allusions, interlaced with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts or sardonic turns, interjections, quips, puns and even oaths! Then the style of the whole corresponds in perplexity and extravagance with that of the parts. Every work, be it fiction or serious treatise, is embalmed in some fantastic wrapping, some mad narrative accounting for its appearance, and connecting it with the author, who generally becomes a person in the drama itself before all is over. He has a whole imaginary geography of Europe in his novels; the cities of Flachsenfingen, Haarhaar, Scheerau, and so forth, with their Princes and Privy-Councillors, and Serene Highnesses; most of whom, odd enough fellows everyway, are Richter's private acquaintances, talk with him of state matters, and often incite him to get on with his writing. Ever and anon there occurs some "Extra-leaf," with its satirical petition, programme, or other wonderful intercalation.

Most of these sentences of Carlyle apply equally to Schumann. He also had far too much of the romantic in his composition to be a "formalist." His love of cabalistic titles, of *Dancing Letters*, of an *Extra-leaf*, of tying up loose pieces with some dainty ribbon-title, continually reminds us of Richter, with his fanciful derivation of pieces, and his secondary titles—*Dog-Post-Days*, of his *Hesperus*, for instance, in which the chapters are labelled "Dog-posts," for he said they had been conveyed to him in a letter-bag tied round the neck of

a nimble Shock, from some unknown island in the South Sea. Thus Schumann writes home in 1830:

> Tell them I will send them a nice letter by carrier-pigeon. Tell them also to read the last story of Jean Paul's *Flegeljahre*, for my *Papillons* are intended to be a reproduction of the masquerade there; and ask them when they meet these pieces to think of Minna's angelic love, Walt's poetical nature and Vult's sparkling fun.

And what of Hoffmann, who also played a leading part in Schumann's romantic development? He was born in 1776 at Königsberg in Prussia, where his father followed law. Soon after Ernst's birth, the parents separated, and the mother and boy lived with her own people. Ernst made little progress at school, except in music and painting; and in 1795, when admitted to a clerkship in the Court of Königsberg, he employed his leisure in writing and music-teaching. A disappointing love-affair with a pupil drove him to Great Slogau in Silesia, where he occupied an inferior post in legal administration. In 1800, he passed his third law examination and was appointed Assessor at the Court of Posen in German Poland, where he married a Polish lady; but a stupid joke at a public ball brought about his removal to a humbler post at Plozk. By the influence of his friends, however, he was transferred to the Polish capital, where the strange motley throng—"gay silken Polish ladies promenading over broad, stately squares; ancient venerable Polish nobles, with moustaches, caftan, sash, and red or yellow boots; long-bearded Jews, puppet-showmen, monks, and dancing bears"—supplied abundant material of a kind which rejoiced his heart. The hurly-burly of the East mixed with the new races of the West then, as now, in Warsaw. Hoffmann established a college of music (*Ressource* he called it), which prospered beyond expectation, though he still continued his legal duties. The Battle of Jena, however, put an end to the German government of Poland and sent Hoffmann flying to Berlin. There he obtained an appointment as music-director, and a random letter to Rochlitz, the editor of the *Musikalische Zeitung*, enclosing a couple of articles, secured him a position as regular contributor. Thus begun that series of fantastic sketches and drolleries collected later on under

the title of *Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier*, with a preface by Richter, whom Hoffmann had visited when at Bamberg. In 1813, he secured a theatre musical directorship in Dresden; but again Napoleon's armies proved a disturbing element, and in 1814 we find Hoffmann once more in Berlin, this time as *Rath* in the Exchequer Court. The titles of his books, *Nachtstücke* (*Night-Pieces*), the *Serapionsbrüder* (a mystical society like Schumann's *Davidsbündler*) and such-like fantasies, show his deep influence on Schumann, as the latter continually acknowledges in his letters and writings.

But in the years 1838–40, a deeper romanticism enters into Schumann's music, due to the love of Clara Wieck—a love inextricably woven into the fibres of his being. This love he "idealised" after the true style of the mediæval *Minnesänger*. "I think of thee, dear Clara," he writes, "not as a brother nor as a friend, but as a pilgrim who remembers some distant altar. Every thought of yours enters my soul. To you I owe *all* my music." Never did an artist meet a woman more capable of understanding him and better fitted to collaborate and become the equal of his dreams. Between them both, music was established with a penetration of love, of which there is no other example in the whole history of music. "I am full of music," he writes to her. "Since my last letter I have composed a whole set of new pieces. You and one of your ideas form the principal subject. I have called it *Kreisleriana* after the poor old conductor who figures in one of Hoffmann's stories."

Music cannot be definitely significant, but, as Sir Henry Hadow says, it can work on parallel lines to the other arts. The attempt to establish a parallelism between music and some outside influence in this set of pieces called *Kreisleriana*, in the manner of Callot the engraver, is here even more evident. Sir Henry draws a striking likeness between Hoffmann's Musico-Poetical Club, which existed only on the written page, and this piece of Schumann's. In Hoffmann's work, Literature has become almost melodious. In Schumann's piece, Music has become almost articulate. The gap between the two arts has never been so narrow as in these two examples. But it will remain unbridged, for music is, in the main, suggestive and

not descriptive; and it can only convey broad general types of feeling with which the articulate thought may be brought into sympathy. We may not be able to guess the title of musical pieces, but if we know the names we can, at least, recognise the music as appropriate.

Old Wieck, Clara's father, is invariably blamed by the musical historian for the high-handed and cruel way in which he obstructed the union of Schumann and his daughter. But are musical historians only capable of seeing one side of every affair, and that always the musical one? Schumann was not then thirty and had no settled position; he was given to over-indulgence in beer, and a prey to fits of great melancholy. Clara, although already famous, was not then twenty-one. They, however, finally took the matter into their own hands, and, once consummated, the marriage proved ideal; no two artists ever reacted on one another with more beneficial results. How comes it then that such happiness was so tragically broken by Schumann's attempt at suicide and the ending of his life in a mental home near Bonn? Horace Walpole wrote that "the world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel." What then is it to the musician who has to do both and yet hold the scales even? Beethoven deaf at thirty-three, Schumann mad at thirty-nine, Mozart buried in a pauper's grave, Scriabin poisoned at forty-two. What strange penalties life inflicts on its sensitive thinkers![1]

After his death, Clara Schumann devoted herself entirely to the interpretation of her husband's works, and no pianist could possibly have spread his message with greater benefit to the world at large.

Chopin is aristocratic; Schumann is domestic. He was the first to deal with the child in music—the first of the "Dadaists." He plays with the babe in the nursery—see the *Wild Rider*, *The Hobby-horse Knight*, *The Bogie Man*, etc., in the *Scenes from Childhood* and the *Album for the Young*; he takes him out for walks (*A Little Morning Stroll*, *Catch if catch can*); he rocks the babe to sleep in the evening (*Child falling asleep*, *Slumber Song*, etc.). Schumann's *Album for the Young* was the father

[1] One of Schumann's sisters died insane.

of all such educational music, and as such it still remains in its unique position. There was another famous father who wrote music for a child—Bach's Six Sonatas were written for Friedemann Bach—but he was an exceptional child. Schumann's is an ordinary one—the child. It was probably from him that Mussorgsky learnt how to write his *In the Nursery*. Schumann loves the evanescent ending. In the *Month of May* at the opening of the Heine cycle, *The Poet's Love*, he finishes with a discord, the seventh which leaves the maiden gently dreaming. In *The Child falling asleep*, from the piano *Kinderscenen*, the music fades into silence on a subdominant chord—the child *is* asleep—a delightful piece of true musical realism.

Of Schumann's queer ideas and mystical notions, perhaps the best example is the *Carnaval*, which is an extension of the *Papillons* idea. It is worth while to consider this for a short space, as we shall meet the some tendency again later with Schönberg, in his latest abstract style. This *Carnaval* is based on the following Sphinxes, the musical equivalents of the notes of the chief basic figures used throughout. For the solution of these riddles, the reader must remember that E-flat is called Es (hence S) in German, A-Flat is As, and B is H.

Asch was the name of a town in which a flame of Schumann's (Ernestine von Fricken) was then living, and scha are the only letters in Schumann's own name which can be written in music.

But notwithstanding all this symbolism, the piece is a striking example of programme-music, too. Each of the twenty-one short pieces, which constitute the *Carnaval*, has a title—*Préamble*, *Valse Noble*, *Pierrot*, *Arlequin*, *Coquette*, *Réplique* (a mocking answer to *Coquette*), *Lettres Dansantes*, *Chopin*, *Paganini*, etc. The penultimate piece is called *Pause*, and then in marches the *Davidites' Society* in battle array, whereupon the Philistines, represented by the old *Grandfathers' Dance*, are completely routed.

The chief trend of Schumann's thought is lyrical; and yet he does not rank amongst the great melodists, despite all the gems amongst his 138 songs. His melody is not of the continuous order, a series of entirely different elements fused into one whole; like Beethoven's it is of the Discrete kind—parallel clauses being balanced antithetically. Schumann never brought the power of developing his figures into any great operation. He relies chiefly on skilful treatment and richness of harmony to carry on his rather obvious, often commonplace phrases. He deliberated and reconsidered constantly and has left even more "Variants" (alternative renderings) than Chopin. His form has a different ideal from Beethoven's. In his piano-sonatas and his symphonies he abandons the Haydn-Mozart structure altogether, and depends on the contrapuntal plans of Bach and the strength of his poetical ideas for the binding properties which hold his music together quite as well as any logical development of the tiny *motif* of Beethoven. His polyphony was a new departure in piano-music; and yet it was but a resumption of the older polyphonic music, for which the clavichord and harpsichord were so pre-eminently fitted.

The gift of "figuration" which he brought to piano-music was as precious as that which Chopin brought, though it is in exactly an opposite category. Chopin turns the very evanescence of the piano tone to account, and depends entirely on good pedalling. Schumann treats this evanescence as a difficulty to be concealed by rapid figuration, and merely marks his pieces at the beginning *Mit Pedal.* Both brought equally rare and costly gifts to the piano; Schumann's influence has been the wider, as he chose the more artificial way. His frequent

use of syncopation and his rhythmical monotony are the weaknesses inherent in this system; but apart from this, his devices of figuration seem inexhaustible. So essential a lyricist could hardly ignore the singing qualities of the improved piano, and he loves accordingly to put his most deeply felt melodies in the rich middle register of the keyboard. We see the same leaning towards a middle register in the favour he shows to the viola in the three string-quartets. He loves to imprison a melody amongst a figuration in contrasted rhythm, from which the player must disengage it with care. The following example from the *Presto* for the sonata, Op. 22, is but one of many which will immediately occur to the Schumann-lover.

Schumann's piano-texture is far from the clarity of Field's and Chopin's, and though of an altogether different order, it cannot be called unpianistic, as Brahms's often is. On the other hand, Schumann's love of doubling in octaves, which makes for greater vibrancy and singing tone on the piano, is a grave defect in the orchestra, where it results in a thick and muddy tone, a weakness which Brahms inherited from him. His love of massive chords in blocks, like a four-part chorale, a device so suggestive of power and solidity, is part of the same inclination. The opening of the piano *Carnaval* is typically Schumann. We see it again in the *Fantasia in C* and at the close of the *Toccata*, which ends with his famous "plagal" cadence. He even uses this massive method for some of his songs, which gives them a rough kind of vigour, as though they were intended to be sung by massed voices. And this method contrasts admirably with the intricacies of his "piano figuration." In the longer forms, Schumann was not so successful. *Faust* has the same virtues and the same faults as Byron's *Don Juan*.

The *Paradise and the Peri* was a subject better suited to his muse. Indeed, as Sir Henry Hadow observes, it is the very abstract or epitome of the whole Romantic movement.

We have said that the Romantic age passed England by in music, although it drew from it so richly in literature and painting. Yet it was an Irishman who stood at the very portal of the great Romantic movement; he was the inventor of one of the chief romantic forms, the Nocturne, and the initiator of an idyllic strain of reverie which has played a great part in modern music, from Chopin through Scriabin to Arnold Bax and Frank Bridge and after. John FIELD was born in Dublin in 1782. Revealing a remarkable musical talent at an early age, his father and grandfather submitted him to a severe course of training, sustained, we fear, by regular thrashings. The eight-year-old boy played at concerts in Dublin; and even appeared as composer of some variations at the age of eleven, going on to Bath and London, where his father settled, and paid £100 to Clementi to train John further as a pianist. Clementi used the youngster to "show off" his new "Forte-pianos," as they were then called, and when he took some of these new instruments to Paris, Vienna and Petersburg he took the pale, awkward and melancholy John with him too, leaving him in the latter city in 1804 to look after his instruments and await his return.

Field, however, made such a deep impression on the rich Russian aristocracy by his playing (Bach, Handel, Clementi and his own compositions) that he decided to settle in Petersburg, and he soon became the most fashionable teacher, player and composer in all Russia. To him came young Glinka for lessons, and thus Field taught the founder of the Russian National Opera and the Russian School of Music. That the great national poet, Lermontof, was also of foreign descent (the Scottish Learmonts) is a severe lesson to over-enthusiastic nationalists.

In 1814 (when Chopin was but four years old) Field published his first three nocturnes, in the new form and style. He had by then established himself in Petersburg in true Russian style, with sleigh and *troika* of handsome horses, and

a troop of large dogs; he even supported a regular retinue of beggars. In 1822 he removed to Moscow, where he was equally successful. Later on, he carried out extensive European tours and left Moscow for long periods. So much so, that, being reported dead in 1831, he had to write to the Moscow papers in characteristic fashion, anticipating Mark Twain's joke of "greatly exaggerated." The fatigues of touring combined with intemperance, however, hastened his end, and he died in Moscow in 1837. Even when *in extremis* his gift of humour did not leave him; for on the priest inquiring if he were Romanist, Greek Church, Old Believer, or Protestant, to no purpose, finally hazarding "Calvinist?" he got the reply from the sinking Field, "No, not Calvinist, but *Clavecinist*!" And truly he was a clavecinist, a pianist first and last, if ever there was one; for he originated the poetic style of piano-playing, securing an unheard-of richness of tone, a *sostenuto* and a variety of shading undreamt of before.

As a composer, he had begun at the age of eight with fantasias and variations on Irish airs; in London, guided by Clementi, he wrote concertos; and later, in Petersburg and Moscow, divertissements, rondos, studies, waltzes, polonaises and romanzas, and the eighteen nocturnes which are his most important contribution to modern music. Field was that rarity—a real inventor, with a style of his own. D'Ortigue, a Parisian critic, wrote in 1833: "As a pianist, Field has no rival, whether as regards genre or method. Field is Field—a school of his own. His is a native and original talent." His exquisitely polished and delicate type of melody, with its graceful embellishment, the peculiar waving accompaniments, arpeggios of a few wide-spread notes, with their vaguely prolonged sound resting on the pedals, were all his own. Chopin's debt to him is enormous; for Field's nocturne, one of the most romantic of forms, fits itself naturally to the reveries of the gloaming. But it can also convey the "open-air" feeling, the fragrance of the early morning. In neither case is there any of the Chopinesque atmosphere of the over-scented Parisian *salon* in Field's music. There is in Field a certain superiority to Chopin. It is like the freshness of youth compared to the mellower experience of manhood. We feel the same

with Buxtehude as compared with Bach, with Purcell as compared with Handel. It is the charm of the spring and of the fresh and early morning of a summer's day. His best pieces are the two fragrant *Nocturnes-Pastorales*, the exquisite *Nocturne* in G and the *Midi* rondo (which must surely have given Schumann his idea for the *Papillons*).

Field was a real "tone-poet"; he was the first to use a murmuring chromatic "wash" of clear sparkling colour in the very highest register of the piano (avoided by Schumann, Brahms and the rest) accompanying a left-hand melody in the sonorous middle register. His *Rêverie-Nocturne*, marked *Träumerisch* (dreamily) has a passage for the right hand alone dying away in the extreme high register, marked *estinto*. He alone seems to have realised the true genius of the pianoforte and the beauty of wide-spread transparent harmony. Like all great artists, he looked both forward and backward. His poetic restraint, fresh and limpid texture, purity of feeling, innocent of sentimentalism, make him classical. He never stoops to the pictorial,[1] and some have gone so far as to call him, not "the forerunner of the Romanticists," but "the first of the Impressionists."

He had many admirers amongst the great pianists, Liszt, Schumann, Dussek, Cramer, and many distinguished pupils, besides Glinka (Charles Neate, the English friend of Beethoven amongst others); and his works were taught all over Europe, but least in England where one would have thought they should have appealed most. And yet Chopin was largely brought up on them; and so was another great tone-poet, the Russian, Scriabin.

Chopin was born at Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, in 1810. His father was a French *émigré*[2] and his mother was a Pole. The fact that of his short career of forty years, Poland claimed the first half and France the second half seems, therefore, somewhat appropriate. All through a happy childhood, Chopin was carefully nurtured amongst aristocratic surroundings, and this may explain partly why all his life he exhibited so much care for refinement and an intolerance of vulgarity in

[1] His nearest approach is the striking of the clock in the *Midi* rondo.

[2] The registration of his birth, which has just been discovered in France, establishes a direct connection with the Nicholas Szopa, of Kalisz in Great Poland, who accompanied the exiled Stanislas, King of Poland, to France, in 1735. "French *émigré*" is not then the right term. It was a return to the land of his forefathers.

any form. With him, as with Mozart, family sentiment was a second religion. As a young child, Frederick showed unusual musical talent and was fondly called "the young Mozart." Here again there is something very appropriate, for his genius was more closely allied to the classicality of the Salzburg master. Melodies came as easily to one as to the other.

Trained in Warsaw under Elsner and Zywny, both excellent teachers at the Conservatoire, the boy was a fine pianist at the age of eight, composer of a military march for a crack regiment at the age of ten. He was brought up chiefly on the works of Bach, Mozart, Field and Hummel. In the pleasure-loving city of Warsaw, the young pianist was courted, fêted and made much of; but, as his health was somewhat delicate, he spent all the summer months in the country, which he seems to have loved quite as much as, or even more than, the city. Country life for him was rich in delights which he enjoyed to the full.

At the age of twenty, Chopin made a victorious tour as pianist, visiting Vienna, Prague, Dresden and other towns; and everywhere his ingratiating style appealed to all (except a few "thorough Germans"), for he certainly knew "how to please," both in music and in society, a charming faculty which he retained throughout his life. Yet all this success did not spoil him, and he only wished "to return for further study"; or was there really another reason?

About this time there was a curious, possibly even tragic, episode in his life. He fell in love with a student of singing at the Conservatoire, Constance Gladowska, and a curious state of affairs protracted the matter over a couple of years. He never told his love, but seems to have shrunk from his passion, which indeed hardly seems to have the true ring. He did not make the lady's acquaintance for six months after the first meeting. Here, at the dawn of manhood, some force of unrest in that curious Polish blood of his launched him into a veritable maelstrom of uncertainty and self-torture. He wrote his friend that he had "found my ideal, perhaps to my misfortune," but he makes no effort to secure it. Did he want only to lament about it, to "tell his piano of it"? Such a theory is not altogether out of keeping with a certain strain of morbidity which never wholly left him. He pours his heart out to his male

friend instead, waiting for advice and protection. He went to Constance's operatic *début* and did not know whether to go into raptures of joy over her success or bemoan his own hopelessness. He prefers to inflict wounds upon himself, hoping that, when he dies, "his ashes may be spread under her feet." She sang at one of his concerts and, when they at last parted, gave him a ring. When she married a year later, he was angry, and we hear no more about the affair. Did he sing thereafter about her or Poland, with his complaining regrets for lost opportunities? It is sometimes hard to say.

In spite of these emotional disturbances, he proceeded with his composition. It was in 1830 that Schumann opened his review of Chopin's variations on *Là ci darem* with the ringing words, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Despite many forebodings, Chopin steeled himself to sally forth into the wide world to win his spurs, and in 1830 he left Poland for an indefinite period. Elsner and the Conservatoire students met him at the Polish boundary with a silver cup of Polish earth, which he always kept with him. His presentiment became true, for he never saw Poland again, and the Polish earth was sprinkled over his coffin in Paris nineteen years later. And yet some part of him came back; for his heart was sent to Warsaw and still lies enshrined near his monument in the Holy Cross Church there.

Young Chopin travelled in leisurely fashion, first visiting Dresden and other places, and finally arriving in Paris, where he was welcomed by the large Polish colony and their sympathisers; (the Polish revolution in 1830 had failed, and Warsaw was held by the Russians). So at the age of twenty-two, we find him received in Paris amongst the leaders of society, without a struggle. "I move in the highest circles," he writes, "and I don't know how I got there." He was delightfully unconscious of his great gifts as a pianist, in which he shared the honours in Paris with his friend Liszt. Neither knew the spirit of envy; and Chopin possessed a secret of musical expression more readily understood and appreciated than that of any other composer.

A year later came his first three *Nocturnes*, the first set of *Études*, and his first two sets of *Mazurkas*. It was as though he was expected to represent Poland in music, a rôle he was longing to undertake. He loved to talk about nationality and

art with the refugee-poet, Mickiewicz, the coryphæus of Polish Romanticism in Paris. And indeed already, Chopin's mazurkas convey a vivid picture of rural Poland. He had never collected these folk-dances in a book, but had listened to them lovingly as a child, a boy and a youth; and his genius in due time unfolded their truth. And so it is with the polonaises—the "walked dance" of Polish Court ceremonies—a whole pageant of colourful aristocratic life, nobles, ladies, retinues, soldiers, ostentatious yet gentle, passes before us. He played at numerous charity concerts, but gradually showed a distaste for the public concert-room, preferring small friendly circles. He felt that his art needed a closer sympathy than was possible in large halls, and although, like Liszt, he was fond of polite society, he had no appreciation of the plaudits of the crowd.

In 1837, at the age of twenty-eight, he met the famous woman-novelist, George Sand, with whom he maintained a close intimacy for ten years, an intimacy only then broken against her wish and despite her efforts. There was no such thing as a vulgar *liaison*; it was a pure and helpful artistic comradeship, she generous, he reliant. There is no reason why her statement that it was *une sorte d'affection maternelle* should be disbelieved. That the Majorcan holiday was a failure was no fault of hers; it was an ill-conceived plan, badly carried out in untoward circumstances, in which she suffered as well as Chopin. Literature has a claim to be considered as well as music, and Niecks the historian seems to forget that George Sand was no ordinary woman, but the leader of one of the most famous artistic *salons* in Europe. Chopin's health was already undermined with consumption when he went to Majorca for a cure, and only ten years elapsed after that holiday, before he was in his grave in Père-la-Chaise.

Chopin is a true lyricist, self-centred, individual, characteristic; he sings because he must. We have said that melodies came to him as easily as to Mozart; but his treatment of them was very different. No one has laboured more earnestly at accuracy of outline and perfection of form. No one spent such endless thought on elaboration, testing, experimenting and rewriting; and his indecision is testified in the many variants in his manuscripts. No composer, except Schumann, has left

so many conjectural readings; and, paradoxical as it may seem, no composer, except Scriabin, has allowed so many misprints to pass into his copies.

The bondage of Poland stemmed the tide of civilisation, but the old customs and folk-tunes remained with all the greater tenacity; and Chopin was strongly influenced by the marvellously rich folk-music of his own country. The diary of his boyhood shows how deeply the country life and the folk-music entered into his ardent spirit. The tunes of the harvest-field, market-place and village festival were all well known and loved by him. The folk-music of Poland is unique, inasmuch as everything is danced; the chief types are the *Mazurka*, the *Krakowienne*, and the *Polonaise*. These tunes supplied him with models for his art, sometimes even with actual themes. Mostly he takes them as a foundation and develops them into fuller beauty by the light of his genius. Sometimes he bases a whole paragraph on a single phrase; at other times he uses two different phrases in alternation. The tonality of this Polish music is outside our Western major-minor system, and Chopin was too firmly wedded to it to leave it, even if he wanted to do so. "I should like to be to my people," he said, "what Uhland is to the Germans." And he came to be even more. Indeed it is only when he thinks nationally that we feel the "heroic" in him. Here is the *beau idéal* of the romantic gesture, found already in the 12th *Étude* ("Revolutionary"), Op. 10:

and used again nearly identically in the *Impromptu*, Op. 36, in which it almost amounts to quotation:

He was never a master of the large developed German forms of sonata, symphony and concerto. He had little of the "grand manner," and no reserve of power. He was at

all times a poet. His melodies are diatonic in the main. He secures the perfection of curve, the most delicate balancing, and the greatest plasticity of stanza. To this extent he was a Classicist. In other ways he was an explorer, an inventor.

He used chromatic effects only for embellishments, and then often in a way which eludes fixed tonality for the time being. It is like a light impressionistic wash, or dots of iridescent colour. In harmony he is still more of an inventor. He has no stiff sense of "dominants." He sets at naught the customary ideas of concord and discord. Harmony with Chopin is not a kind of third dimension giving ideas of solidity and substance, but already he occasionally arrives at the Impressionistic revival of the mediæval Diaphony. It is this that puts him, like all the Impressionists, so much at the mercy of the interpreter. If his harmony is played too thickly, or handled like ordinary harmony, or if the *tempo* be too rigid, all the charm departs. There is a singular transition passage of two bars in the F-sharp *Impromptu*, which was a very remarkable adventure into regions then unknown. His use, too, of accompaniment figures is unique. In his hands they are perfectly plastic. Over them he shows a wizard-like mastery which results in the purest of gliding part-writing.

But no less than any of these qualities is his sympathy with his medium. The romantic music of Wagner, Elgar, and the like, has gone far on the way of obliterating the distinctions of medium, sacrificing fineness for the immense gain in emotional significance. Their music, unlike Chopin's, does not lose all its charm if transferred from one medium to another. It will work on any arrangement, the publisher will tell you. But Chopin's will not tolerate transcription. His music is exquisitely fitted to the piano. It is the only instrument he understood, but his knowledge of it was perfect. The exactitude of his writing reaches the soul of the piano, and his unerring judgment here is unique. He established a new musical language and upheld a new type of perfection. His ideal of technical finish, his wholly personal charm, his unearthly enchantments, and the simplicity of his types, all fitted him to be "the poet of the piano," and no sweeter, more intimate and persuasive voice is to be found in the whole range of music.

# CHAPTER VII

## WAGNER

### THE GREATEST OF ALL ROMANTICISTS

THE climax of the Romantic School came with Richard Wagner. The story of his life, whether read from his autobiography or from historical records, seems like some thrilling romantic novel. No one showed a more persistent pursuance of an ideal than he did. No other artist encountered such difficulties and misfortunes as he did. When at the lowest depths of his despair, his thoughts even turning to suicide, what a thrilling rescue was his—the visit of a royal messenger with a ring as a pledge of royal help and support from the young and beautiful king, who had just ascended the Bavarian throne! And then, in due time, came the founding of the theatre and the artistic centre of Bayreuth. No artist was ever more fortunate in seeing all his dreams come true.

Wagner's artistic and moral importance is embodied in the fact that his whole life was one well-sustained spiritual warfare against the materialism of his time, a long and continual struggle for idealism. His belief in the high destiny of the human race never waned, and his full accomplishment was the liberation of the spirit of man. His own human character contained much that is despicable; yet in some wonderful way he always kept his art spotless. However far below the standard of right moral conduct he himself might fall, his artistic conscience was always clear. Coming to early manhood in a devastated Europe, which was shaken to its foundations by the Napoleonic wars, his reaction to the general tendency of his time was powerful in the extreme. His own spirit was heroically cast; he saw art enslaved, impoverished, demoralised, and he constituted himself its

saviour. His highly susceptible temperament swung him from one extreme to another; his mind occupied itself with the superb contrasts between human misery and the grandeur of man's destiny, between the magnet of desire and the discipline of self-renunciation. Desire—the Dutchman's craving for peace, the sensual longings of Tannhäuser, the delirious love of Tristan, the mystic languor of Amfortas—all alike have to be conquered and transmuted by renunciation or resignation. Senta gives her life freely for the Dutchman, Wotan wills his own destruction and that of the world, Tristan welcomes death as the only possible end to his love-tormentings, Parsifal finds salvation in flight from sensual love, and Amfortas resigns himself at last to suffering for the redemption of the Grail.

After his own love-catastrophe with Mathilde Wesendonck, Wagner writes to her from Venice: "Nature gives to man only misfortune, despair, and death, but it cannot rob him of his freedom to surmount them, in order that he may attain the highest resignation." And such high resignation with Wagner is very near a state of divinity.

The Wagnerian art exists on different perceptive planes at one and the same time. The entire human being takes part in it. The unconscious self, the sensory capacity, the indistinct emotions, the deepest intuitions, the most elevated sentiments, even the reasoning faculties (in all which concerns the equilibrium of forms, the different contrasts and refinements of technical resources) are called into play. And what a magical power Wagner possessed over the orchestral palette! No composer has exercised on the world at large so all-embracing an influence. Many indeed owe to him their first introduction and immediate conversion to music. His intense dramatic power, his direct appeal, his compelling charm, his glowing colour, the wide range of his sympathies, the humanity of the man, compel the homage and devotion of all classes of men and women.

In the Wagnerian opera, as in Shakespeare's drama, the spheres of feeling are not merely juxtaposed, but opposed; they react on one another, and consequently they are all vibrant with a unique and prodigious breath. He has the gift of feeling all gestures, all attitudes, all emotions, all sentiments in contrast

to some other—the master-faculty of the dramatic genius. To satisfy this continual need of contrast by relief, he used all means—scenic, literary, and musical; but it is in the musical sphere especially that this search for relief is continually exercised. This magnificent play of contrast is sometimes carried almost to brutality. We imagine sanguinary primitive beings roaming about, as we do in Stravinsky's *Spring Rite*; and more than one passage in the *Ring* reeks of blood.

It is this intensification of every emotion he has to express that makes each one of his characters seem the epitome of that particular phase of human nature—godlike majesty (Wotan), supine weakness (Mime), womanly tenderness (Brynhilde) and elemental savagery (Nibelung, Hagen). In the expression of pathos, Wotan's farewell to Brynhilde at the end of the *Valkyrie* still stands as the supreme achievement. We feel this intensifying power notably in the *Tristan* prelude, in the beginning of the *Rhinegold*, in the dialogue between Siegmund and Sieglinde, in the story of the Sword, and even on a larger scale, in the vast cycle of the *Ring* itself where the *Rhinegold* represents the primordial hatching of creation; the *Valkyrie* introduces man with his tormented soul, *Siegfried* is the apotheosis of all human forces, and the *Dusk of the Gods* is the catastrophe where Destiny, more powerful than all, wipes out both gods and men. It is this mighty planning which enables us to look on the *Ring* as one immense symphony, with the *Rhinegold* as the first movement, the *Valkyrie* as the slow expressive movement, *Siegfried* as the *scherzo* and the *Dusk* for the *dénouement*.

With Wagner no theme was invented for mere invention's sake or worked out for the mere sake of working-out. "It must spring into being," he said, "as the expression of an overwhelming human need or of some arousing vision, and it must answer in all its changes the changing life of the man or the mood it paints." As Ernest Newman observes, in his masterly work on this composer, Wagner's is the only imagination in music which can be compared to Shakespeare's in dramatic fertility and comprehensiveness. In the operas of his prime, every one of his characters is alive. Nothing interferes with his just portrayal; even the character of Beckmesser,

although modelled on the composer's chief opponent and critic, Hanslick, shows not the least touch of malice. If he can treat enemies in this way, how happily will he deal with friends! Think of the touching tenderness of Wotan's farewell to Brynhilde, of Waltraute's tear-compelling recital, of that overwhelming reception of Hans Sachs by the Nuremberg populace in the *Mastersingers*!

Of course, the subject of the *Ring* is too mighty even for Wagner; there are many wearying passages. We hear too often of Wotan's matrimonial and financial troubles; and even in *Parsifal*, old Gurnemanz tires us with his oft-told tale of Amfortas and Klingsor. But Wagner's prolixity does not arise from a flabby, uncontrolled mind; it is the result of an overflowing and inexhaustibly fertile brain.

Wagner's art is eminently symbolic. Each character in turn is a symbol of man's attitude in the face of the great problems of life. Siegfried and the Dragon, Parsifal staunching the wounds of Amfortas, are manifestations of that power of redemption which confers on man the victory in all his trials. Nature herself, present unceasingly in the *Ring*, is felt by Wagner as a universality where the human being communes with the cosmic forces; and for this mystical pantheism the exterior world is only felt as a pretext. The Wagnerian mysticism is one long-drawn wail of sorrow, for God is dead, and the soul is in travail over a new God. Deluded man claims for himself the divine possibility. On Siegfried, the human being in his adolescence, rests the fate of the ageing gods; and it is Siegfried's mistake which brings about their fall.

Nor is Wagner's art expressed only in the intuitively abstract language of symbolism. All musical development with him has the *allure* of evolution. We are, as it were, present at its birth and follow the growth of the protoplasm, its progress through ascending metamorphoses, up to its fullest and most perfect realisation. At the beginning of each new psychological situation, the melodic phrases appear indistinctly, in embryo, gradually assuming form and steadily growing, until they merge into a full, ardent, glowing symphony. The cell has become a being; the nebulosity has become a star; the unconscious has become metaphysical. Wagner's pedal-point on a low D for

twenty-nine bars in Act III. Scene ii. of *Lohengrin* illustrating the gradual break of day is a case in point; or better still, there is the prelude to the *Rhinegold*, where a long tonic-pedal for nearly a hundred and forty bars holds all movement poised in suspense, and represents the element of Water, from which all life is born. Wagner himself writing of this opening said: "It is impossible for me to quit this fundamental note, for there is no reason for changing it." But there are more subtle methods of obtaining this static effect, the growth of which can be traced all through his succeeding work right up to the static world of *Parsifal*, with its music so quiet and peacefully flowing, so melting and tender in its withdrawal from all human passion. Wagner's occupation with the unconscious embryonic state of things is particularly interesting in its influence on the later art of Scriabin and Debussy; for both these composers incline towards a static art—one, in the expression of the pre-human world; the other, in the attainment of high states of spiritual ecstasy.

But there is, nevertheless, always some sense of movement, some form of life, however inchoate; and the chief feature of all Wagner's music is its irresistible flow. This is produced chiefly by his wonderful faculty of linking chords, even those apparently unrelated and opposed, and more noticeably by his deliberate avoidance of the "full cadence." This was the feature which most impressed his contemporaries; and in a playful letter to Otto Wesendonck he promises in order to appease him that he will in future insert a few "full cadences" for the mind to rest upon.

Wagner was profoundly dissatisfied with the opera as he saw it around him, and he was for ever seeking for the perfect form. This for himself he found in the "music-drama," a fusion of the arts of the poet, musician and producer, proceeding from one and the same creative mind. Having then abolished all the old set arias, choruses and other "numbers," he has to discover some new unifying device. He found it in the *leit-motif*.[1]

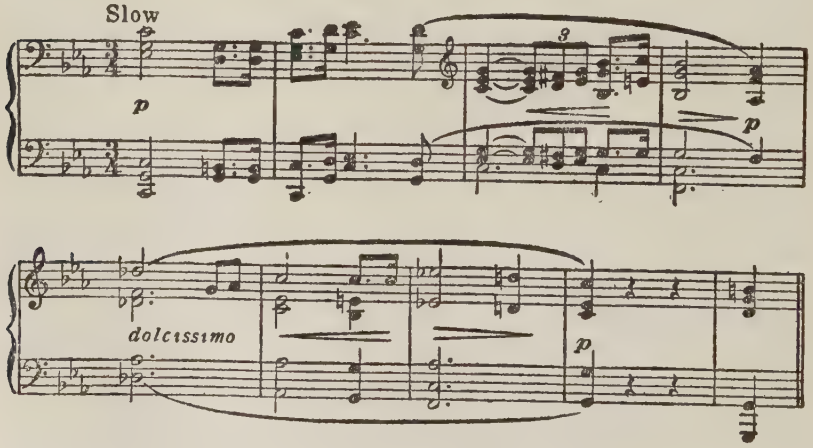
The *leit-motif* itself is a symbol in sound, a musical expression in which the metaphysical sense is very strongly condensed.

[1] The word *leit-motif* is a composite word invented by Wagner. "Leading motive" does not carry a sufficiently technical meaning. "Guiding-theme" is better.

Whether the psychological individuality be of a person, of a sentiment, or only the active power of an object, or of an idea, it has both the power of suggestion and of generalisation. The sword *motif*, for instance, symbolises the idea of heroism in the *Ring*, but in it we also see the prowess of the hero, the force of his arm, the power of his act, and the beauty of his full accomplishment.

This device is not of course Wagner's invention, but he uses it more than anyone else as a sort of index or label. When Newman says that Wagner's music has supplied the seminal force for more than three-quarters of the music of our time, he is emphasising Wagner's use of the *leit-motif*. The fraction is far too large; but the drift of the passage is correct.

All the *leit-motifs* of the early operas are vocal, and are fully developed, self-existent melodies, not germ-figures. In *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* they merely label the characters, always appearing in the same form, without alteration. In the *Ring*, it is different. Rarely do they extend beyond two or three bars; and as the work proceeds the *leit-motif* becomes more and more concentrated. In the *Dusk* the concentration is amazing. One of the longest *leit-motifs* is that of the Volsung race, but its length is justified by the part it has to play.




Some of the *motifs* are fully developed in all the four operas of the *Ring*; others enter only three, some only two and

a few only one. Mr. Dickinson[1] has set out seventy *motifs* in all for the *Ring*, and rightly says that when we remember that the tetralogy contains nearly forty scenes, each equal to a symphonic movement at least, and many to a whole symphony, the number does not appear extravagant nor pedantic. But Wagner's stretching of the relationship and even of the symbolism is not always helpful. The theme for the *Ring* itself, not the best nor the clearest of *motifs*, has to symbolise the ambition of which the ring is continually becoming the object. It is used in the *Rhinegold* when Alberich sees in it a source of world power, and in the second Act it stands for the ambition behind Wotan's plan of having Valhalla built. The Valhalla *motif* itself is derived from it. In *Siegfried* it is used for Mime's ambition when the curtain rises, and also in Act III. Scene i. for the ambition which, as Wotan tells Erda, even the Norns cannot control, and for Wotan's designs on Erda's peace, and finally in the *Dusk of the Gods*, for Hagen's ambitious designs which will affect Brynhilde. But in scores of cases the *motif* is used merely when the ring is mentioned without any further significance. Many commentators give the "Rhine" theme the symbolical title of "Immanent Will." At the beginning of the *Rhinegold*, it is an abstract will, in the fourth scene it becomes localised to Erda's unconscious purpose, and to Wotan or the conscious working of the Will; but in the *Valkyrie*, where Wotan has become less omnipotent and more active, this *motif*, used in its quickened minor form, becomes much weakened musically, a subtlety for which only the most generous could give Wagner credit. Further, Wagner derives the *motif* of Powerlessness from it by inversion and makes it very poignant with an opening discord. This *motif* he uses in the *Rhinegold* for Loge's vain search for a ransom for Freia; again when Alberich is bereft of the ring, when Fasolt has to give up Freia; in the *Valkyrie* when Brynhilde goes against all her fine instincts in obeying Wotan; in *Siegfried* when Mime is unable to forge the sword, and to guess the third riddle; again when Wotan's spear is broken by the resistless Siegfried, and so on.

[1] A. E. F. Dickinson, *The Musical Design of the "Ring"* (Oxford University Press, 1926).

Enough has been said to show that there is no escaping the symbolism of the *leit-motifs*. There is little doubt that Wagner overworks the device and that the inferences and associations are often too far-fetched, when we give them the symbolical meaning every time, a theory which has much to be said for it. Wagner expects the *motif* to be both particular and universal; and although the universal includes the particular, it does not always work the other way. It is true that when a poetical meaning is attached to a theme, its recurrence in another movement explains itself; but Wagner's plan in the *Ring* of attaching altogether *new* meanings later on to a *motif* is hardly defensible.

Wagner stands with Bach and Schubert amongst the few great artists who adopted "tone-painting." Beethoven is not amongst them in this, despite his solitary *Pastoral Symphony*. And on the larger scale, where the rejection of the formal development of the "pattern" order makes it more difficult, Wagner succeeds brilliantly. "The art of composition," he wrote to Mathilde, "is really the art of transition"; and the long-spun passage, that accompanies Kundry's story of Parsifal's mother, proves how consummate a master he was of this method of weaving a tissue out of varying moods. His tone-shapes may be fittingly compared with Bach's pictorial figures. A straight line represents a sword; a curve, a rainbow; a heaving outline, a dragon. The dramatist in him sees all his personages march and gesticulate; and the visible gesture becomes one with the sensation. Take the entry of the knights to the Wartburg in *Tannhäuser*, or the superhuman bounding in the Ride of Valkyries. But among all these gestures there are two which incarnate, as it were, the most essential states of Wagner's soul—the *heroic* aspiration and the *mystical* aspiration.

The "heroic gesture" is summed up in a single formula—a rhythm of a long note preceded by a short one. This heroic rhythm is common to all the masters of his period; Handel used it in long phrases, Beethoven in sequences of leaps, but Wagner condensed it into a still shorter and more energetic formula. We see it in the *motif* of the Dutchman, in the fine entrance of Tristan, in the Giants' rhythm in the *Ring*, and, slightly transformed, in the hammering at the forge in *Siegfried*.

This heroic gesture is always ascending and always imperious. Tristan's first entrance is one of the finest examples.

The "mystic gesture" also ascends, but falls back with languor, often expiring with a sudden drop. The desire of the spirit to lose itself in the Divinity falls short of its aim. This mystical desire with Wagner often attains an extraordinary power through a long succession of sustained notes in exalted positions, vibrant with growing ecstasy, to which the device of chromatically altered harmony adds an increased intensity. To achieve such ecstasy, the movement is reduced to a minimum, not only in harmony and rhythm but in melodic movement also. This gives harmony its utmost chance, and Wagner's rare intuition is displayed in his fine use of contrasted sonorities. Sometimes only two chords are needed for this effect, as at the passage in the *Ring* when Siegfried's kiss awakes Brynhilde:

or again, in the liturgical phrase of *Parsifal* which suggests only two harmonies:

Wagner's pictorial aim is also seen in the *leit-motifs*. The swift, telling strokes with which he limns the grisly figure of Hagen, and the soft lines of the beauteous Gutrune, are the culmination of years of toiling in the same field. The *motifs* themselves carry their own colour and atmosphere. How black and sinister are the few tuba-chords of Hunding! How gorgeously apparelled is the Valhalla theme on the Rainbow bridge! And what a daring was his in the *Ring*! There he undertook to recreate in music over-beings and nibelungs, creatures of the water and of the bowels of the earth; giants, dwarfs, sirens, mankind and godkind, the veiling of the world's cloudy places with terror, the filling of its sea-caves with unearthly light, the flooding of the scene with great waters, and the lighting of the forest with the glamour of the spring morning. Wagner had this wonderful capacity for bathing each scene and each character in a light of its own. One can almost tell the time of day. Take the blinding sunlight on the mountain height on which Brynhilde awakes to human life and love. Mr. Newman points out that each opera has its peculiar atmosphere—the strange salt tang in the *Dutchman;* the peculiar white light shed over *Lohengrin*; and the different feeling in each of the four dramas of the *Ring*. Of tone-painting pure and simple, there is little in *Tristan*; yet it is all suffused in its own old-world, romantic atmosphere.

Wagner would have had little patience with Ruskin's dictum of the "pathetic fallacy." With him, Nature, like Man, takes a heroic form. He admires it in its grandest aspects, the rainbow, the tempest, the sunrise, the sunset, the spring's unfolding. We hear its voices in the forest-murmurs, the noise of the rain, the terror of the flame, the roll of the waves. There are fabulous beings, dwarfs, giants, swans, dragons, doves, ravens; and with all the simplicity of his primitive heroes he feels in Nature a divine charm, a sublime terror. Nature, present unceasingly in the *Ring*, takes on a symbolical *allure*. She is felt by Wagner as a universality where the human being communes with the cosmic forces. And so, to hear the *Ring* performed at Munich under a Bruno Walter or a Knappertsbusch with the scenario by a Richard Fischer or a Leo Pasetti is to find the complete symphony of Nature unrolled before us.

Wagner translates Nature's feelings into sound by an

abundance of melodies and chords founded on the simple common chord, a plan suggestive of breadth and amplitude. The Prelude to the *Rhinegold* is nothing more than a common chord spread over the whole orchestra, rising from its lowest depth to its greatest height. Nearly all the Wagnerian chords give a similar impression of naturalism, an impression greatly strengthened by his scientific method of spacing of the harmonies. In his frequent use of the pentatonic scale and chord we find naturalism in its quintessence. In his vocal writing, Wagner follows various paths. Completely engrossed in the orchestra, he often gives very little attention to the voice at all. Sometimes, however, the voice will share the same melody with the orchestra. Occasionally it will supply a real counterpoint to it, and still more rarely will the voice come frankly to the front, and the orchestra retire altogether into the background.

The "infinite melody" of Wagner is really constructed of an uninterrupted flow of *leit-motifs* and of harmonies bathed in a common affective atmosphere. The *leit-motif* nearly always lives outside of rhythmical symmetry. If it has a definite end in itself, it is allowed no logical termination. Its last chord will introduce a recitative part or a transition which has itself almost as strong an affective force.

These sudden interruptions only serve to put the *leit-motif* itself into greater relief. All this is prejudicial in a way to fluidity, but its effect is counteracted by the complete avoidance of the "perfect cadence." But generally speaking the *leit-motifs* run so closely into the succeeding sequence of striking chords, some animated polyphonic play, a fanciful melodic coda, or into another string of *leit-motifs*, as to make the whole appear to be one varying but unbroken thread of musical discourse. The flow of *motifs* will sometimes cover a whole scene or even, as in the case of the *Rhinegold*, a whole opera.

Patheticism is carried by Wagner to its utmost limits. No sooner has the discordant blow been struck, than the vehemence is enveloped in sweetness, the hardness is turned to a gesture of pity. An ocean of love wraps the unfortunate beings in a caressing fluidity. This fluidity is often obtained by a soft chromatic gesture; or the chromaticism of the melody becomes

the thread which holds together a series of strangely beautiful harmonies. The gentle movement of his basses is another characteristic by which fluidity is obtained; but what makes Wagner's melody more "infinite" than anything else is the extreme pathetic tension of each note, especially the chromatically altered ones. In the emotional pull of the simple chords in the *Lohengrin* prelude, it seems that the musical soul, freed from the restraints of classical procedure, is veritably dissolved into the infinite.

It is evident that he now feels the harmonic instrument to be the most flexible of all in the service of the composer. He shows from time to time a tendency to overwork certain chords. In the *Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser* it is the chord of the Diminished Seventh; in *Tristan*, the noble Dominant Ninth, in *Parsifal*, the Augmented Triad. But it is mostly by means of diatonic harmony, romantically altered, coloured continually by chromaticism, that Wagner reaches that strange, fascinating and disturbing beauty of his in the expression of the indefinable. See the Magic Helm theme in *Rhinegold*, with its simple G-sharp-minor chord, followed by an E-minor common chord, immediately returning to the first chord. (Holst has "telescoped" the same chords, for a similar effect, in the Neptune theme of his *Planets* suite.) See also Wagner's Fate theme of merely two low-placed chords on the brass instruments, the *motif* of the Growing Twilight (in the *Rhinegold*), that of the Wanderer, Wotan, with its strange shifting chords, and the *motif* of Simplicity in *Parsifal*.

By applying the enchainment of chords of the seventh to Liszt's bass stepping by minor thirds, Wagner created a mystical formula perfectly suited to his needs. It sometimes happens that this formula, descending from depth to depth, brings us

to the very crossways of tonality. See the tonal vertigo in which Waltraute sings her lament of the aged Wotan.

Wagner's harmony is essentially orchestral; it is harmony derived from that most powerful and resourceful of all instruments, the orchestra, an instrument far too complex for most composers to handle with any real mastery. His orchestration and his harmony are bound up inextricably with one another. Some of his best passages, for instance, will not stand the late Professor Stanford's "black-and-white test." They are not bearable on the pianoforte. Indeed this reliance on harmony and this continual aim at fluidity weaken Wagner's rhythm. In one of his letters he acknowledges as much. "Some lack of rhythmical variety," he says, "is inseparable from an ideal of dramatic music like mine."

Wagner owed his knowledge of the legend of the Flying Dutchman to the poet Heine, and his own terrible experiences in the Baltic on his voyage from Pillau, a little Prussian seaport, to Paris via London added the salt tang to his music. But his really close connection with folk-lore began with his sojourn at Dresden as Court Kapellmeister. There he was able to enter the deep waters of the old Teutonic sagas and mediæval legends, for he had access to the Royal Library, which was rich in books on mediæval lore, and included many editions of the *Nibelungenlied*, a colossal poem of several thousand lines. The edition which Wagner chiefly used was *Die Wölsunga Saga*, translated by Von der Hagen (an author mentioned by Carlyle). The musical setting of the *Ring* occupied Wagner on and off for twenty-five years. Wagner turned the Lohengrin legend to more immediate purpose. The cosmological and philosophical implications of the Teutonic sagas have never yet been adequately expounded. From the merely musical listener's point of view this is of little moment; but for a complete appraisement of Wagner's message to the world, it is desirable that these legends should be accorded a larger consideration. It is certain that the cosmic truths latent in these sagas which were the sacred lore of prehistoric Europe, awakened in Wagner a vivid intuitive recognition. Had the *Nibelungen Saga* meant for Wagner only an interesting play of primitive fancy, or the stories of Lohengrin, Tannhäuser and Parsifal been for him

mere bits of fiction, the music would have shared the unreality of the originals and perished long ago. In the *Ring* we get a graphic presentation of the evolution of the world's existence and of the human constitution in its early stages. All these flesh-imprisoned gods are so many prismatic manifestations of a Deity higher than themselves whose attributes shine out piecemeal through them. Compressed into a single being we get a synthesis of the attributes we associate with God: Power (to do evil as well as good), Love (whether sensuously perverted or ideally directed), Wisdom (so hardly achieved by following the ways of folly), Beauty (manifested even in ugliness)—all these and other godlike qualities are distributed through Wagner's characters like flashes from the facets of a single diamond. In his swan-song, Parsifal gives us his portrayal of the *goal* of evolution in the divinely perfected man in whom are summed up the beast, the man, and the angel in a new synthesis. Man is there transmuted from the natural to the supernatural state.

Wagner is certainly not at his best in his own philosophical writings. They are flavoured too strongly with the sentimentalism of the early nineteenth-century Germany. On the musical and dramatic sides his influence over the musicians of the generation which followed him was enormous. Richard Strauss and Debussy were the first to throw aside the "mantle of Bayreuth," the one naturally, the other scornfully. But the spirit of Wagner lives on in art to-day as powerfully as ever; for just as Beethoven fertilised instrumental music with the dramatic spirit in readiness for Wagner, so Wagner in his turn re-fertilised instrumental music for all who come after.

It should be remembered that the raw works of Wagner's adolescence were all instrumental, and it is vastly significant that in his last years he should desire to write a symphony. His early overtures plainly followed the *Egmont* and *Coriolan* type of Beethoven in form, and indeed his artistic growth from the early "grand opera" style of *Rienzi* right up to the *Ring* is a gradual progression towards an instrumental type. Symphonically the *Dusk of the Gods* is the most wonderful of all his works, and in *Parsifal* the orchestra is chief throughout, the vocal writing counting for hardly anything at all. There are

critics who profess to see in this final music-drama of Wagner a waning of his powers, and say that it is the work of an old man. But this is because they do not see that it stands in a class by itself. Ernest Newman, one of the greatest of all Wagner commentators, though critical of the vocal writing, considers that the basic emotional stuff of it all is enduring, and that Wagner has here penetrated to the great underlying simplicity of things. His novel use of chromaticism founded an entirely new style, called Romantic Harmony, derived from the many-voiced speech of the orchestra, and springing from Bach rather than from Beethoven.

Wagner points forward to a "music-drama without words," yet one perfectly lucid withal. In the long run the "programme" idea will find its true place in music and will become recognised for what it really is—a mere crutch to be thrown away as soon as the music will walk (run or fly) by itself.

In Wagner the Romantic movement found its consummation. All the composers who came after him must be classed as either Late-Romanticists or Post-Romanticists.

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE LATER ROMANTICISTS

Late-Romantic is not quite the right term for the music described in this chapter; for several of these composers, led by Brahms and César Franck, aimed rather at that desirable blend brought about by the infusion of romantic feeling into classical style and forms. The function of art, as Professor Dent observes, is to strike a balance between the romantic and classical sides of every human personality—what common parlance calls "heart" and "head." And it is this balance that the later Romanticists sought. After all, everyone has something of both, and it is the emphasised side that justifies the classification. Franck's free use of harmonic colour is as romantic as any that can be found. The chromaticism which gives so much romantic glow to his religious meditation is always slow, proceeding from harmony to harmony in soothing flow, or in a sweet complaining, often nigh to swooning.

César Franck lived a long, laborious and secluded life. He was born in Liège, of a German mother and Belgian father. His parents settled, in 1835, in Paris, where he attended the Conservatoire classes and gained the first prize for piano-playing, organ-playing and for composing fugues. Academical in the highest sense, he settled down as a teacher in Paris, occupying the post of organist first at Notre-Dame de Lorette, then at St.-Jean-St.-François, and finally at Ste.-Clotilde. In 1872 he was appointed organ-professor at the Conservatoire, where he had studied as a youth; and there he formed the modest class which was to become one of the chief glories of the modern French school. At his home, after the class, gathered Duparc, d'Indy, Chausson, de Castillon, de Bréville, Charles Bordes and Lekeu, to talk about music. In 1873 he became a naturalised Frenchman.

Though his organ improvisations were quite famous, and perhaps because of this habit, he composed nothing for the twenty years from 1850 to 1870; then his genius apparently blossomed out quite suddenly. That such was not actually the case, however, is proved by his habit of cultivating his mental powers by reserving a "thought-period" for every day, however busy. And thus from the age of fifty-eight, for the last ten years of his life, he composed an uninterrupted succession of masterpieces, including the oratorio *The Beatitudes*, of which only a fragment was performed during his lifetime.

His form is remarkable. His tiny initial *motif* unfolds its petals, stamen and pistil appear, like some lovely flower slowly opening before our eyes into full bloom.

Sometimes the shades of feeling are so exiguous, so tenuous, that we glide back imperceptibly to the initial *motif* just shaded by a singly altered harmony note. Franck is not a composer for human drama or for the purely objective psychology of the stage. He is at his highest in instrumental music and his domain is lyricism pure and simple, the outward projection of his dreams; for he is as much a dreamer as Schumann, yet far more sublime. Like Bach, he was a "church-musician" all his days; indeed he has been called the "French Bach" by reason of the rare combination of great piety with ripe scholarship, and especially by reason of his masterly polyphony.

His chief method of realising this lyricism is through a melodic form of very delicate contour, whose force is increased by a characteristic harmony and a system of figuration capable of the most exquisite shades. He develops chromatic modulation to its fullest extent, so that it is not possible to go farther without contradicting the principles of Rameau, and

considering that discords are no longer existent, in fact that there are only concords, a step which was taken by Debussy. Indeed, certain of Franck's works — *Psyché*, *Les Éolides*, and parts of the opera *Hulda* — are already paving the way by their subtlety of harmonic colouring for the Impressionist School.

Though a thorough-going Romantic in material—indeed once he showed a very close following of Wagner—he was a Classicist in construction, and he made a distinct advance in the direction of unifying the symphony or a chamber-work by reuniting all the themes at the end. But there is a still closer bond of homogeneity in the very way he conceives the subjects, by preparing their entries by fugitive suggestions, by combining theme and counter-theme in a hundred different ways, by bringing the theme back again in the form of reminiscences which echo it in the most delicate manner possible. In this and many other ways, he pours fresh blood into the veins of the old sonata-form, and so carries on these forms to such perfection that we may well ask, if he has not exhausted all their resources. In the *Redemption*, the three great organ *Chorales*, the symphony, the quintet, the quartet, the sonata for violin and piano, this most devout of all musicians was indeed a minister and steward of the mysteries of God, approaching the Creator on bended knee, offering back to Him all that has been bestowed of gifts most rare. Like Moses of old he ascends the Mount, searching for and cherishing the thin rays of light which pierce the awful mists surrounding the Divine Being. Occasionally his soul approaches God with greater assurance. Of all composers, Franck is the only one to reach the "seraphic" heights. His music is a *Credo*, a *Confessio* and a *Hosannah*.[1]

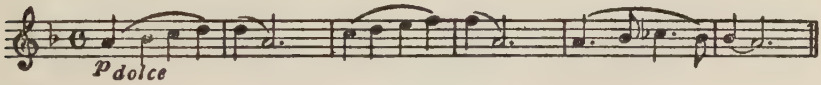
His inability to depict evil has often been remarked upon, and it is the chief reason for the rare performance of the two oratorios and the two operas, forms on a grand scale which need both the good and evil forces depicted powerfully. He also suffered from his poor librettists.

Franck's long and interesting melodic lines deserve, much more than Wagner's, the title of "endless melody." The follow-

[1] Charles van den Borren, Address at Franck Centenary at Liège in 1922.

ing long-drawn tune from the *Prélude, Choral et Fugue* for piano is only one of scores which spring to mind:

His preoccupation with the mediant of the scale, that meekest and tenderest of notes, in the melody is very characteristic. His second subject from the first movement of the symphony is typical:




Franck loves the complete passivity of the plagal cadence, the humility of the old modal scales, and the diaphony of consecutive sevenths and ninths, thus anticipating the modern harmonic methods of Debussy and Ravel. In orchestration he was no innovator; yet his ideas of scoring, really derived from organ composition, may point the way to the new orchestra of the future.

Franck has been aptly called "the French Bach," but that is, of course, a different thing from being the world's Bach. We measure Shakespeare's greatness, not only by *Hamlet*, *Lear* and the rest of the mighty tragedies, but also by the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which have likewise a greatness of their own. It is only when all sides of Shakespeare are considered that we recognise his broad humanity. And so with Bach—not only the great fugues, the B-minor *Mass*, the *St. Matthew Passion*—but also the jigs, sarabands, gavottes, etc., must be taken into account. Many of these are as truly

works of genius as the larger pieces and could only have been written by a man of broad humanity. For music exists for delight as well as for the glory of God. From the point of view of versatility and broad humanity, Bach is, of course, far above Franck. There is another important point. In the supreme artists, the effect is produced by an amazing economy of means, a certain simplicity which often gives the illusion of ease. Franck uses much more elaborate means than Bach, and a powerful panoply of harmony, form and construction.

Like Bach, César Franck lived and died quietly, and his work was not widely known in his life-time; but since their time the spirits of both masters have been born again in a wonderful manner, and for those of us who like continually to confirm our faith in the beauty, balance and sanity of things, Franck's confident message stands in our estimation second only to the Gospel according to John Sebastian Bach.

Just as in the chapter on the Great Romanticists we began with a great French genius and then passed over to Germany—so now, having begun with another French musician, we cross the Rhine to a composer born in Hamburg. He is occasionally wrongly classed with the Viennese group; but a leopard cannot change his spots, and it takes more than thirty years' residence on the banks of the Danube to make an Austrian of a Northerner.

Johannes Brahms led the life of the humdrum German middle-class order. He was the son of a Hamburg contra-bassist, and some critics even affect to see in his fondness for deep notes an echo of the paternal double-bass. He studied as a pianist and toured with the Hungarian violinist, Reményi. At one of the concerts, when the piano was too low in pitch,

Brahms transposed the whole of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* sonata a tone higher. It was on these youthful tours that he caught the infection of the gypsy dance-tunes. Finally to Vienna he went; it was the Mecca of all musicians, the music-market of the nineteenth century. There he was championed by the famous critic, Hanslick, lover of abstract absolute music, glad to have Brahms as a stick for the cudgelling of Wagner, Bruckner and Wolf.

Brahms stood for intellectuality in music, by following a long and sound tradition—Bach in his polyphony, Beethoven in his construction, Schumann in romantic feeling. His other attributes are strength, logical construction and thematic development. He blocks a cadence, and even clinches the return of the exposition in his symphonies and sonatas by a second inversion, the strongest position of a tonic chord. There is something, too, of the athlete in him. He brought into music a melodic spring as of a young giant. The long-legged stride of his violin subjects has been cleverly caught by Elgar, who derives somewhat from him.

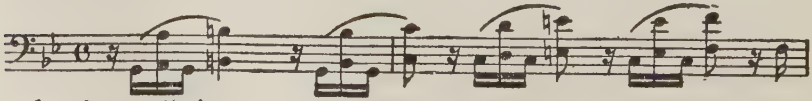
Brahms's logic is remorseless. There is plenty of matter for the mind here, and more solidity and thickness than in any other music. One can take great chunks of it, as it were, into the hand and discuss its quality. Here is excellent pabulum for the *viva voce* of theoretical musical examinations. Solidarity and thickness—at times there is too much of the "iron and steel" in his music. A symphony need not be an engineering feat like the Forth Bridge. His double-thirds, double-sixths and double-octaves are very different from Tchaikovsky's octaves, which serve only to sweeten his violin melodies, and from the clean, clear bass-octaves of the French piano composers. The derivation of some of this "doubling" in Brahms is referred to the introduction to Beethoven's fourth symphony; but Brahms's mere doubling for strength is very different from doubling for the sake of colour. It is, in fact, bad acoustically, making for muddy tone, and revealing his North-German insensitiveness to beauty of sound.

He had the faculty of abstraction in music to an extraordinary degree. He dreams and broods, weighs and sways. Slow or fast, his music is always wave-like. A surging

swell, a long line of billows, breaking into a frothy wash, ever turning upon themselves, little eddies swirling in circles—it is not the wide ocean expanse, but some inland sea, like the great Fleet Basin at Hamburg near his home. His climaxes are not really enlightening; they are enveloped in mist which conceals his own secret uneasiness. It was possibly his austerity and economy in harmony that produced his thick doublings; for he has a great liking for two-note chords which are really intervals, possibly derived through his love of "horn-fifths." His insistence on the tonic chord even in his elaborate arpeggio work is remarkable, and his work is essentially diatonic. His tonality is most firmly knit together and he emphasised the principle of law and order by his wonderful balance of modulation. The relationships of the keys were as carefully defined as the order of precedence in a petty German Court. A great deal too much is made of Brahms's logic by heavy-handed players and square-beat conductors. Brahms himself objected strongly to unimaginative rendering.

We often make too much also of his reserve in colour, though possibly his abstinence was overdone. It was long ago that Richter said it was no longer a virtue to score well but it was a vice to score badly. It is ridiculous to imagine that Brahms was unable to orchestrate well. He orchestrated his music in the manner best suited to the subject-matter, just as Tchaikovsky did. Abstinent and austere his music is, but his symphonies can be made positively to glow with warm and deep colour of every shade under the baton of a Coates, a Harty, or a Bruno Walter. His music has not the sunny comfort of the Bavarian and Austrian uplands; but there is a poetry of the North German land of grey fogs and mists such as Cameron has shown us in his Scottish pictures.

His treatment of the piano is not really pianistic; nor does his music even lie well for the fingers. His frequent big jumps, wide stretches for the hands, low thick bass chords, and his atrocious "blind-octaves":



make for a "piano-pounding" for which the player is often

unjustly blamed by the critics. Brahms, who never wrote "programme-music" in his life, was romantic in feeling; and it was by virtue of this feeling that he was able to revive the "German classical forms" of symphony, quartet and sonata, laid aside since the time of Beethoven. He was a thorough-going formalist, and he paid the price in running short of melody, relying too much on motival development; there are too many repetitions, too many sequences, too many monotonous moods. He inherited some of these traits from Schumann, it is true; but it was in his own Northern blood too. He preferred gloom, and liked the lower half of the piano. One feels, in the piano-ballade *Edward*, a striking kinship with the anonymous Scottish author of this most ancient poem.

Schumann the miniaturist and Brahms the supreme constructionist spanned an epoch between them; but it appears to be an epoch which is passing. And although there are still unexplored riches in the four symphonies, chamber-music, sonatas and songs of Brahms, which will live for a long time yet, there is nevertheless a "dead set" against his piano-music, and indeed against German piano-music in general.

The fact that Brahms has been for so long the great idol of Northern Europe (including Britain) is probably due to certain spiritual relationships. A certain lack of the "divine frenzy," of anything like intense emotion, used to appeal to the German and the Britisher of the later nineteenth century; and they made the Brahms music the basis of a traditional music-culture. It was indeed necessary to throw some balance into the scales against the tremendous bias to the expressional and emotional development which Wagner had brought into music. And since strong partisanship seems essential at the crises of musical development, Schumann, Bülow, Joachim, Nikisch, Parry, Stanford and Fuller-Maitland, all threw their full weight into the Brahms cult. In Austria the attempt to establish his music (and Mahler's) in place of Bruckner's and Wolf's has failed largely.

Dr. Alfred Einstein, in the new *Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians*, gives the following excellent estimation: "As a man, Brahms sought to conceal under a rough exterior an

enormous fund of delicacy and impressionability. The purity and nobility of his character elevated him to a singularly lofty height. His historical position is determined by his attitude as a musician of a 'late' generation towards the past and classical music. Contrary to his contemporaries Liszt and Wagner, his ideals lay not in the future but in the past. He began as a Romantic, somewhat in the stormy, youthful manner of Schumann; but he soon felt the necessity of establishing his own creative activity through a profound acquaintance with the work of the classical composers, including Schubert. He was perpetually striving after the mastery of sonata and variation-form by personally assimilating harmonic, rhythmic and melodic modes of expression inherited from the past. As a practical artist he became the greatest master of the nineteenth century. He may be truly called the "classic of the Classicists"; for he was *the last* who succeeded in putting content into classical forms which, in the hands of the Romanticists, had become weak, empty and purely formalistic. Through his posthumous masterpieces he succeeded, at the close of his life, in giving pure expression in music to the human element within him, and in transfiguring that element through the medium of art. In the lyricism of the *Four Serious Songs*, in the final movement of the E-minor symphony, in his chamber-music, in the clarinet quintet and the clarinet sonatas, he is the prophet of resignation and pessimism, since he gives expression to a post-classical period that has lost something of its original fullness."

But Brahms was not *the last*; Dr. Einstein, unlike the Rhinelanders, does not know the music of Elgar, as thorough and great a Romanticist as any mentioned in this chapter.

Hugo Wolf, one of the most interesting of all the Late-Romantic composers, derives partly from Schubert, partly from Schumann, whom he studied closely, and chiefly from Wagner, whom he adored as man as well as musician. But Wolf was made of far different stuff from Wagner. For one thing, he was an Austrian. As a boy he was a complete failure at the elementary schools, being continually punished for unsatisfactory reports. It was just the same at the Vienna

Conservatoire. There must have been some extraordinary kinks in his nature; for even as a boy he delighted in writing satirical poems about his best friends; as a young man, his disgraceful language made him impossible in society, and his proneness to practical jokes of the worst possible kind made him an altogether objectionable fellow. He was a voracious reader and a fine pianist, and that seems to be the sum of all the good which one can say about him. He wandered from one post to another, correpetitor for a few months at the opera at Salzburg, then for a few weeks at Leipzig with Nikisch, who tried to help him, and so on. As the critic of a fashionable Viennese journal, his pen was soon found to be too malicious, and he was dismissed after a few months, and suffered six years of the direst poverty.

Wolf must stand or fall solely as a song-composer. There were a few other things, the overture to *Penthesilea*, the *Italian Serenade* for small orchestra (a delightful trifle which he also arranged for string-quartet), and the comic opera *Der Corregidor* (adapted from *The Three-cornered Hat*); but they stand apart from his main work. As a song-composer he occupies a unique position; for no one has preserved such a perfect poise between the music and the words, nor has observed a more just accentuation. No one has identified himself so closely with his poets, nor has pierced so thoroughly to the very heart of the poems. His "harper" is Goethe's harper; his Mägdlein is Mörike's Mägdlein.

The general music-lover often misses the real power of music by not perceiving clearly the true aim, conscious or unconscious, of the widely different types of creative artists. The type of which Mozart and Chopin are the greatest representatives aims first and foremost at pleasing the hearer; it has the rare and indefinable gift of charm. The introspective egoist, such as Tchaikovsky was, asks for something from the hearer; he craves for sympathy. Richard Strauss gives you pictures and expects you to admire his skill. Gluck, Beethoven, Berlioz and Scriabin belong to the same class of general expressionists as Michelangelo and Da Vinci. They had a message for mankind and did not bother overmuch about the medium they used so long as it got said. They would have

expressed themselves in any case, in some medium or other. The imperious Wagner, like another Rubens, seeks to awe and prostrate his audience before the mighty magic of his superb eloquence; and there are those whose unconscious desire it is merely to seize and fix some part of this transitory life, with no other conscious desire than to touch it with beauty and so make it live for all time. Greek sculpture has lasted over two thousand years, the *Song of Solomon* and the *Psalms of David* are as lovely as ever, after thirty centuries. Are then the things of the free spirit to have less permanence than the records of script and stone?

But Wolf stands apart from all these creative artists. He claims nothing for himself, merely wishing to lose himself in the poet; he is satisfied to be a translator into sound, an intensifier through music of the poet's work. Wolf did for the poet exactly what Wagner did for the dramatist (himself); he intensified the emotion evoked by the words; but let us remember that the original emotion lies with the poet and not with Wolf. He himself realised this; for when he published his first volume of Mörike songs, it was the poet's portrait, not his own, that he placed as frontispiece to the book. Indeed he solved the problem of the union of poetry and music even better than Wagner did, for he invariably chose the finest poetry and was able, through some mysterious clairvoyant power he possessed, to identify himself completely with a number of the finest of the German romantic poets. But no one nowadays would call the words of Wagner's music-dramas poetry of the finest order. This state of clairvoyance, in which Wagner and Schopenhauer wrote, was still more strongly marked in the case of Wolf. Writing as he did in a kind of hypnotic trance, the flood of emotion which the poet unlocked in him found an outlet in the more intense medium of music, against his will. The music poured through him as through a sieve, coming from he knew not where, frightening him terribly. The inspiration of the poem threw him into a dream-state; he *was*, for the time being, the poet, speaking through the double medium of the words and the music. Here indeed is an interesting "case" for our budding psycho-analysts.

Even if we take the extract from his intense letters *cum*

*grano salis*, as is necessary with the autobiography of another great musician whom Wolf admired unreservedly (Berlioz), it is plain that he was seized violently by a force outside himself. Very different is this from the meticulous way in which Haydn sat down to compose in full Court dress with the Emperor's diamond ring on his finger. Creative work to Wolf was a ravishing torture. In a single day he wrote three songs, one being *The Boy and the Bee*, about which he said in a letter: "A heavenly song it is, I tell you. By Heaven, it will soon be all over with me too, for my fertility increases day by day." Of his fifty-three songs to Mörike's poems, forty-four were composed in three months. The music poured from him like torrents in spring. The forty-four songs of the *Spanish Songbook* were all written in a few months.

Wolf was not so versatile as Schubert. His range of subjects was nothing like so great, and he kept to a small number of chosen poets; but he is much more subtle than Schubert. The wonderful thing about him is the endless shadings of his lyrical psychology and the inexhaustible resources of his figures and rhythms.

The bulk of the Romanticists went to natural scenery for much of the subject-matter of their music. There is something closely akin between a fine symphony and beautiful scenery; and the German Romanticists rejoiced in translating this natural beauty into sound, dipping deep into the mystery of it all. But this source of inspiration counted for little with Wolf. For him there was a deeper joy which also lies near to music, the joy in woman's beauty and love, as expressed for him in his favourite poets. He had been early caught in the toils of *Tristan* too; and thenceforth he dwelt continually on the subject of love, the bliss and the pain of it.

The bliss of it—listen, in No. 7 of the *Italian Song-book* to the moon, who has been counting up his stars and complains that two of his favourites—the eyes of the beloved one—have been stolen from his heaven; in another (*Indeed thou art the fairest*) he likens the incomparable beauty of his love to the splendour of famous cathedrals; in *I gladly lie*, he causes the young but jaded and world-weary serenader to leap up suddenly from his sick-bed to serenade his mistress again; in another

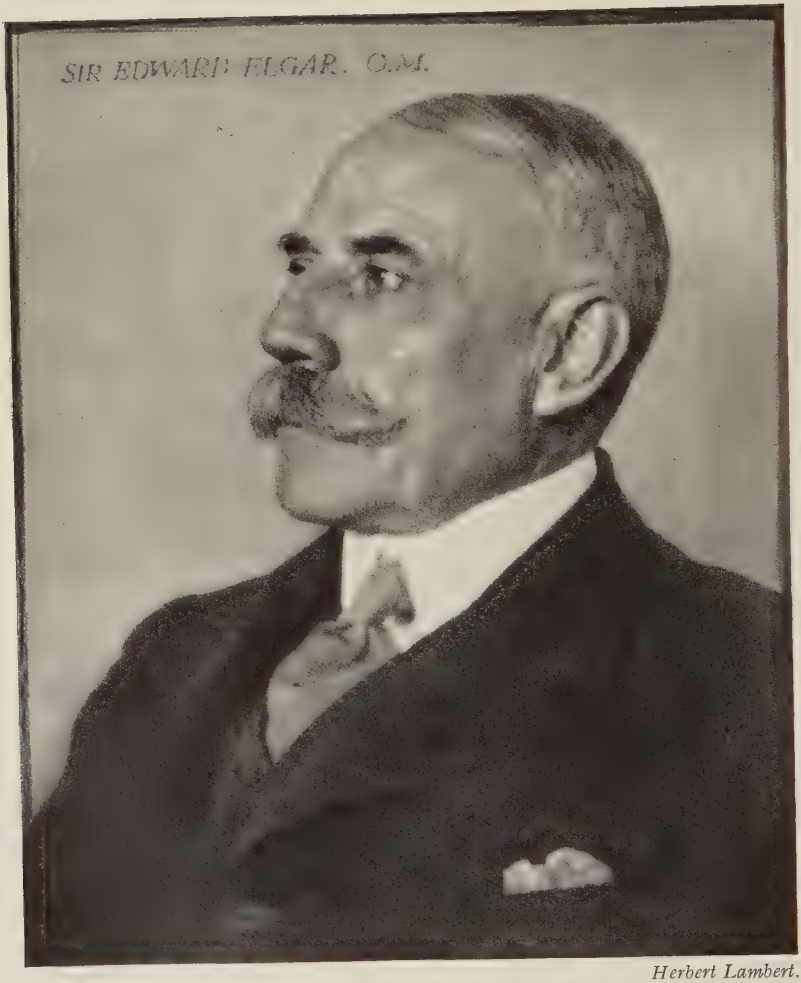
from the *Italian Song-book*, the lover blesses the Creator of all things, who has wrought so excellently. He made the round world, and the sea with its deep, limitless flood, the ships that ride upon it, the eternal light of Paradise, and "the lustre of thy wondrous eyes."

The pain of love—in *Sing my love like the lark*, he complains of the true love that cuts like a sword; of the flaming pyre that love has built in *Water, water, mother dear*; and of the anxiety lest the ending should not come, in *Come, O Death*. In Heyse's poem, he envies the blind, the deaf, and even the dead, for they cannot feel the charm of bewitching eyes which stab so cruelly. The cruelty of it, in *Woe to her*; the scorn of it, in *Haughty and proud art thou*; the contrariness of it, in *Juanita*; the fun of it, in the auction of a heart (*As for grief and passion wild*).

But the theme of sexual love is not quite, though nearly all, his world. Two of his loveliest songs are the settings of *Lead me, child, to Bethlehem*, and *St. Joseph sings*, from Heyse's *Spiritual Songs*. There is another theme which lived ever with Wolf—the fear of death. Take the poignant terror of the *Michelangelo Song-book*, and certain passages in the love-songs, where we feel him shudder as the shadow passes by. His music sharpens the poignancy of the poems, and often seems to add to it a pathological expression of his own suffering.

We have alluded to his love of practical jokes, and it is natural to find examples of humour in his songs. He has well caught the mood of *The Stork's Message*, and of the *Good Man and Good Wife*, a song which shows a close connection with Schubert. Some of his fun is in questionable taste—*Geselle* (*Comrade*) for instance, where the mock-monk seeks the choice intimacies of his assumed office. On the other hand, the *Collier's Wife* is a very pale affair compared with Mussorgsky's *Hopak*. But, as a rule, Wolf's music adds a still sharper point to the poet's humour.

Wolf is not entirely innocent of saccharine, and the sickly sentimental touch. The much favoured *Verborgenheit* (*Secrecy*) is nearly as sentimental as Nevin's world-famous *Rosary*. The first of the *Spanish Song-book*, *Now I am thine*, is even more thickly smeared with the same kind of sticky sentiment.




*Herbert Lambert.*

Sir Edward Elgar, O.M.

*Fuss-reise* (*Wandering*), which Wolf considered (in one of his letters) as his very best song so far, would stand somewhere below the level of the type called "shop-ballads" by the "high-faluters"; but Schubert himself wrote many of the same facile type. It is true that neither he nor Wolf was ever in the mood for much self-criticism.

Wolf's great peculiarity lies in the independence of his piano-part, which, however, never obscures the voice. Many of the songs are veritable piano solos, requiring a high degree of skill. *Night Magic* is the equivalent of a difficult Schumann piano-piece. So too is one of the most wonderful of all, *On my wanderings*, in the *Mörike Song-book*. *Prometheus*, his biggest song, is practically a tone-poem for the piano. The *Fire-Rider* and the *Song of the Wind*, two of the finest of all descriptive songs, demand much more of the player than of the singer. Wolf has a way (derived from Schumann) of putting the climax of his song into the piano postlude, thus depending almost entirely on the player for the success of the song. A remarkable example of this occurs in the *Longing for Home*, No. 12 of the Eichendorff set.

Of course, the whole question of type is raised. The songs of Mussorgsky, also one of the world's greatest song-composers, have a very different ideal. Some would claim in the song the right of predominance for the voice. In Wolf's songs the singer and pianist are entirely equal and are indeed made one, in a way we never encounter in Schubert, Schumann or Brahms. But there is one glory of the earth and another of the stars; and Hugo Wolf, with his marvellous psychology and insight into the poems, the plastic mastery of his medium, and his wonderful command over "romantic harmony," may indeed aptly be called "the Wagner of the song-form."

Three other Austrian masters call for attention here—Bruckner, Mahler and Schönberg. Anton Bruckner had all the Brahmsian reserve and complete confidence in his music which made him content to let it wait its turn. The spectacle of this organist of Linz going steadily forward, turning out the huge score of one great symphony after another, nine in all, without troubling at all about their performance, is almost

sublime. Bruckner represents the solid, national and religious side of Austria, for which he stands as Franck does in France and Elgar in England. It appears to be characteristic of humanity in general that sides must be taken in order to form any correct opinion of a work of art. In England it is either Handel or Bach, Brahms or Wagner. In Vienna it is either Brahms or Bruckner, although it is difficult to see why it cannot be both. Bruckner represents the Austrian more truly than Brahms, who was North-German in origin. Nevertheless, Bruckner is a very great musical personality. He was very learned too. When he went up from Linz to Vienna to be examined at the Conservatoire, Herbeck, the chairman, was so astonished at the young candidate's mastery of counterpoint, that he exclaimed, "*He* ought to have examined *us*."

Bruckner, in taking over the Austrian symphonic dynasty from Schubert, perceived that the last movement of this great cyclic form still remained the problem; and he gave coherence to the form by introducing the chief theme of the opening movement as the climax of the *finale*. For this purpose he went back to the old baroque custom of introducing a special brass band to sound the chief theme at the end as a Chorale or a national hymn. The device is especially successful in his fourth symphony, known as the "Chorale Symphony." In his orchestration, as well as in his romantic harmony, he was strongly influenced by Wagner; he even used the four "Wagner-tubas" in his last three symphonies.

Bruckner was not a city-dweller. His was the pure undefiled mind of the sane country-bred man. He was sincerely religious. In his music he is always either praying to God, wrestling, like Jacob, with Him, trusting Him, praising Him, or rejoicing in His goodness. There is nothing about sexual love in it. Of Wagner, he chose only the best and purest part, and it shall never be taken away from him.

The first movement of Bruckner's symphonies is generally a heroic struggle, such as we usually find in Beethoven. His *Scherzo* is cast in the mould of a Styrian or a Tyrolean peasant-dance. It is in the *Adagio*, that real test of a musician, that he rises to his greatest power. The slow movements of the fourth, seventh and eighth symphonies may be equalled in the

works of other great masters; they have never been surpassed. In Bruckner, the aspirations of the time seem to have been fulfilled. He discovered an absolute kind of music which had religious faith and aspiration for its source, and folk-music for its basis, modern in feeling, yet classical in form and unified in design.[1] If Hugo Wolf is the "Wagner of the song," Bruckner is "the Wagner of the symphony." Yet neither was a mere "copyist." Each was an intensely strong personality in his own domain.

Bruckner has been slightly overshadowed by a very much less worthy composer, one who was influenced by Bruckner more than by any other. Gustav MAHLER had great ideas, but he never gave himself the time and leisure to put them down securely on paper. He lost himself between the conductor's desk and the composer's study. Indeed, his music would probably never have gained a hearing at all, had it not been for the great influence of his post as director of one of the finest opera-houses in Europe, his own generous and unenvious nature, and the undoubted sincerity of the man.

In his early period, which covers the first four symphonies, he carried on Bruckner's struggle with the form of the final movement; but he attacked it along the lines of Beethoven's "Ninth," by introducing the voice, either as solo or chorus. This period was much influenced by Romantic poetry, especially by the *Youth's Magic Horn.*

The five symphonies of the second period, on the other hand, were all entirely instrumental with one exception, the eighth, known as the "Symphony of the Thousand," by reason of the grandeur of its scale and conception. This is practically a choral cantata. In the first part, the *Veni Creator* is worked out chorally on the lines of the first movement of a sonata; and the second part consists of some scenes from Goethe's *Faust, Part II.*, treated as *Scherzo*, *Adagio* and *Finale.*

Mahler was an eagle who tried to fly to the sun with his feet heavily weighted with fetters—those of official duties. All that high position, commercial and artistic propaganda, loyal friends and money, could do for his nine immense

[1] Weissmann, *The Problems of Modern Music* (Dent and Sons, 1924).

symphonies has been done; and yet they have long since ceased to count. Even his own great disciples, the conductors Bruno Walter and Willem Mengelberg, now seem to be flagging in their loyal propaganda.

Mahler brought the Vienna Opera to the pinnacle of its success, by a new setting and a complete revision of all the repertory works of Gluck, Mozart and Wagner; and in so doing he set a standard of performance hitherto unknown, a standard which reacted all over Europe. It was the greatest period of the Vienna Opera House. Such a work in itself was sufficient for any one man. But he also constituted himself the apostle of all young and striving musicians. And this brings us to the first period of that astonishing man, Arnold Schönberg, of whom Mahler was the staunchest supporter.

We shall deal fully with Schönberg in the chapter on Expressionism, but a few lines must be given to him here, as he was, in his first period, a thorough-going Romanticist of a late order. This period covers the sextet, *Night Transfigured*, the orchestral tone-poem *Pelleas und Melisande*, the two string-quartets, the chamber-symphony and the songs. In *Pierrot Lunaire*, that weird product of late Romanticism, we actually see the dividing-line; for the first part follows the Late-Romantic tradition, and the second enters boldly into new territory.

We must now cross the Carpathians and return to the generation preceding Schönberg. Tchaikovsky enjoyed from the very outset far greater success at home and abroad than any other Russian composer. "There you have Russia," wrote Huneker of him in 1880; "when the Russian is not singing songs, saturated with vodka or melancholy, he is spinning stories shot through with the fantastic, or grim with the pain and noise of life. In the European Concert his formidable bass tones make his neighbour's voice sound thin and piping. Napoleon prophesied that before the end of the century Europe would be either Republican or Cossack, and only a few years ago the *Moscow Gazette* exultantly proclaimed that the 'twentieth century belongs to us.' . . ." By no means an anti-Slavophile in music, Henry Krehbiel, as far back as

1885, uttered his warning, "'Ware the Muscovite!" And this was the sort of nonsense written in the 'eighties by people to whom all music with a Russian name belonged to the national Russian group. But we are more discriminating nowadays, and do not imagine everyone hailing from East Europe to be a typical Russian, although we are still inclined to think every Russian a Bolshevik.

Peter Tchaikovsky was neither a typical Russian nor even a typical European. His early musical training was along German lines, although his general education was based on French models. Though in actual touch with the East and a lover of the country, he was as eclectic as Turgenief, who hung on to the skirts of that marvellous woman, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, very much as Tchaikovsky leaned for advice on the letters of his mysterious admirer, Mme. Nadejda von Meck, a lady whom he never met in the flesh. He worshipped Mozart, admired Schumann, and was only interested in Russian folk-music in a *dilettante* kind of way. Avowedly national only in a few works, such as the fourth symphony, the "1812" overture, etc., he ended by being the most personal and confiding of all composers. No composer has told us so much about himself, not even Schumann; for Tchaikovsky has told everything, has withheld nothing. And it is by virtue of this deeply personal and individual attitude, and by the subjective nature of his art, that we class him as a Late-Romanticist.

Yet he was characteristically Russian by nature. "The Russian loves recalling life, regretting life," he wrote, "but he does not love living it. He speaks with enthusiasm of the past; but for the present and future he has only contempt." And this, like everything Tchaikovsky wrote, can be applied to himself. As a child, Tchaikovsky showed a neurotically excessive temperament. He went through his musical courses at the Conservatoire in Petersburg; and several years later, followed his teacher and friend, Nicolas Rubinstein, to the Moscow Conservatoire, where he consented to teach harmony, and even wrote a very good manual on the subject. Always somewhat shiftless and aimless, his morbidity increased after his curious marriage at the age of forty-one to a lady who pursued him and at last proposed marriage herself. He felt

that honour called upon him to accept her; but a few weeks after an unsuccesssul (perhaps half-hearted) attempt to drown himself in the Neva, he forsook her and departed to Italy. Later on, he was fortunate in securing (without any effort or knowledge on his part) a patroness in the person of Mme. von Meck, a cultivated music-lover and admirer of his music, who supplied him with a regular and sufficient income, the use of her country house for holidays, an intellectual correspondence and a continual and tender solicitude. Did she imagine she had found in him the saviour of Russian music? She refused ever to meet him, in case she should be disillusioned.

Tchaikovsky travelled widely; he even visited America to conduct six concerts, but he was not happy there. He came over to Cambridge in 1893 to receive an honorary degree. He wrote, amongst a host of other instrumental works, six symphonies and six operas (to Russian words). Only one of the operas, *Eugene Onegin*, has held the stage. His death in 1893 was attributed to cholera caused by drinking tainted water; but grave rumours were spread in Petersburg on the day of his funeral, rumours which have never been completely set at rest. His sixth symphony is still called the "Suicide" symphony by those who would class him with Artzibachef (the nihilist-author of the notorious novel *Sanin*), as a preacher of extinction.

Tchaikovsky was a Classicist as well as a Romanticist; and by the virtue of one side of his work he is rightly called the "Russian Mozart." The lovely string-sextet, *Souvenir of Florence*, the light-hearted ballet-suites, are good examples of this finished style. Happy Graces preside, too, over some of the *salon* valses, and tender smiles are caught from some of the Eastern folk-tunes. He can be dainty, piquant and even brilliant, as in the *Casse-Noisette* suite and the sparkling piano-concerto (despite some very banal passages). In the slow movement of the concerto there is all the soft languor of a Russian summer night "with a loved one to hear the song." The nocturne of the fifth symphony again is a veritable night of love and nightingales, "with a soft moon hovering over dreaming trees." All the spirit and poetry of the Russian landscape are embodied in the fourth symphony, generally

called the "Russian." Listen to the strong, sonorous opening, the grim humour of the *pizzicato* in the *Scherzo*, the mighty sweep of its *Finale*; he might have been Nature's own musician to have done all this so finely. Think again of the passionate rapture of the *Romeo and Juliet*, that magnificent love-poem, the first real outburst of his genius. But after this, his music became steadily sadder and sadder—at last, the saddest ever written. There is the *Manfred* overture; Tchaikovsky, like another Manfred, abandons himself to the howling winds of Fate. World-weary, he sings of his sorrow; he dwells on friendly terms with grief, and even courts it. Reticent in daily life, he overflows in his art. In the expression of pathos, he knows no limits. The term "facile emotionalism," so often applied to him, is perhaps over-used. This pessimism of his is sincere. His self-torture may appear to us only skin-deep, when placed by the side of Dostoievsky's self-laceration; but the great novelist knew that somewhere there was a God and he never abandoned the search. Tchaikovsky's hopeless gloom never fails to win our pity.

His patheticism arises from the continual use of dissonance, especially the device of the falling *appoggiatura* and the suspension, which stabs like a knife and is protracted almost to breaking point. Secondary sevenths groan out their lamentations; low thick chords vanish in stifled sobs. He especially likes to bring two thick melodic lines into frightful collision, increasing the power of their clash by a heavy under-doubling in octaves—even on the trombones, as in that terrible line of Negation ruled from top to bottom right across the final dirge of the *Pathetic* symphony.[1]

The orchestral grandeur may at times be a little heavy for the subject-matter, but there is no denying its wonderful spell. We feel it already in the second symphony, and thereafter his orchestral palettes glow as richly as a canvas of Rubens. His most characteristic colouring, however, lies in the grey tints of the flutes, clarinets and bassoons. He always thought "orchestrally," and never cared very much for the pianoforte. Despite his lovely trio for piano and strings, in memory of his friend, Nicolas Rubinstein, he disliked this combination of

[1] Alexandre Denéréaz, *La Musique et la vie intérieure*.

instruments intensely. He is most at his ease with the sweet singing lyricism of the violins. Then his emotional flow and his flaming eloquence carry all before them. The surge of his music is as strong as Wagner's, from whose influence, however, his music is entirely free.

Tchaikovsky has been criticised rather sternly for his supposed weakness of construction, and lack of organic unity. Dvořák said: "Tchaikovsky's symphonies were all suites," and of the third symphony he remarked: "You can't make a symphony of five movements." Judged by the German standard, the Russian master may be lacking in construction. But why judge him by the German standard? Dvořák's own music is considered by the Germans to be non-symphonic; and Tchaikovsky knew exactly what he was doing, when he ended his sixth symphony with the *Adagio*. These narrow-minded critics would probably like to abolish the *pianissimo* ending of the *Coriolan* overture. And have they forgotten that Beethoven himself wrote two classical string-quartets in seven movements, and several quartets and sonatas in five? Tchaikovsky called his sixth symphony a "programme-symphony." He entitled it "the Pathetic," and told his nephew Davidof in a letter that there was "much that was novel in it with regard to form." He also added that he had put into it "all my torments that cannot be put into words," and that he was "suffering from an undefinable dread, but of what, the devil only knows!"

Tchaikovsky's was an altogether new voice in music, an eloquent voice resounding right across from the dreary Russian steppes to the new Western worlds. He brought a new and touching power into music. Turgenief once met a miserable tramp, and finding he had nothing to give him, he apologised and—shook his hand warmly; whereupon the tramp thanked

him with the words, "This also is a gift." If Tchaikovsky has brought to modern Europe nothing but *Pity*, we can reply as well: "*This also is a gift.*"

In Russia at the opening of the twentieth century we find another Late-Romanticist, one who followed closely on the lines of Brahms, with an even stronger bias towards the severity of the high classical style. This was Nicolas METNER, born in Moscow of German parents, and frequently called "the Russian Brahms" on account of certain pieces of his second period. These certainly do present a pale and somewhat wry reflection of the great German master; but Metner frequently lacks the warm glow of Brahms's deep romanticism. At any rate, his music owes nothing to the Russian "national" schools, nor to the modern tendencies of which Scriabin is the chief representative.

Although attached to the Moscow Conservatoire, successively as student and teacher, Metner appears as the follower of the conservative tendencies of Glazunof, the head of the Petersburg Conservatoire. He began with a few romantic pieces in the German style. His *Dithyrambs*, op. 10, are quite Schumannesque and quite harmless; the first one is marked *Severamente*, the third *Innocente*. He even follows Schumann's weakness for putting in the margin of the copy an alternative bar or two as a possible variant. He soon, however, turns towards more severely classical ideals. We feel an eager search for rhythmic diversity in the *Three Nocturnes* for violin and piano and in the *Triad of Sonatas*, op. 11, for piano, which, by the way, are not sonatas at all, but three long separate movements, written round a verse of Goethe. The same tendencies are shown in the two sets of songs to Goethe's poems and in the Heine songs.

With the works of the third period—the *Fables*, the *Sonata-Tales*, op. 25, and the *Sonata-Ballads*—we see a turn towards a more Russian manner. Mr. Montagu-Nathan refers, in his book on Russian composers, to Metner's "rather savage emotionalism"; but this is a quality hard to come by in Metner's music. His exuberance runs all in the direction of technical feats and only the gentlest flow of romantic feeling

ripples through his works. Notwithstanding the poetical titles of many of his pieces, there is never the slightest suspicion of a plot or a programme behind them. It is impossible to imagine what fairy stories, if any, gave the creative impetus to his delightful sets of *Märchen*. They have a warm imaginative glow and are delightful to play, and with that we may well be satisfied.

As an apostle of intellectualism in music, he reacted against the free emotionalism of the Tchaikovsky order as well as against the followers of "programme-music." He is "a musician's musician"; a "composer for the player."

Some of his work is of a dry, intellectual order, the kind of music which would suffer no loss in "wireless transmission." If pure abstraction in music, as indicated occasionally by Bach and Schönberg, ever takes a decided turn again to "musical mathematics" and "musical geometry," Metner may gain a largely increased following.

Although there is some doubt as to the country in which solo-songs were first sung to harmonic accompaniment, the masque first played with music, and the pianoforte first invented, there can be no manner of doubt as to the country from which "grand opera" originated. And so long as opera was based on classical forms, Italy led the world. But after the advent of Wagner, attention was divided between the two widely differing styles, and while the Romantic holds sway, it seems likely that Germany and Austria will continue to set the standard. The Romantic influence was very late in entering Italy, and the change is best seen in the life of that "grand old man of Italy"—Giuseppe Verdi.

Verdi is one of the most remarkable cases in all history of an artist writing work after work unimpaired, and ever in a general *crescendo*, right into extreme old age. The chief characteristic of his art is its humanity. It was never the result of cerebral abstraction, but the reflex of his own life, a life full of sorrows and joys, of bitter struggles and brilliant successes. His music resounds loudly with the national life of his time. He was the singer of the Italian Revolution, the musician of the *Risorgimento*. This quality of concreteness,

of treating love and passion objectively, without abstraction or symbolism, is the feature which distinguishes Italian from German art.

Verdi expresses nothing in his operas but what he himself had lived through and experienced. All the torments and quiverings under a foreign oppressor, the tears wrung by tragedy and cruel fate, the tenderness of love, the hatred of lust and cruelty in his stage works, were the experiences of his own life. He passed his youthful days in the midst of deep suffering, for he was an unusually sensitive boy. At the very beginning of his career, misfortune marked him for her own. He was cheated, thwarted and despised; he was wounded in his deepest affections. But at the age of twenty-three, it seemed, with his marriage to Margherita Barezzi and the birth of his two children, as if happiness had come to his little home. Four years after his marriage, misfortune attacked him again. First one child died, then the other, and finally his wife—three coffins went out of his house in three months; and he received his first commission—to write a comic opera! He did it, but it was a hopeless failure.

Stunned by his ill-luck, Verdi was deaf to the remonstrance of the few friends who believed in him. He handed over a libretto to Nicolai, a composer difficult to please. Merelli, who had a post at the Scala, was so vexed that Verdi should be thus indifferent, that he pushed a rejected opera-book of Nicolai's into Verdi's pocket, and locked the door to prevent his return. On arriving home, Verdi threw the manuscript on his table; but a certain sentence caught his eye, and he was soon reading the proposed book through. All the same he went the next day to return it, but Merelli again locked his door against him. By degrees the charm of the theme took hold of Verdi. He set to work on it, and *Nabucco* was the first rung on the ladder of success up which Verdi was to climb, with *The Lombards* and many other operas, including *Aïda*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*, his last and best work.

The chorus of the Jewish slaves in *Nabucco* was eagerly seized upon by the people who were longing for the liberation of their country from the Austrian yoke. The very name of VERDI was adopted as a symbol; for its letters were the initials

of the words *Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, Rè D'Italia* ("Long live Victor Emanuel, King of Italy"), and the cry of "Viva, Verdi!" rang out all over Italy during the War of Liberation.

*Rigoletto* belongs to the second period, a time of transition from the primitive roughness of his early operas to the marvellous perfection of his last three. *Aïda* was commissioned by Ismail Pasha, for the opening of the new Opera House at Cairo. The Egyptian story was supplied by Mariette Bey, the famous Egyptologist. The music initiates Verdi's third and final style. Wagner had opened the Italian's eyes wider, and Verdi now looked at the stage differently. Still his vision remained his own, and the music of *Aïda* and the next two operas were essentially *Italianissimo*. Sixteen years intervened between *Aïda* and *Otello*, the latter being a masterly condensation of Shakespeare's tragedy. From the wonderful opening, where the Moor arrives in the midst of a terrific storm, to his last unfinished kiss—"Un bacio, un ba—," the theme unrolls itself in unbroken fervour. The ferocity of Iago's impious *Credo*, and the tender pathos of Desdemona's prayer, are still unrivalled in their power over the hearts of men.

*Falstaff* is one of the greatest wonders in music. Written by a man of eighty, the work is the very incarnation of youth and high spirits. Verdi enjoyed composing it, and entered into all the fun like a schoolboy. The Falstaff of Boito, his librettist, may not be quite the burly, robust character as we English imagine him. He has lost some more of his sap, and of his fleshiness too, in Verdi's light-fingered music; and in any case, the guitar in Act II. should have been a lute. The English composer Holst has shown us in his little opera, *At the Boar's Head*, that music simply cannot keep up with the pelting pace of Shakespeare's actual words; and if Shakespeare is to be set to music, Verdi had shown us the manner of it. Verdi's opera nevertheless remains a sheer wonder, one of the miracles of music. As in *Otello*, the composer sets to work straight away, without overture of any kind. The play's the thing; and the unity of feeling sustained through each act is remarkable. The rattling pace of the whole is splendid, and the orchestration sparkles like champagne. The bustling animation of it all is held together by a development of small

*motifs* and ground-figures, and an amazing economy of notes. The directness of the music and its lively mimetic qualities have something of Mussorgsky's art in them; and certainly this is the work which taught the later Puccini much of his craftsmanship. Two other traits, new to Verdi, make their appearance in *Falstaff*: the exquisite fairies' music and the charm and mystery of the sleeping forest in Act III. The glorious final fugue, an epitome of the whole work, is a marvellous combination of contrapuntal and thematic skill with that natural flow of melody and healthy animal spirits which makes the opera irresistible in its appeal to the most uncultivated listener.

In the midst of triumphs, throughout his long life, this adorable man, the idol of the Italian people, remained modest and lived the simple life of a country farmer. At his death it was discovered that he had founded and endowed a large charitable institution for poor and bereft musicians. Verdi was indeed a great man, as well as a great musician!

Romanticism came to England chiefly through the playing of Schumann's music by his wife, Clara, and the advocacy of Brahms by the great violinist, Joachim. The artistic mission of these two great interpreters had far more influence on English musical life than the hasty London visit of Wagner in 1877 and the fashionable annual pilgrimages to Bayreuth for the performances of *The Ring*, *Tristan* and *Parsifal*.

Hubert Parry, in his early and middle periods, had a strong vein of Romanticism running through his works, which he caught partly from Wagner and Schumann and partly from his strong attachment to the more poetic sides of Bach. The range of emotion throughout his twenty-four choral works on a large scale gradually widens out from *The Glories of our Blood and State* up to *Saul*, *Job* and *De Profundis*, and then cools down to a more prosaic and philosophic method, to rise up again just at the last with the *Songs of Farewell*. Certain of his piano-pieces, such as the *Shulebrede Tunes*, and some of his orchestral variations show him to be a sincere follower of Schumann in instrumental music; and his chamber-works are animated by the more restrained Romanticism of Brahms.

We shall return to him in discussing the English tradition in music.

Whereas Parry took, consciously or unconsciously, Bach and Schumann as his chief models, STANFORD chose Brahms and Verdi. He was a whole-hearted admirer of these two masters, but he did not forget his native land. We shall have much more to say of him in the chapter on nationality in art.

Alexander MACKENZIE studied for five years (chiefly as a violinist) at Sondershausen in Germany, where his proximity to Weimar gave him a good acquaintance with the music of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz. But his Scottish nature did not lend itself wholeheartedly to "the music of the future." The influences upon the work of Mackenzie are not so apparent as in Parry or Stanford, and yet he has less individuality than either. He is more English in texture than they are; and his writings show a certain kinship with the music of Goring Thomas and Sterndale Bennett. His work was romantic in subject (*Story of Sayid*, *Rose of Sharon*, *Dream of Jubal*, *Colomba*, *Cricket on the Hearth*, etc.), patriotic (*Britannia* overture, *London Day by Day*, *Canadian Rhapsody*, etc.), and national (*Burns Rhapsody*, *Pibroch*, *Scottish* concerto, etc.).

ELGAR'S is the strongest voice in England since the days of Purcell and Handel. He is a composer of international repute, sharing with Richard Strauss the honour of being the greatest musician of the first quarter of the twentieth century. Since a reputation of such magnitude only follows slowly after the work, trailing behind a man like his shadow, both these composers really belong in spirit to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. A comparison between the two is instructive. Although sharing with Strauss his amazing pictorial power and his orchestral mastery (indeed owing something to Strauss in this respect), Elgar stands at the opposite pole to the German master. Strauss worked through Romanticism to Realism. Elgar has always been a thorough-going Romanticist—England's greatest romantic composer, in fact. Strauss is commercially minded and scorns royal honours and imperial recognition, on principle. On Elgar, royal decorations fit

beautifully, like a glove. Strauss is materialistic; Elgar is as spiritually-minded as Bach. The German is orchestral and operatic; the Englishman choral and orchestral. The oratorio, as Handel discovered, really takes the place of opera in England. Strauss is supernational; Elgar, when he is not singing the praises of God, is always singing the praises of England. If there must be a "King's Composer," as there is a Poet-Laureate, no one could be better suited to the post than Elgar.

Modest and retiring by nature, he has never been slow in wit, from the time when as a youngster at a new school, he was asked his name and replied, "Edward Elgar." "Add the word 'Sir,'" said the headmaster sharply; and meekly but prophetically came the reply, "Sir Edward Elgar." There is something very fine about the career of this composer, who began on the lowest rungs of the musical ladder and went upwards, steadily mounting from one work to another, cantata after cantata, oratorio after oratorio, two symphonies and so on, maintaining himself all the time by "occasional" pieces, ending on the highest pinnacle of fame; and, in addition, being "the man whom the King delighteth to honour"—not always the same thing.

Elgar was able to sound the new note in English music by reason of his own genius and his freedom from the rigid academical training of his time. Born near Worcester, at the time when the Three Choirs Festivals were steadily rising to their prime, he is entirely the product of the "West Country."

He began as a violinist and a trombonist; he played the organ for a few years, but never understood the genius of the piano, which has escaped him completely, just as it has eluded Bantock. His uncanny sense of the orchestra is one of his very greatest assets, and a superb gift of melodic eloquence is another. The first period was that of the cantatas and oratorios, beginning with *The Black Knight* and *King Olaf*, continuing through *Caractacus* and *The Light of Life*, and culminating with his masterpiece, the *Dream of Gerontius*. In them he showed a complete mastery over choral effect and a strong and free counterpoint, new at any rate to England. He has also an

extreme sensitiveness and a psychological insight, rare even in the greatest artists. Strauss's pseudo-psychological *Death and Transfiguration* (also the drama of a man wrestling with the powers of life and death) pales into insignificance when placed beside Elgar's *Gerontius*.

The greatness of *Gerontius* lies in its wonderful unity and homogeneity. No other composer has made so deep an impression of his own personality on the huge array of the modern chorus and orchestra, as Elgar has done in this work. Indeed, it does not seem too much to say that Elgar in *Gerontius* solved the problem of that perfect union of voices and instruments for which Beethoven and Bruckner, Mahler and Franck, strove in vain.

Elgar is English, but he does not represent the whole of England. His England is the England of the West Country. His music feels superlatively right in one of the magnificent Gothic cathedrals of Hereford, Worcester or Gloucester. His art is as really one with their architectural aspirations, as it is with the peaceful rivers and the rolling Cotswolds outside. No great composer has less of the dance element, less of the passion of love, or the power to depict evil than he. He is far more lyrical than Strauss. With a single long line of flowing melody he can reproduce the charm of the West Country landscape, give the refined solace of the Anglican religion and of the Tennysonian line, and even reach the perfect serenity of the ethereal regions.

The type of melody which he marks *nobilimente* shows his most individual mood. It occurs throughout the whole of his works, yet never with deeper meaning and more serene beauty than in the early *Serenade* for string orchestra:

Indeed, he sometimes introduces it where it does not seem

*Herbert Lambert.*

ARNOLD BAX

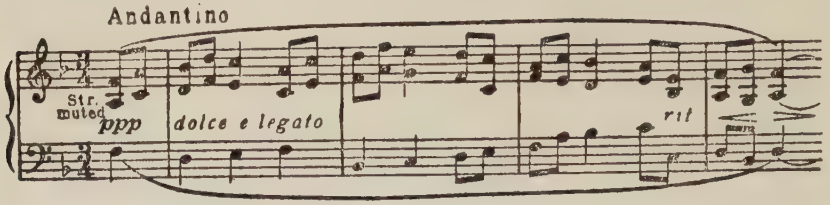
appropriate, as, for instance, in the overture *In the South* (*Alassio*). Another of Elgar's highly individual moods is the one best exemplified in the *Scherzo* of his second symphony —a kind of brilliant, kaleidoscopic fantasy, flying past at a lightning speed.

He is not a constructionist of the order of Beethoven or Brahms; he comes more in the line of Haydn in this respect. In his oratorios, his splendid use of climax gives a certain shape and coherence to the works; for the rest he relies entirely on a liberal use of *leit-motifs* along Wagnerian lines. He would at times appear to begin great works without that necessary faculty of seeing the end in the beginning. Probably this is the reason why his promised trilogy—*The Apostles*; *The Kingdom*; and what? —has never been completed. His constructional power is put to an even greater test in instrumental works, which he began with the tone-poem *Froissart* and, mounting to the *Enigma Variations* (still one of his best works), proceeded to the two symphonies, the concerto for violin and the one for 'cello.

As a Late-Romantic, he felt called upon to attempt the problem of the great classical symphonic form and, taking the finest of models—Mozart in G-minor, Beethoven No. 5, and Brahms's third symphony—he grappled with construction on a large scale on lines of his own, but slightly related to those of Liszt and César Franck. He increased the number of subjects in the exposition; though his art of gliding from one to another (probably caught from Sinclair, the wonderful extemporiser of Hereford) does not always bring in the "recapitulation" with conviction. It would be a mistake to think there is no connection between the episodes in his essentially rhapsodic style. The sequence of thought is there, though it can easily be lost in performance. It is in the perorations where the weakness is most keenly felt. His chamber-music, written at the age of sixty-two, is valuable; but it is really a reflection in miniature of his orchestral work. It shows neither the invention nor the inspiration of his early *Serenade* for strings, which still remains one of his finest works.

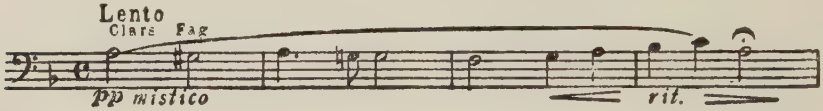
As a creator of themes, and as a harmonist, Elgar is supreme. What can be more spiritual than the opening of the second

part of *Gerontius*, where the soul goes on its journey through space?




Or more poignant then the despair of the dying man?

Or more symbolical of the "Veiled Presence" than the opening prelude?




Much ink has been spilt by many critics about Elgar's facile (and perhaps a little cheap) compositions; but it is merely silliness to harp on this string. Every composer had to write "occasional pieces" and "pot-boilers," Bach, Beethoven, and even aristocratic craftsmen like Mozart and Chopin; and Elgar is no worse than they, despite the highly-perfumed *Salut d'Amour* and things like *Land of Hope and Glory*, both, by the way, being well-composed pieces of their kind. No really great artist has ever been so blind as to lose sight of his public altogether; they have all condescended occasionally to write "down to the mob," as the superior scribes would put it. And one does not judge Velasquez or Michelangelo by their failures. These cheap jibes have a way of going in time to the place where they belong, like the wrong notes in chorus-singing.

Elgar, like Handel of old, does not disdain to be popular in the best sense of the term; and apart from his avowed marches, military and otherwise, he is one of the few composers who can create that broad swinging kind of tune with an irresistible rhythm which makes so wide an appeal, and which has been achieved only by a few modern composers, notably Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst, and occasionally by Parry.

He has played a leading part in giving voice to the feelings of the masses of the people on national occasions. A deep strain of patriotism has run unswervingly through his career. It began "when chivalry lifted its lance on high" in the *Froissart* overture, and can be traced through *The Black Knight*, *Caractacus*, *The Banner of St. George*, up to the masque, *The Crown of India*, the *Coronation Marches* for King Edward VII. and King George V., and several war pieces, notably *The Fringes of the Fleet* (Kipling), the recitation to music, *Chantons, Belges, chantons* (Cammaerts), and the deeply moving *Spirit of England* to Binyon's words. It was this spirit that led him to compose his *Six Military Marches*. If the soldiers march to music, said he, then let it be a proud kind of music "that draws men to die, moving in victory with solemn noise, with worship and with conquest, and the voice of myriads." And these six marches contain some of the finest popular tunes ever written.

Josef Holbrooke is a thorough-going Romanticist. Few musicians have been more misunderstood in their early career. The *enfant terrible* of the young English school, he can now safely settle down near his beloved Harlech castle and regard his battles as won. At a time when very little notice was taken of British composers, Holbrooke was cudgelling, even bludgeoning, in the English press and at his own concerts (for he has always been fond—perhaps too fond—of prefaces, oral and printed), the English public in general for their apathy, and the newspaper critics in particular for their denseness. He has suffered for his own sayings, and vicariously for those of others; but, whether we have liked his savage method of fighting or not, we must not forget that he was one of the earliest in the field of modern British music.

To August Manns, Holbrooke owed his first real start. His

tone-poem, *The Raven*, given at the Crystal Palace, was well received, and this encouragement brought a second tone-poem, *The Viking*, and the *Variations on Three Blind Mice*. He then went to live at Birmingham with Bantock, but three months' work as a teacher at the Midland Institute drove him back to London, where for a time he lived a very penurious life, depending entirely on his compositions. However, his choral poem, *Queen Mab*, was accepted for the Leeds Festival and the Leeds Choral Union gave his short cantata, *Byron*, in the same year. Sir Henry Wood performed his tone-poem, *Ulalume*, at a symphony concert, and Andrew Black sang his astoundingly virile *scena*, *Marino Faliero*. The next year his name appeared on all the festival programmes, and one of his best works, the tone-poem, *The Bells*, was produced at Birmingham under Richter. His symphony, *Les Hommages*, was originally written as a string-quartet. Too facile an inspiration is one of Holbrooke's failings. His nature, as fiery as Berlioz's, can brook no delay. Both printing and performance must come immediately with him.

His next "good angel" was the poet Herbert Trench, who commissioned him to set his new poem on immortality to music. *Apollo and the Seaman* was produced at the Queen's Hall with Beecham conducting and William Wallace working the magic-lantern which threw the poem, verse by verse, on the sheet. The experiment was not a success; but it brought Holbrooke's name into greater prominence.

Another good angel (and Holbrooke, who delights frequently in the demoniacal, has been lucky with angels) came in the person of the poet T. E. Ellis (now Lord Howard de Walden). He it was who led Holbrooke to grand opera. Ellis, who had completed his great poem, *The Cauldron of Anwyn*, encouraged Holbrooke to set parts of this as an operatic trilogy, although neither the form nor the style was intended for the stage. The subject was well suited to Holbrooke's dramatic and romantic temperament. *The Children of Don* was given at Hammerstein's new London Opera House under Nikisch, and *Dylan* at Drury Lane under Beecham. *Bronwen*, the third opera of the trilogy, has not yet been heard.

The trilogy, having occupied Holbrooke over twelve years

(from the age of thirty to forty-two), affords a good opportunity for surveying the composer's musical evolution. *Dylan*, the second opera, was written first. The composer had lived under the shadow of Harlech Castle for years and had gone to the Hebrides to listen to the sea-gull's crying, with the result that the preludes to Act I. and II. of *Dylan*, and the Wildfowl Music, are remarkably original and atmospheric. The bulk of the opera is virile and picturesque, finely orchestrated, showing some slight relationship in texture to the work of Strauss and revealing a near kinship to Wagner. A Strauss-like virtuosity is written large over all his later orchestral works; and though orchestras at that time kicked at them, there is nothing now in them which would do more than make a player straighten his back a little. *Don*, finished at the end of 1910, shows an increasing tendency towards the declamatory style, and the orchestral material is stronger. The use of an ancient Welsh tune makes a fine threnody for Math's death. What follows it is anti-climax; the work could easily have stopped here. In *Bronwen* we see a further development of style, richer harmony and a more powerful sweep. The composer continues to emphasise the importance of the orchestra, for he holds that the eye should occasionally be well rested in opera. The prelude is a magnificent tone-poem based on three subjects, the last being one of the oldest and most popular folk-tunes in Wales, the *Ton-y-Botel*.

The tale of Bronwen from the *Mabinogion* is a great story, but "there is a hindrance to its general use or acceptance. Many human relations lie within it, but the point and the pathos of it stand upon a system of social relations now so far forgotten that the motives seem incredible and the passions distorted. The tragedy of *Bronwen* is the tragedy of the matriarchate, where the ambitions of passionate men walk like wolves around the figure of the woman who is the transmitter of kingship."[1] This marvellous poem, full of sudden strange sayings, like a bird's cry in the night, comes from an age of shifting darkness, more gloomy and far grander than the *Nibelungen Lied* used by Wagner, more pregnant in its veiled

[1] The quotation is from the preface to T. E. Ellis's *Cauldron of Anwyn* (privately printed, 1922).

mystery than the *Pelléas* legend of Maeterlinck. The only relationship between the *Mabinogion* story of Bronwen and the story of Wagner's *Ring* is a certain similarity of period. Let sceptics read Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the *Mabinogion*[1] and judge for themselves whether there be not here enough of the finest material to supply British opera with subjects for the next century.

Holbrooke's originality and daring is more noticeable in his chamber-music. Who but Holbrooke would have thought of writing a quartet on the *Pickwick Club*, Op. 68; on *Byron*, Op. 31; on *Belgium and Russia*, Op. 59; a string-quintet on *Fate*, Op. 27b; and a *Quintet Diabolique* for piano and strings? There are also several chamber-works without a title, one of the finest being the string-sextet in D, a work ranking amongst the finest of all sextets. This consists of three movements in traditional form, in which Holbrooke's peculiar mastery of quintuple time is brilliantly demonstrated. Some original effects are obtained by tuning the second 'cello C-string down to B-flat and then to B-natural. His chamber-works for wind-instruments are also remarkable—a sextet for wood-wind and piano, a quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; one for clarinets in E-flat, in B-flat, corno-di-bassetto, bass-clarinet and piano; a suite for clarinet and piano, and a quintet for clarinet and strings. Holbrooke has a peculiar sympathy for that essentially chamber wind-instrument, the clarinet. A love of new tone-qualities led him to incorporate sarrusophones and concertinas into one of his chief orchestral works.

The music of Holbrooke is original, virile, colourful, and voluminous. It is more mixed both in material and quality than that of any other composer. With him self-criticism is altogether lacking, and really sublime passages are occasionally followed by most surprising effects of bathos. He is most equal in his chamber-music and songs. One sees in him a child of the twentieth century who cannot fall out of love with Romanticism. As virtuosity, high spirits and athleticism appeal to him strongly he ought really to have been born ten years later.[2]

[1] Everyman's Library (J. M. Dent and Sons).
[2] See also my monograph in *Miniature Essays* (Chester and Co.).

In Arnold Bax we have a composer of absolute music, who can fill the classical forms with romantic feeling, without owing much to the Romanticists proper. What little there is of him that is not English or Celtic (for though born in London he comes of Irish stock), he owes to Debussy, Ravel, and the Russians. He studied in London under Corder and Matthay, and became a brilliant pianist and reader of orchestral scores. It is perhaps a consequence of his precocious mastery over all the technique of composition that his first works display over-elaboration and exuberance of ornament. Naturally serious, contemplative, reserved, and possessing no humour, his work is not outwardly brilliant nor provocative, though it is rarely free from a certain complexity. It is romantic in material and always based on good technique.

Attracted by the Neo-Celtic movement, he lived in Ireland for some time, reading the poetry and inhaling the country atmosphere. The result is seen in the tone-poems *In the Faery Hills* and *In the Garden of Fand*, the suite containing the *Dance of the Wild Irravel*, a tone-poem for two pianos, *Moy Mell*, and an *Irish Elegy* for cor-anglais, harp and strings. This side of his work has been aptly described as the musical equivalent of Yeats's poetry. Another side might be equally aptly described as the parallel of Walter de la Mare's art, for both love delicate imagery and remote faery lands.

It is typical of Bax's sensitive temperament that a short visit to Russia should result in some characteristic piano compositions (*In a Vodka Shop*, etc.) and a liking for the nocturne and reverie forms; curious, too, inasmuch as it was another Irish musician, John Field by name, who went to Russia exactly a century before, and there actually *invented* the nocturne, that form and style which has proved so ideal for the expression of those great tone-dreamers, Chopin and Scriabin.

There are other pieces of a more professedly romantic type—the orchestral *Tintagel*, *November Woods*, the two symphonies, the piano-pieces, *Lullaby*, *A Hill Tune*, *Mediterranean*, etc. In his treatment of the *Garden of Fand*, from the ancient saga, *The Sick-bed of Cuchulain*, he tells us that his music has no special relation to the events of the legend, which he gives in full; and he then proceeds to outline the play of mood, scene

and atmosphere which he has arranged for the purpose of his musical piece. These are such sound lines—indeed the only logical ones—for the construction of "programme-music," that one wishes that Bax could have gone forward with this type of music.[1]

Bax is more than a national musician; he is international; and in his chamber-music, especially his two piano-sonatas, the two violin-sonatas, another for viola and piano, the string-quartet, the quintet for strings and harp, another for oboe and strings, the piano-quintet (one of his greatest achievements), and his two symphonies, he has made a most valuable contribution to the Late-Romantic music. He takes high rank, too, amongst the English song-composers. Edwin Evans rightly says of him that he is "one of the most musical of composers, for music flows from him in a generous stream." But this must not imply that he does not submit himself to severe self-criticism. Indeed, he has rewritten several of his works and withdrawn many others. His texture, though often chromatically complex, and full of arabesques spun in a fashion all his own, is diatonic in foundation. He has even written a string-quartet (in G) which is entirely diatonic, and yet is as interesting as his other music; no small feat for a twentieth-century composer! Unlike many modern composers, he is not afraid of beauty; and his continual quest of it qualifies him more than any other composer in Europe at the present time for the description of "Classicist."

In America, MacDowell is still, even at the present day, the outstanding figure among native composers. He was the first of them to achieve European recognition. He came of Scotch-Irish-Quaker descent. His piano-teacher, Teresa Carreño, was the first to play his second piano-concerto. Raff, under whom he studied composition in Germany, exercised a considerable influence on his style. The most popular orchestral work of MacDowell's, the *Indian Suite*, was first performed in Boston, where he resided for eight years, after which he was called to direct the music department of Columbia University, New York. Unfortunately this professorial work interfered with his composition and finally broke down his health.

[1] See p. 178.

MacDowell was not entirely successful in the larger forms, for his inspiration was somewhat limited in scope. In his four piano-sonatas we become conscious of a manner which often degenerates into mannerisms. The same melodic turn, the same type of harmony, the same grandiose mounting to a climax which sometimes fails in its effect, are all used to illustrate musically very different natural scenes and psychological states. The pieces are lofty in aim and sincerely wrought out, but at times a certain looseness of construction inclines them more to the order of lyrical improvisations, a result possibly brought about by the attempt to wed a poetical programme to the "classical sonata" form. The thought, too, is often turgid, and when he has come to a halt in inspiration, he escapes by a scherzo-like scamper up and down the keyboard. Of the four sonatas, the *Tragica* and the *Keltic* are the best. Deeply moved by the death of his friend Raff, he forgets in the *Tragica* to be involved and he writes simply from his heart. The opening pages of the *Keltic*, and especially the slow movement inspired by the figure of Deirdre of the Many Sorrows, are deeply moving. Here is the kernel of MacDowell's message to us. The *Eroica* and the *Norse* sonatas contain many fine passages, but do not hang together so well; but they are interesting for the long passages of real musical eloquence in them, and occasionally MacDowell has succeeded in bringing off a big thing within the compass of a few pages. A few single movements will live by merit of their sheer beauty. One feels in these four sonatas that the composer was groping his way towards a newer and freer handling of the sonata form, which might have achieved more perfect organisation in later works.

Amongst the smaller pieces, *To the Sea* and *From the Depths* are simple, direct, vital and big. Of pieces in a quieter strain, *The Deserted Farm*, *To a Water Lily*, *Of Salamanders* and the deeply felt *From a Log-Cabin* (almost the last thing that MacDowell wrote) are perfect embodiments of the thoughts they are meant to enshrine. As with Schumann, it is the shorter pieces which best reveal MacDowell's tender romantic spirit and his fine original harmonic sense. Some of his songs, for which he wrote his own words, are real melodic gems. He

will live as a miniaturist—a composer of some of the most delightful little musical sketches of American country scenes.

Elgar, Bax and Metner, in their adherence to the older classical forms for symphony and sonata, are exceptional. For the most part, Romanticism turned people's thoughts away from aristocratic tastes and the private patronage system to the domestic hearth, to the pleasures and habits of simple souls, to old customs and old songs; and with the cult of folk-lore, up sprang the "national" schools; for without the collections of folk-songs and folk-dances the "national elements" in art are uncodified and even unknown. For, although art is an international language, it can also have a very strong national dialect. But before discussing Nationalism, we must first consider some other results which came about through literary associations and the striving for freer forms on the part of the Romanticists—and these are the subjects of "Programme-music" and its by-product, Realism.

# CHAPTER IX

## PROGRAMME-MUSIC

Liszt stands at the fountain-head of all the new developments of the second half of the nineteenth century, a full man and a whole man. His varied life is spread over a wide and rich field. From his earliest years to the age of thirty-six his career was that of a pianist. Then followed the Weimar period, when he settled and devoted himself entirely to composition. Generous almost to a fault, he inaugurated a vigorous propaganda for new music, a propaganda by which nearly all his contemporaries (and some of his predecessors, John Field for instance) profited. His encouragement of the Russian school was particularly fruitful, and his untiring support of Wagner was all-important to European music. When Huneker said that Wagner owed more to Liszt than money (which he borrowed freely), sympathy, and wife (he married Liszt's daughter, Cosima), he was thinking of all those sources in Liszt's music from which Wagner drew inspiration so freely. The musical equivalents of Siegfried and Sieglinde existed in Liszt's *Dante* symphony long before Wagner transferred them to his *Valkyrie*; and both Parsifal and Kundry were found in Liszt's great piano-sonata, before they appeared in Wagner's great religious drama.

The light of Liszt's torch shone farther into the future than did Wagner's; and this great-minded musician, too versatile for many minds to grasp, has never been accorded the honour due to him. Early accepted as the "King of Pianists," could he possibly be the "High-Priest" of the New Music as well? The question has been obscured by the arbitrary division of music into two distinct and even opposed camps—Programme-music and Absolute Music—and Liszt's position will never

be plain until clearer ideas prevail on these subjects. As Mr. Calvocoressi says, the confusion may be seen when we adduce on the one hand all the arguments piled up to show that the *Scherzo*, the *Storm* and *Finale* of Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony are not real programme-music, and on the other, assertions such as Klauwell's that in Beethoven's Op. 81a (*Les Adieux* sonata) the encounter of the "tonic sixth" and the "dominant fifth" at bar 144 can be understood only in the light of a programme.[1]

The coming of Brahms, and the adoption of him willy-nilly, as the opponent of Wagner, exaggerated the distinction between Programme-music and Absolute Music. This tendency to split into two opposed camps is one of the most frequent yet baffling things about art. Is such conflict the necessary condition from which emanates, from time to time, life and further progress? We had it with the Lulli and the Rameau partisans, with the Gluckists and Piccinists, and we have it nearer our own time in the notable German controversy between Bekker and Pfitzner, one maintaining that Beethoven was a "Programme" composer, the other that he was an "Absolute" musician. The fact is that the really great composer covers both fields. Bach is both Classicist and Romanticist, both subjective and objective; Beethoven both a Programme and an Absolute composer. Even Wagner, the most romantic of all, at the end of his life longed to write a pure symphony.

Liszt is not a Programme composer in the same sense as

[1] The device has been frequently used since his time. Strauss takes the same three chords in reverse rising order in the remarkable overlapping phrases at the end of his tone-poem, *Death and Transfiguration*. Technically the passage is related to the so-called wrong horn entry in the first movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony, a device which Vaughan Williams turns to good account in his Rossetti song, *Heart's Haven*, at the words "With faint alarms."

Berlioz. He surpasses the great Frenchman inasmuch as he moulds his forms clearly and allows them to be dictated by his poetic subject, of which his music is always the direct issue. Liszt does not follow his chosen subject in close pictorial detail, as Berlioz does. Berlioz is objective; he takes a hero and sees him through a series of exciting adventures—here he swoons; there he hangs himself. Berlioz wrote separate movements which he connected with one another, and without the description of his plot in the programme, we are at a loss. Liszt's way lay along the safer road of subjective art. His tone-poem strikes us more as an improvisation on the *whole* theme; and his works have in consequence a greater value than those of Berlioz. In the orchestral tone-poem *Mazeppa*, a wild and ever-growing fury depicts the hero's terrible ride; a short *Andante* expresses his prostration, and the March, which swells so grandly into a trumpet-song of triumph, his elevation and coronation. In *Orpheus* we have the form which Wagner adopted for the *Lohengrin* prelude—a majestic *crescendo* rising to its fulfilment, and followed by a long, gradually subsiding *diminuendo*. Orpheus touches the strings of his lyre, and all Nature listens; the god approaches; the glory of his person shines upon us; his melody becomes more and more thrilling; as he passes, the lyre tones become less distinct; his form fades into the distance—disappears.

With Liszt, it is the abstract ideas which are always prominent; the title only serves to fix the mind on a precise object. Not all of his works are satisfactory. In *Les Idéales* his attempt to interpret fragments of Schiller's poem and weld them into a satisfying whole is baffled by the nature of the subject. Form and content should be inseparable; the form in itself must be suitable, satisfying and convincing, for everything depends upon what the work has to tell us *as a whole*. Indeed, it is along this line that the true study and appreciation of musical form lies, and not in the chemical analysis of the "sonata" and "fugue" forms of the examination-room.

Liszt's muse is not of the introspective order; he turns to great personages and national events, for he possesses the broad sweep of the grand epic style, and moves with ease in vast musical forms. In his orchestral tone-poems, though episode

succeeds episode without any very close bond, yet he carries the interest along superbly without a break; these innumerable fragments of feeling really take their place in the intellectual grouping on the great canvas. Though his dynamic waves, long and steadily mounting, are cut across by great silences or interrupted by unexpected monodies, yet we feel the continual advance of the resistless purpose, the great aspiration, and the ravishing mystery. His sinuous melodic line emphasises the Mozartean "diplomatic gesture"[1] by a multitude of intriguing chromatic appoggiaturas. But more often Liszt attacks his themes brusquely, without a preliminary up-beat. They rear up suddenly like apparitions; and at times pass away unfinished into the void—like the bass scale melody in the great piano-sonata. Liszt is occasionally found wanting in homogeneity and balance; a kind of piecemeal, casual improvisation sets in. But when the foundations of his rhapsodical improvisation are well and truly laid, he reaches the apogee of power—in the poetic *Les Préludes*, the beautiful *Tasso*, and his two great masterpieces, the *Faust* and the *Dante* symphonies.

Too much has been made of the national side of his music; for he was not a nationalist of the racial order of Grieg, or even of the patriotic order of Chopin. Compared with the fierce deep nationalism of his later compatriot, Béla Bartók, Liszt's "Magyarism" has a "tinny" sound. Folk-song and anthropological research had not then been carried on extensively in Hungary; a very thin veneer served to give the "local colour," as it was called. His three orchestral tone-poems, *Hungaria*, *Mazeppa* and the *Battle of the Huns*, are romantic first and patriotic afterwards. It was the gypsy rather than the Magyar who captivated Liszt's fancy, and he probably felt some affinity between his own nomadic existence and that of the wanderer upon the Hungarian plains. His book on *The Gypsy in Music* is a lively testimony to the sincerity of his interest, and his study compares favourably with George Borrow's *The Bible in Spain*. It must have been the Romantic appeal, Chopin especially, that turned his mind to Magyarism. His "trifurcated existence" (as he playfully called it) between Rome, Weimar, and Budapest, was by no means equally

[1] A legacy from the "Gallant" style of Philip Emmanuel Bach.

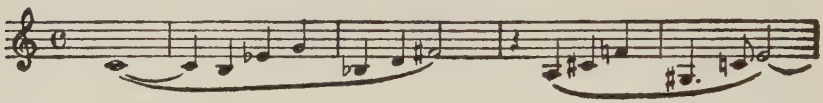
divided; and, except for his *Hungarian Mass*, he did not know a word of Magyar.

The Danube cast no spell over him as the Rhine did over Beethoven all his life. It was rather the scenery round Pisa, the Roma Campagna, and the Villa d'Este, with its dark cypresses, its old-world gardens and its splashing fountains, that held his poetic spirit; the romantic scenery of Switzerland and the forest of Fontainebleau also inspired him; but Italy was foremost in his thoughts. "Italy is to Nature," he said, "what the Venus of Milo is to Art"; and the twenty piano-pieces, *Les Années de Pélerinage*, reflect the soft, deep Italian colours like a mirror.

Nor was it the country alone, for we see and feel in his music, in *Orpheus*, *Tasso*, and *Prometheus*, the deep impressions made on him by the Renaissance literature—Dante, Tasso, and the poet of Vaucluse, where "Art surpasses Nature." In this happy noontide of Romanticism, Liszt reasserted that passionate love of humanity, that warm response to natural beauty, that renewal of the flowing life of the Renaissance, which the other mid-Romanticists disdained for more sterile passions. His great soul may even be fitly compared with Dante. Poised between good and evil, he touches both extremes. He swings from the ineffable bliss of the second subject of the piano-sonata to the derisive satire of pieces such as the *Mephisto Valse*. Liszt's intelligence is too vast and too soaring to escape Doubt; but he is sure of his power and knows that he can control the demoniacal element in himself. His diabolism is expressed by the use of the lower registers, by strident, heavily-marked chords, by trombone slides, combined rhythms, exasperating trills, chains of diminished sevenths, exposed tritones; and particularly by his persistent, polyphonic chromaticism. Satire and diabolism are not far apart, and it is interesting to compare this diabolical vein in Liszt, which was also strongly developed in Scriabin's music through his theosophy, with the smart social satires of the leaders of the group formerly known as "the French Six."

Liszt was one of the greatest of harmonic innovators. His chromaticism is not founded on a diatonic basis at all. Chromaticism is not quite the right name for it. He was the true

inaugurator of the "dodecuple" scale. Nor is his chromaticism slow, as with Bach and Franck; but quick, sharp, explosive and often confused. Denéréaz traces its origin back to the gypsy scale, which gives all its most violent ingredients, especially the two augmented seconds; and he describes this scale as the last vestige of the chromatic tetrachord of the Greeks. No scale, he continues, can so well express the voluptuous grief of suffering and the Sadic pleasure of cruelty. Whatever the scale might be on which Liszt founded his harmony, it furnished him with a plenitude of augmented triads and the means of obtaining the Whole-Tone scale, two devices which, more than any others, make for Atonality (keyless music), and Pandiatonicism, a style of continually changing tonality. The atonal opening of the *Faust* symphony might well stand as the watchword of the new schools. This was the chief stimulus which Liszt gave to Wagner and the Russian masters.



He even arrives at the interval of the doubly-diminished fifth (G-sharp to D-flat); and by a chord containing the augmented fourth and the major seventh he gives Scriabin and Stravinsky the hint for their more exasperating harmonic acerbities. By connecting the chord on the augmented fourth (F-sharp) to the final C chord, he reaches a "demoniacal" cadence, and thus he revealed to Scriabin the clue for his new dominant, one equidistant between the two tonics of the "dodecuple" scale.

Liszt's own piano technique was phenomenal in his time; yet so far have things technical progressed, that there are undoubtedly many players at the present time with greater powers than his. By him the range of the piano was infinitely extended, and he gave to the keyboard instrument something of the fullness of the orchestra. He even wandered to the border of Impressionism. His *Jeux d'eaux à la Villa d'Este* is father to

Edward MacDowell

the *Jeux d'eau* of Ravel, as well as to numberless other pieces of that genre. His single piano-sonata is not only his finest composition, but it is one of the greatest works in all pianoforte literature. In a letter to Liszt, Wagner expressed himself as follows: "The sonata is beyond all conception beautiful, great, lovely, deep and noble, sublime, even as thyself." Composed in 1853, during the period when Liszt was engaged on the production of his Symphonic Poems, the sonata, although devoid of any programme, possesses many characteristics similar to them. Unfettered by rules and precedents, Liszt here became a law unto himself. He discarded the three or four movements consecrated by long usage, and conceived the sonata in one movement. The themes are developed unconventionally, and follow the system of metamorphosis which he used in his Symphonic Poems; the result is a work of extraordinary unity and astonishing originality. Liszt has not anywhere described the feelings which prompted him to compose this sonata, but probably it was due to some strong inward impulse to depict the struggle of one filled with the noblest aspirations, battling against relentless destiny, and ending in a spirit of sad yet peaceful resignation, which suggests the capitulation of a human soul to the immanent forces of Nature.

So far we have only treated of the golden ore of Liszt's legacy, that found in his orchestral tone-poems, his piano-sonata, his piano-concerto, his *Dante* and *Faust* symphonies, his *Transcendental Studies*, the *Years of Pilgrimage*, a few of the songs and the organ-works. The dross, which with him is more plentiful than with any other great composer, is already falling away. This fault in him, explained by his early mode of life, consists of much stage-machinery and rodomontade, and the evident desire for the adulation promised by the glowing eyes and half-parted lips of the greatest beauties in Europe. He has a shameless "drawing-room" sentimentality, a facile religiosity, too ready a use of the Gregorian modes. There is overmuch of the fashionable confessor. Someone has said that he was half-monk, half-gypsy. As Nietzsche said, the music is often of "die Schule der Geläufigkeit—nach Frauen." Of the undoubted verve of the *Hungarian Rhapsodies*, Rosenfeld

says a little extravagantly: "In a sort of ecstasy, he celebrates Hungary; then smiling brilliantly—he passes the hat."

Yet despite all this fustian, the stature of Liszt increases as time goes on. He was the last great European with the gift of Universality, the last musician to be received by all countries alike. Amongst his contemporaries, he alone had the completely classical sentiment of human grandeur; he alone proclaimed the love and beauty of humanity, the never-ending cry of human misery, and the eternal ideal of human sovereignty; and this with such a fiery eloquence, and such a grand epic sweep, that one is surprised to find that, even amidst great personages and national events, he never ignored the true properties of the tonal art, which are subjective rather than objective. His subjectivism, however, is not centred on himself, and consequently it never becomes introspection. In singing of things outside himself, he was different from many of his contemporaries; and to this extent he is objective, for his principles forbade him to let loose his own emotions, as Schubert and Schumann did. Unable to build up a huge movement synthetically as Beethoven could, he replaced spontaneity of invention by his own bold and adventurous intelligence. He entered the field at a time when the need for some new principle in music had already asserted itself — vaguely in Beethoven, more definitely in Berlioz. Liszt found the clear path and boldly entered upon it, though he fell short of actual achievement. He invented the tone-poem. The very name, *Symphonische Dichtung*, we owe to him; and it was he, and not Berlioz, who was the true father of "Programme-music" in its most artistic form.

The term "Programme-music" supplies another example of the deplorable vagueness of musical terminology. It generally means music which requires, or is made more enjoyable by, the outlining of the plot in words in the programme. This plot may be used in two ways; it may either be illustrated in dramatic sequence, or it may merely be used to give the initial impetus to the creation of the piece, and the outline need only be followed in the broadest possible way.[1] The difference is more

[1] See page 168.

than one of degree; in the second case, the composer is freer to adapt the plot to the requirements of a musical form which will render his piece acceptable even when the programme is not stated. And this reveals the territory where absolute and programme-music overlap, for many classicists believe in Weber's and Beethoven's plan of "working after a picture," without revealing it. This is as far as they will go in this direction. It seems strange that this should also be Strauss's view, and that his "programmes" are only drawn from him by a gradual process of painless extraction on the part of his friends.

The term "Programme-music" is used to cover a host of different species which would be better described as word-paintings, tone-portraits, tone-pictures, tone-poems, tone-comedies, or tone-dramas. We will postpone the discussion of word-painting to our chapter on Realism; and a few words on musical portraiture will suffice.

It is astonishing and at the same time significant that the idea of connecting optical impressions with aural sensation goes back far into the ages and has endured right up to the present time. There must be much to be said for an idea which persists so long and vigorously. Dr. John Bull's *Myself* of Elizabethan times is only one of many hundreds of pieces which had people's names attached to them. Of course, not all of these were intended to be portraits, but the external connections of music were much in men's minds in that stimulating era. Giles Farnaby wrote virginal-pieces about himself dreaming, dancing, and joking, and he even introduced caricatures of his *confrères*' musical styles, Dr. Bull's amongst others. We know that Couperin le Grand attempted musical portraiture as a regular source of inspiration; and so too did Philip Emmanuel Bach, whose titles read very much like Couperin's. This Bach uses Christian, family and fanciful names freely; one of his pieces is even called *Les Langueurs tendres*. Was his style after all but a continuation of the early French clavecin music? If he looked backward and sideways to France in his tone-portraits, he looked forward as well in the case of a trio for two violins and bass. It is a *Dialogue* between a *Sanguinicus* and a *Melancholicus*. There is a touch of Schumann in this duality. But Philip Emmanuel goes further

and adds a verbal description of this dialogue, mentioning no less than forty-two points. Surely in him we here find a "seventeenth-century Satie," though of a milder and more amiable disposition.

As programme-music and the tone-poem is really a result of the "nationalist" movement, it is natural that we should find composers dedicating pieces to their native countries, and their national heroes. The Bohemian Smetana has given us an *Vltava*, which is the river running through Prague; Novák has composed a *Slovakian Suite* and *Tatra Mountains*; Suk a symphonic poem called *Praha* (*Prague*); Liszt, a *Hungaria*; Sibelius, a *Finlandia*; Mackenzie, a *Britannia*; and before long someone will surely give us a fine *Emerald Isle*, for Sullivan's *Irish* symphony was a very poor thing, and Stanford's five *Irish Rhapsodies* are merely strings of folk-tunes. A century separates Glinka's *Summer Night in Madrid* from Chabrier's *Espâna*. The Bohemian, Dvořák, devotes an overture to John Huss, and William Wallace names a tone-poem after his great predecessor. The Scottish piece is a bulky affair, belonging more to the illustrative type of tone-poem. On the other hand, Sterndale Bennett's piano-sonata, called *Joan of Arc*, might just as suitably be named *Joan of the Maypole* for all the connection that is there.

After this hastily-sketched map of Europe, let us turn and gaze at some of its characteristic scenery. Mendelssohn, who had a distinct gift as a water-colour painter, used the orchestra to paint the *Hebrides*, which disputes the position of his chief masterpiece with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture. From his *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, Elgar took a sea-*motif* for quotation in his wonderful *Enigma Variations*. Mussorgsky has given us a thrilling night of sorcery in *The Bare Mountain*. Schumann put his impressions of a festival at Cologne Cathedral into his E-flat symphony, and then there are his *Forest Scenes* and other gay occasions in his *Papillons*, *Carnaval* and *Festival at Vienna* for piano. Sterndale Bennett's *Naiads* and *Wood Nymphs* are more congenial than his *Joan of Arc* piano-sonata. Liszt, in his *Years of Pilgrimage*, gives us practically a musical diary of his travels. De Falla pictures some bewitching nights in the *Gardens of Spain;* Respighi, some enchanting sketches of the *Fountains of Rome* and

romantic pictures of the *Pines of Rome*, all most delightful pieces of poetry in sound. And to crown all, Strauss has given us a cinematographic *Alpine Symphony*, which has been playfully dubbed a "personally-conducted Cook's tour." Debussy takes us *en plein air* on a summer afternoon to some remote sylvan grove where a faun dances; he gazes at the endless processions of clouds, and paints the sea on a sunny day. The highly gifted Belgian, Gilson, has also given us a symphony, *La Mer*, but no one has been more successful in painting palpitating and iridescent colour of sea and sky than Bantock in his *Hebridean Symphony*.

Of natural phenomena, pastoral symphonies introducing thunderstorms have attracted composers, small and great alike, and Knecht, who lived in the seventeenth century, wrote one, the programme of which reads almost word for word with Beethoven's. But the same thing was done even in the sixteenth century by John Munday, who has a fantasia for virginals in which he gives us *Fair Weather*, *Lightening* [*sic*], *Thunder*, *Calm Weather*, *Lightening*, *Thunder*, *Fair Weather*, *Lightening*, *Thunder*, and at last *A Clear Day*. The tone-painting seems very childlike to our more sophisticated ears.

His contemporary, William Byrd, even gives us an instrumental battle, but almost everything in this way had already been done with word-setting in the English and Flemish madrigals. Byrd's venerable battle-piece (the earliest instrumental one known) is planned as follows:

*The March before the Battle; the Soldier's Summons; the March of Footmen; the March of Horsemen; now followeth the Trumpets; the Irish March; the Bagpipe and the Drone; the Flute and the Drum; the March to the Fight; here the Battle be joined; the Retreat; now followeth a Galliard for the Victory.*

Kuhnau, Bach's predecessor at St. Thomas's, Leipzig, gives us in his *Bible Sonatas* the combat between David and Goliath, in which, amongst many other graphic details, the stone from the sling is realistically depicted by a quick run up the keyboard. Bach followed in Kuhnau's steps with a *Capriccio on the Departure of a Brother*. The programme of this youthful musical *jeu d'esprit* reads:

*Arioso*, *Adagio*, Cajolery by his friends to dissuade him from his

journey; Representation of the different accidents which might befall him in foreign parts; *Adagiosissimo*, General lament of his friends; Here his friends, seeing that it cannot be otherwise, take leave of him; *Poco Allegro*, Air of the Postilion, and Fugue in imitation of the Postilion's horn.

His contemporary, Telemann, went farther and, besides writing two orchestral suites of *Water Music* in classical style, he composed a suite on *Don Quixote*, in which he shows the hero setting forth, his attack on the windmills and several of his amorous adventures. Dittersdorf wrote no less than six symphonies on Ovid's subjects.

Beethoven wrote a *Battle of Vittoria* which he tried hard to sell to the English publishers, and amongst the more fanciful titles (authorised and unauthorised) to his pieces are those of the *Pastoral*, *Pathetic*, and *Les Adieux* sonatas and the *Eroica* symphony. Elgar, too, has written his impressions of London in *Cockaigne*, and has authorised a very complete programme to his *Alastor* symphony.

Social revolutions have never failed to find a sympathetic echo in the breasts of the Romanticists. Liszt was so moved by a riot of workmen in Lyons in 1834, in which for five days fighting took place in the streets, that he dedicated the first of his *Impressions et Poésies* to the fallen and headed it with the motto, *Vivre en travaillant, ou mourir en combattant.* In later days, Janachek, the Moravian composer, wrote his first piano-sonata in memory of those who fell in Brünn in 1905, during the struggle to establish a Czech University instead of the German one.

But it takes less than a country or even a landscape to give the first impetus to inspiration, and the tremendous range of stimulating agents is shown when we find that Mendelssohn was easily moved to composition by flowers. Of the three Caprices dedicated to the Misses Taylor, at Coed-du in North Wales, two were inspired by flowers which Mendelssohn had seen in their garden, and the third by an actual rivulet at the bottom of the grounds. Of the *Eccremocarpus* flower, Mendelssohn said his *Caprice* was music such as the fairies would play on those minuscular trumpets. These pieces are exquisitely suited to the Victorian piano.

But though a little thing will inspire a tiny piece, it takes a whole drama to fill a large canvas. Berlioz, who needed a very strong external stimulus to evoke his musical inspiration, pillaged all Europe for his literary bases. He admitted, in that astonishing *Autobiography* of his, that unless the subject absorbed him entirely, he "could not produce twenty bars worth listening to." So we find him drawing on Byron for his *Harold in Italy*, on Shakespeare for his *King Lear* overture and *Romeo and Juliet*, on Scott for *Rob Roy* and *Waverley*, and on his own life, specially coloured, for his *Symphonie Fantastique*.

We have already referred to Weber's piano-concerto and his *Invitation to the Dance*. Holbrooke wrote a similar concerto which he called *Gwyn ap Nudd*. Spohr in his *Earthly and Divine in Human Life* uses two orchestras, a small one of eleven string-instruments to represent the Divine, and a full orchestra to depict the Earthly element. A somewhat similar plan was followed by Scriabin in his *Prometheus*, in which the pianoforte represents the Human Personality and the full orchestra the Cosmic Force.

Professor Niecks has pointed out that if Wagner's preludes to *The Mastersingers*, *Tristan* and *Parsifal* are not programme-music, they are a very close approximation to it. Of the Prelude to *Tristan*, Wagner himself writes:

> The world, power, fame, splendour, chivalry, friendship—all are gone. Only one thing still remains—longing, unquenchable longing, ever fresh and self-forgetting desire, languishing and thirsting; its sole redemption—death, extinction, never-awakening. . . . Since this is an inexhaustible theme, the musician paints insatiable desire which grows to one single climax; it rises slowly once only, in a long eloquent strain, from the first bashful confession made with tenderest devotion; through timid sighs and hopes and fears, through lamentations and longings, raptures and torments, up to the most passionate heights, ever striving to find a way through which the heart may pour itself into the wide ocean of infinite, blissful love. In vain! The heart droops fainting; it languishes for unattainable desires, since each new victory produces only fresh longings, until, in the last prostration, the immanence of the rapture of highest attainment dawns upon the dimming eye: it is the bliss of death, of non-existence, of final redemption, of the passing into that distant, intangible realm. . . . Shall we call it death? Or is it that nocturnal wonder-world, out of which, as the legend tells, the ivy and

the vine grow up in close embrace on the grave of Tristan and Isolde?

In the prelude to *Parsifal* there are only two chief themes —Love and Faith. The first is heard in the strains of music sung to the words "Take my blood for our love's sake!" and "Take my body that you may remember me," which are each repeated by angels' voices floating away into the distance. The second theme sets forth the promise of redemption through Faith. Wagner thus sketches out the programme:

> Faith declares itself firmly and boldly; it is unshaken even by suffering. To renewed entreaties it responds, soaring down from the most lofty heights—as if on the wings of a white dove—occupying the human heart more and more completely, filling the world, even all Nature herself, with mightiest strength; then gently sinking, still it glances upward towards the celestial ether. And now once more the plaint of loving pity rises from the awful solitude. The fear, the holy agony of the Mount of Olives, the divine sorrow of Golgotha . . . the body grows pale, the blood flows forth . . . and now the heavenly blissful glow begins to shine in the Cup, pouring out over all who live and suffer the joy of the divine grace of redemption by love . . . Once more we hear the promise, and—hope returns.[1]

Turning to France, we hardly expect the Classicist, Saint-Saëns, to be very significant in the realm of programme-music. Nevertheless, his four orchestral tone-poems have several points of interest. For three of them he goes to the classical Greek legends and for the fourth he takes the satiric death-dance of the Middle Ages.

The first of the four, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, was originally a rondo for piano. This shows how little distinction some composers made between absolute and programme (or literary) music. Saint-Saëns writes:

> The subject of my symphonic poem is feminine seductiveness, the triumphant contest of frailty against strength. The spinning-wheel is merely a pretext, chosen only for the sake of the rhythm and the general trend of the piece. Those interested in the examination of details will see on page 19 (Letter J) of the score Hercules groaning in the bonds which he cannot break, and on page 32 (Letter L) Omphale mocking at the vain efforts of the hero.

[1] I have used a free translation.

In the second, *Phaeton*, the hero has obtained permission to drive in heaven the chariot of the Sun, his father. But his unskilled hands make the horses go astray. The fiery chariot, thrown out of its course, approaches the terrestrial regions; the whole universe is about to be set on fire when Jupiter strikes his imprudent son with a thunderbolt. For the fourth, *The Youth of Hercules*, Saint-Saëns merely writes the legend at the top of his score:

Mythology relates that on entering life, Hercules saw opening before him two roads—the path of pleasure and the path of virtue. Unmoved by the seductions of Nymphs and Bacchantes, the hero chooses the way of strife and combat, at the end of which he sees, through the flaming pyre, immortality as a reward.

The *Danse Macabre* follows Henri Cazalès's poem a little more closely:

*Zig et Zig et Zig, la Mort en cadence*
*Frappant une tombe avec son talon,*
*La Mort à minuit joue un air de danse,*
*Zig et Zig et Zig, sur son violon.*

*Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est sombre;*
*Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;*
*Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre,*
*Courant et sautant sous leurs grands linceuls.*

*Zig et Zig et Zig, chacun se trémousse,*
*On entend claquer les os des danseurs.*
. . . . .
. . . . .
*Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte la ronde,*
*On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté!*
. . . . .

Far from being the terrifying sermon in colour of the mediæval painters, it is more a *jeu d'esprit* of rattling bones, without any very gruesome effects. It is held together by its waltz rhythm. It is indeed rather a cheap bit of programme-writing depending on a xylophone effect and the cock's crow for its success.

The tone-poem form was quite another thing with the Russian Tchaikovsky. His six symphonies are real programme-

music, for they all have poetic, literary, dramatic or national bases. They lack the sweeping range of thought of the greatest masters, but they are full of colour and soul-stirring episodes. For his earliest composition, an overture on Ostrovsky's drama, *The Thunderstorm*, he used a fairly complete programme, and he followed Nature closely in his first symphony, which he entitled *Winter Dreams*. Curiously enough, for his tone-poem, *Romeo and Juliet*, he gives no detailed description, with the result that, on its first production, one critic described it as a graphic representation of the drama, while another regretted the omission of Juliet's nurse. Balakiref mingled praise and blame in his criticism of the score, which the composer sent to him for his opinion; for these Russians took the "tone-poem" form as a very serious part of their nationalism. Stassof's sketch-programme of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which he mapped out for Tchaikovsky, is a fairly full précis of the whole play. The composer gives no details. Of his *Francesca da Rimini*, Tchaikovsky reveals nothing, but for *Manfred*, which he describes on the title-page as a *Symphonie en quatre tableaux d'après le poème dramatique de Byron*, he sets out a full programme:

I. Manfred wandering in the Alps. Tormented by the fatal anguish of doubt, torn by remorse and despair, his soul is the victim of nameless suffering. Neither the occult sciences, of which he has fathomed the mysteries, and thanks to which the dark powers of hell are subject to him, nor anything else in the world can give him that forgetfulness to which alone he aspires. The recollection of the beautiful Astarte, whom he has loved and lost, gnaws at his heart. Nothing can raise the curse which weighs on the soul of Manfred; he is a prey to incessant tortures of utmost and deepest despair.

II. The Witch of the Alps appears before Manfred under the rainbow of the torrent.

III. Pastoral. The simple, free and peaceful life of the mountaineers.

IV. The subterranean palace of Arimanes. Manfred appears in the midst of the Bacchanals. Evocation of the shade of Astarte. She foretells the end of his earthly troubles. Death of Manfred.

What really is programme music? Tchaikovsky writes to his mysterious friend and patroness, Frau von Meck:

A mere play with sounds is a long way from being music—every

kind of music is programme-music from our standpoint. But in the narrower sense, this word signifies such symphonic music or such instrumental music generally as illustrates a definite subject placed before the public in a programme, which bears the title of this subject. . . . I find that the inspiration of a symphonic composer can be of two kinds: subjective and objective. In the former case the personal feelings of joy or sorrow are expressed in the music, similarly as with the lyrical poet, who, so to speak, pours out his soul in poems. Here a programme is not only unnecessary, but impossible. But it is otherwise when the musician in reading a poetic work, or at the sight of a beautiful landscape, is inspired to interpret musically the subject which fills him with such ecstasy. In this case a programme is indispensable, and it is a pity that Beethoven has not provided a programme for some of his unique sonatas. At any rate, from my standpoint, both kinds of music have a right to exist, and I do not understand the people who will admit the legitimacy of only one of them. Of course not every subject is suitable for a symphony, just as not every one is suitable for an opera—nevertheless there can and must be programme-music; for would it not be unreasonable to demand of literature that it should ignore the epic element and confine itself solely to the lyrical?

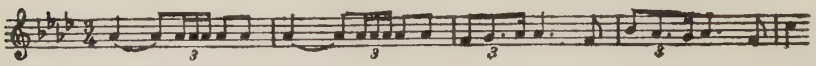
And to his friend and mentor, Tanéief, who had remarked that the first movement of the fourth symphony made upon him the impression of a symphonic poem, Tchaikovsky wrote as follows:

As to your remark that my symphony sounds like programme-music, I agree with you. Only I do not see why that should be a fault. I am afraid of the contrary; that is to say, I should be sorry if symphonic works were to flow from my pen which express nothing, but consist merely of chords and a play of rhythms and modulations. Of course, my symphony is programme-music, only it is quite impossible to formulate its programme in words; they would have a ludicrous effect and give rise to ridicule. But should not this be the case with a symphony, the most lyrical of all forms? Should it not express all that cannot be expressed in words, but which fills the soul to overflowing and calls for expression? Moreover, I must confess to you that in my simplicity I had believed that the thought of this symphony was so clear that its meaning, at least in outline, would be intelligible even without a programme. Now do not think that I wish to make a boast of profound feelings and sublime thoughts. I did not in the least endeavour to express new ideas. At bottom, my symphony is an imitation of Beethoven's fifth symphony; that is to say, I imitated

not its musical content, but its fundamental idea. What do you think—has the fifth symphony a programme? Not only has it a programme, but there cannot even be the slightest difference of opinion as to what the symphony purports to express. Almost the same idea underlies my symphony; and if you have not understood me, it follows that I am no Beethoven, about which I never had any doubt. I will add that there is in this symphony, i.e. in mine, not a single bar which I have not truly felt and which is not an echo of my innermost soul-life. The middle of the first movement may perhaps form an exception, as in it there are some forced and patched passages; in short, there is fabrication. I know that in reading these lines you will laugh. For you are a sceptic and a mocker. In spite of your great love for music, you seem to believe that one cannot compose from an inner impulse. But wait; your turn will come. You, too, will some day, perhaps very soon, write not at the desire of others, but from inward necessity. Then only will fall on the luxuriant soil of your talent seeds which will bear splendid fruits. In the meantime, however, the soil awaits the seed.

Again writing to Madame Meck he says of his fourth symphony:

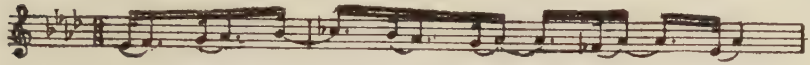
*Our* symphony has a programme; that is to say, it is possible to put the contents into words, and I will communicate to you, but to you only, the meaning of the whole work as well as of its several parts. Of course I can do that only in outline. The introduction is the *kernel* of the whole symphony, the principal thought.



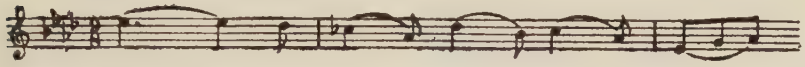
This is Fate, that momentous power which hinders the desire for happiness from attaining its aim, which takes care that well-being and contentment do not gain the upper hand, that the heavens do not become free from clouds; a power which, like Damocles' sword, always hangs overhead, which continually poisons the soul. This power is inevitable and unconquerable. There remains nothing but to submit to it and lament in vain.

The feeling of depression and hopelessness becomes stronger and

stronger, more and more burning. Is it not better to turn from reality and rock oneself in dreams?



O joy! What a tender, what a sweet dream is this! A resplendent human being, promising happiness, hovers before me and beckons to me.



How beautiful! The first motive of the *Allegro* is now heard far away. Gradually the whole soul becomes wrapped in a web of dreams. All that is sombre, all that is joyless, is forgotten.

Happiness! Happiness!! Happiness!!!

No, these are only dreams, Fate scares them away.

Life is nothing but the eternal change of sombre reality and flitting dreams of happiness. There is no haven: you are driven hither and thither by the waves until the sea swallows you up. This is approximately the programme of the first movement.

The second movement shows sorrow in a different state. It is that melancholy feeling that encompasses us when we sit at home alone, in the evening, exhausted by work; the book, taken up for reading, has slipped from the hand; a whole swarm of memories arise. How sad that so much is already past and gone! And yet it is pleasant to recall early years. We regret the past, and have not the courage, nor the inclination, to begin a new life. We are rather weary of existence. We should like to refresh ourselves and look back, to revive many a memory. We think of joyous hours when the young blood was still pulsing and throbbing, and we found satisfaction in life. We think also of sad moments, of irretrievable losses. All this lies already so far away, so far behind us. It is sad, and yet so sweet, to brood over the past.

In the third movement no definite feeling is expressed. Here are capricious arabesques, intangible forms, which flash through the imagination when one has been drinking wine and is a little excited. The mood is neither gay nor sad. One thinks of nothing in particular, lets the imagination take its own course, and it delights in drawing the most

wonderful lines. Suddenly there emerges from memory the picture of a tipsy peasant and of a street-song. In the distance one hears the military music passing by. Such are the disconnected images which come and go in our brain when we are falling asleep. They have nothing to do with reality: they are unintelligible, bizarre, fragmentary.

Fourth movement. When you find no joy within you, look around you. Go among the people. Look, they know how to enjoy themselves; they give themselves up fully and wholly to their joyous feelings. The picture of a popular festivity. Scarcely have you forgotten yourself, scarcely have you lost yourself in the contemplation of the joy of others, when indefatigable Fate again announces its presence. But the other mortals do not concern themselves much about you; they do not even see you; they do not notice at all that you are lonely and sad. O, how they enjoy themselves! How happy they are! And will you still maintain that everything in this world is sombre and sad? After all, there is still joy, simple primitive joy. Taste the joys of others, and—you can still live.

This is all I can tell you with regard to my symphony, my dear friend. Of course, my words are not clear and not sufficiently exhaustive. But therein lies the peculiarity of instrumental music, that it cannot be analysed.

This is indeed a valuable document on the subject of our chapter, especially as it comes from the pen of the one who, after Liszt and Berlioz, was the third greatest composer of programme-music.

The question of Nationalism is intimately bound up with Programme-music, as fairy tales and folk-lore provide excellent material for the purpose of musical illustration. In his very first opus, *Echoes from Ossian*, Niels Gade obtained a strong Northern colour and atmosphere, and the spell of the North held him all his life. Five orchestral pieces called *A Summer-day in the Country* have a programme of Early Morning, a Storm, Forest Solitude, Humoreske and Merry Country Pastimes. Another called *A Mountain Excursion in the North* seems to forestall Strauss's *Alpine Symphony*. Grieg, whose musical nationalism was not sufficiently pronounced to suit Gade, was too much of the miniaturist to be a writer of programme-music. His physical health was delicate; he had only one lung, and after the exertion of so sustained a work as the piano-concerto his medical adviser forbade so prolonged a task again.

In Bohemia, Smetana's work was largely of a programme order. In addition to *Haakon Jarl*, *Richard III.* and *Wallenstein's Camp*, there is a series of six tone-poems under the collective title of *My Fatherland*. His string-quartet, *Scenes from my Life*, has a remarkable autobiographical basis, the last movement ending on the long-sustained high E, a note which came from the perpetual buzzing sound in his ear, a premonitor of his approaching deafness, which eventually drove him mad. Dvořák wrote five tone-poems on Czech legends—*The Water-Fay*, *The Midday Witch*, *The Wild Dove*, *The Golden Spinning-wheel* and *Heroic Song*. All, except the last, have detailed programmes.

Across in Moravia at the present time we find Leosh Janachek, whose string-quartet has a similar autobiographical basis to that of Smetana's, fortunately with a happier ending. In his tone-poem, *The Musician's Child*, the aged musician returns from heaven to serenade his sleeping child and invite her to come soon to him and hear the music of heaven.

The tone-poem derived from Liszt was a godsend to the Russian nationalist group. Balakiref is a magician of the orchestra and excels in the descriptive poem and the instrumental tale. He wrote his *Russia* for the thousandth anniversary of the Russian nation, and his wonderful *Thamar* (on Lermontof's poem), of which Rimsky-Korsakof's *Scheherazade* is but the feeble child. *Thamar* is just the sort of straightforward picturesque tale which is ideal for the form of tone-poem.

An ancient tower standing upon a solitary black rock on the banks of the river Terek, is inhabited by a cruel and beautiful queen, Thamar. The lights from the tower and the magical song of the queen attract the wayfaring merchant, warrior and herdsman; the hospitable door is opened by a silent eunuch; the lustful queen richly apparelled awaits her guest on her soft couch; sounds of wild intoxicated passion, as of a hundred couples of lovers celebrating their nuptials and obsequies at the same time, soon fill the lonely walls, then follow silence and darkness; and, finally, at daybreak, the corpse of a youth is carried away by the river, and on the roof of the tower a pale woman sends after him a tender, longing farewell.

To complete the local colouring and atmosphere of the picture there is yet required a large admixture of restless

waves, nocturnal mist, and groaning wind, to which, and to other horrors, the composer pays due attention.

Borodin has also left a remarkable example in his symphonic sketch, *In the Steppes of Central Asia*, which, by the way, was originally intended for some *tableaux vivants*. Rimsky-Korsakof followed suit with his *Antar*, a thrilling story of an Arab chief in the sixth century, and there are three highly-coloured Eastern pictures in his *Czar Sultan* suite.

One remarkable piece of programme-music which requires special mention is a suite of piano-pieces by Mussorgsky entitled *Pictures from an Exhibition*. It was inspired by a visit to an *In memoriam* exhibition of pictures by his artist-friend, Hartmann. Not the least remarkable feature of the suite is the *Promenade* with which it opens, and which is also used as an interlude between the picture-pieces. It represents the changing moods of the composer himself, as he wanders from one exhibit to another of these Russian scenes and designs, which, in his turn, the musician has so marvellously translated into sound.

In England, William Wallace, Frederick Corder, Bantock and Elgar have been the chief leaders in programme-music. Bantock has written orchestral representations of Shelley's *The Witch of Atlas*, *Dante and Beatrice*, Browning's *Fifine at the Fair* and *The Pierrot of the Minute*. Next to the works of Berlioz and Strauss, the tone-poem of Elgar on *Falstaff* is the most intricate piece of programme-music ever written. In an elaborate and learned Preface to the score, the composer has set forth his aim in this *Study of the character of Falstaff*, in which, supported by the historical researches of Professor Dowden and Maurice Morgann, he seeks to reinstate Shakespeare's "fat rogue, brought forth from the back premises of the poet's imagination," in the Roll of Honour to which he rightly belongs. The musical interpretation of the character is practically in one movement with two interludes, and takes an hour in performance. The composer sets forth four divisions (which are not shown in the score):

I. *Falstaff and Prince Henry.*
II. *Eastcheap—Gadshill—The Boar's Head, revelry and sleep.*

MUSSORGSKY
*(After a portrait by Repin)*

III. *Falstaff's March—The return through Gloucestershire—The new King—The hurried ride to London.*

IV. *King Henry V.'s progress—The repudiation of Falstaff, and his death.*

Some lines quoted from the plays are occasionally placed under the themes to indicate the feeling to be conveyed by the music; but it is not intended that the meaning of the music, often varied and intensified, shall be narrowed to a corollary of these quotations only, and this simple presentation of the composer's ideas makes no attempt to describe the manifold combinations of the themes, the contrapuntal devices and other complexities of the score.

An apartment of the Prince's—"at Court. 'Enter Sir John Falstaff': we see him in a green old age, mellow, frank, gay, easy, corpulent, loose, unprincipled and luxurious."

The gargantuan, wide-compassed *fortissimo*, first given to the strings in three octaves, exhibits his boastfulness and colossal mendacity.

"*I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together.*"

The Prince is suggested in his most courtly and genial mood.

We see the coldness, the caution, the convention of his father's Court; Prince Henry escapes to Eastcheap and the teeming vitality of the London streets and the Tavern where Falstaff is monarch. There, among ostlers and carriers, drawers, merchants, pilgrims and loud robustious women, he at least has freedom and frolic.

The musical illustration of the Tavern would not be complete without the Hostess and Doll, if not the "dozen or fourteen honest gentlewomen," so a suggestion of the theme associated with this most virtuous company flits across the fabric to find its full expression later.

"*Shall we be merry? As merry as crickets. . . .*"

"*Fast asleep behind the arras; how hard he fetches breath. . . .*"

"*He was page to the Duke of Norfolk. . . .*"

"*I have founded nine-score-and-odd posts. . . .*"

Near Westminster Abbey, the new King is to pass with his train; Falstaff and all his company await his coming among the shouting populace—"There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds."

The climax comes when the King appears "*Glittering in golden coat . . . and gorgeous as the sun at midsummer*"; then with a rush of quavers, the Falstaff theme is given *fortissimo*, and the King halts. A brief parley ensues, but Falstaff is inexorably swept aside by the King's brazen words, and the last pitiful attempt at cajolery is rudely blasted by the furious fanfare.

"*How ill white hairs become a fool and jester. I banish thee on pain of death.*"

Immediately the royal march is resumed, and dies away; the King has looked on his ancient friend for the last time.

All this constitutes one of the most ambitious pieces of programme-music ever attempted. It stands or falls by the success with which the programme can be applied. There are no less than twenty-one *leit-motifs* given. Surely Elgar has reached the extreme limit here. The number far exceeds that used by Strauss in *Don Juan*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, etc.

If we are to judge merely by titles, we must admit that one of the most successful pieces of twentieth-century programme-music is the suite of *The Planets*, by Gustav Holst; but the method pursued by the composer justifies its inclusion in Impressionistic music rather than with Programme. There are seven numbers: *Mars, Bringer of War; Venus, Bringer of Peace; Mercury, the Winged Messenger; Jupiter, Bringer of Jollity; Saturn, Bringer of Old Age; Uranus the Magician;* and *Neptune the Mystic*. By virtue of its originality of conception, vitality of rhythm, fineness of colour, and genuine invention, this suite stands amongst the great orchestral masterpieces. An effect of surpassing loveliness is obtained at the close by the addition of a disappearing chorus of women's voices, merely vocalising on *Ah*. The earlier *Beni Mora* suite, though full of glowing Eastern colour, is not on the high level of the *Planets*. Holst is essentially an orchestral composer. He is of Swedish extraction on the father's side and English on the mother's. The Holst family migrated from Sweden to Russia early in the eighteenth century, and a member of the family, the great-grandfather of the composer, came to England about 1808. Holst studied composition under Stanford and began his professional career as a trombone-player in the Scottish Orchestra. He has occupied himself largely in teaching music

at various institutions, and at St. Paul's Girls' School, London, and Morley College. He has never ceased to compose, and we shall have occasion to refer to his *Hymn of Jesus*, the *Keats* choral symphony and other vocal works in a later chapter.

With the Americans, programme-music passed into more humorous channels, and the engineer-musician, Alden Carpenter, amuses himself with *Adventures in a Perambulator*; and Percy Grainger plays with strong suggestions of the noises, sights and even smells of *Bumbletown Station*. Grainger, after leaving Australia and before settling in America, did some excellent folk-tune work in England, the results of which are well exemplified in his clog-dance, *Handel in the Strand*, his *Mock-Morris*, *Molly on the Shore*, and other pieces for unusual combinations. His taste for folk-music was derived from Grieg, with whom he formed a close friendship during the master's later years. It was not from Grieg, however, that Grainger caught his very homely way of calling chamber-music *Room-music*, and of using golf and other sporting terms in place of the usual Italian directions.

In the 'eighties Stanislaus Elliott published a *Bicycle* sonata. The French composer, Poulenc, has recently produced a piano-suite entitled *Promenades* and has covered the map with true French acquisition, with various movements entitled *On foot*, *In the taxi*, *On horseback*, *On the boat*, *In the aeroplane*, *In the motor 'bus*, *In the carriage*, *In the train*, *On the bicycle* and *In the diligence*. Honegger has given us a symphonic piece inspired by *Pacific No.* 231, one of the newest type of long-distance American locomotives. And as Poulenc has followed his *Promenades* by another piano-suite called *Mouvements Perpetuels*, we may well ask if anything else is left for the composer of programme-music.

Of all the more subjective kinds of programme-music, Liszt was the real father. Berlioz had too much of the realist in him to be the inspirer of either the Germans or the Russians. It was not until the coming of Richard Strauss and his conversion to programme-music by Alexander Ritter, a son-in-law of Wagner, that music took up the Realistic legacy left by Berlioz, and so turned again in a new direction.

# CHAPTER X

## REALISM

Mussorgsky's life began in the midst of Russian country scenes and the simple vigorous life of the peasants whom he came to love so dearly later on. The small manor-farm of Minsk at which he was born, was in the Pskof government, about four hundred miles from Petersburg. His childhood impressions were deep and lasting, especially those made upon him by Nanie, his nurse, with her endless store of old Russian tales and sayings. These impressions he recorded thirty years later in an almost miraculous way, in his set of songs, *In the Nursery*, one of the greatest wonders of music. It is indeed a complete demonstration of the pictorial and mimetic power of sound. Many a song in his operas confirms the deep impressions made upon him by the singing of his old nurse.

He began early to improvise on the piano. At the age of seven, he played some of Liszt's lighter compositions, and at nine, he performed a Field concerto in public. His father, when he took Mussorgsky to Petersburg to study for the army, arranged that the boy's musical studies should be continued. When he was at the cadet school, the young man used to visit Father Krupsky, a priest who gave him a thorough knowledge of church-music, both Greek and Roman, and read history with him very assiduously. In due time, Mussorgsky entered a noted regiment and became a favourite at musical and other social parties. But it was not until he met Borodin and Dargomisky that he realised his true vocation. These two musicians were then working at the foundations of the new Russian music. Dargomisky stood for truth in art. "I wish the sound," he said, "always to express the word in the most direct way"; and it was his *Russalka*, rather than his *Statue Guest*, which was the foundation-stone of the new school.

At Dargomisky's house, Mussorgsky met Cui, who later on introduced him to Balakiref, a man shortly to become the leader of the famous group of "The Five." Balakiref and Mussorgsky played piano-duets together, and the latter composed a few slight pieces. He revealed some talent as a humorous actor in some of Krilof's and Gogol's plays. Finally, when Mussorgsky received orders to transfer to the garrison at Tsarkaia, he so disliked the idea of breaking his friendly ties that he resigned his military career and determined to devote himself entirely to music. On this subject, he held the most original ideas. None is so keen as the new convert, and Mussorgsky was the only one of "The Five" who carried their tenets to their ultimate conclusion. Indeed, he never really had any feature in common with them, and was in fact allied to Dargomisky. He had already shown a strong dislike to the German "musical mathematics," as he called the "development sections" of sonatas and symphonies. He now divided his life equally between his musical friends in the city and his own people in the country. He wrote some songs and piano-pieces; but as he studied the lives of the peasants, it gradually dawned on him that his true mission lay with them. He loved to write to his town-friends describing the village characters. When setting his song *The Beggar*, he wrote to them: "And any beggar can sing my music; so real it seems to me." He looked on the *mujik* as the *nastoiarshchy chelovek*, the "true man undefiled," and regarded it as a duty to make him known to the world.

In order to do so he became convinced that a more natural style of music was necessary. He even believed that the style acquired through lessons was injurious to his purpose, and immediately tried to forget the few lessons he had received. He was right. Any artistic cultivation of style could only be an obstacle to the absolute realism and truth which he sought. For him, music must be a faithful reflection of life, without variation, without expansion, and without embellishment. Having no acquired formulas and no precise habits of thought, the composer had each time to create for himself, not only his own forms, but the entire process for both the conception and exposition of his ideas.

He began by writing songs, *Night*, *Kallistrate*, *Peasant's Cradle Song*, reproducing life as he actually saw and felt it. He returned to the city and lived with a group of friends in a flat for some years, but failing health again drove him into the country, this time to Minkino, where he composed the *Village Idiot's Love Song* (*O my Savishna*). He usually composed at the piano, but this song was begun away from the instrument, out of doors. He then conceived the original idea of setting Gogol's *Marriage Broker*, word for word, as it stood.

When writing this little opera, a friend, surprised at its unusual power, suggested that the composer should set *Boris Godunof* as an opera. Mussorgsky was so struck by the idea that he immediately stopped the *Marriage Broker* and began working so furiously on the new subject that in a month he had finished the first act, and a year later the whole opera was complete. He orchestrated it in the following winter, and immediately began arranging for a performance at Petersburg. The first version was much shorter than the present form, in which he incorporated some of the principal scenes from Pushkin's play just as they stood. He modified other scenes, but wrote the greater part of the libretto himself. In the first version, the feminine element hardly played any part at all; but he had to give in later on this point. Finally he decided to conclude the opera not with Boris's death, but with the People's Revolt and the poor idiot's song. Rimsky took it upon himself to change the order of the scenes, but the recent publication of Mussorgsky's first authentic score has shown the rightness of ending with the poor idiot bewailing Russia's sad lot. *Boris Godunof* remains one of the greatest masterpieces of opera. And this not so much by its knowledge of the stage as by its originality, directness, truth and stark power. His method of dealing with masses of people was also remarkable. When we hear the shouts of the people in the Coronation scene, all the glories of the Russian throne rise before our eyes. When we feel the terrible anguish of Boris's remorse and madness, our thoughts go immediately to another genius equally tragic—Shakespeare.

The work which Mussorgsky effected for the opera was no less great than that done by Wagner. For a time his full message was hidden by the schoolmasterly revision of his friend and

monitor, Rimsky-Korsakof; and it is only fair to say that no composer was so ready to give way to the advice of others as Mussorgsky. But this revision of *Boris* by Rimsky-Korsakof after the composer's death goes too deep and too far. This is an opera, which is like no opera, such as Rimsky-Korsakof or Wagner even conceived. It was destined to turn this musical stage-form in an entirely new direction. By going simply through these scenes, one after another, gloomy and gay, the Courtyard of the Novodievitch Monastery, the Chorus of the Wandering Pilgrims, the Coronation of Boris, Pimen's Cell, the Inn on the Lithuanian Frontier, the Song of the Hostess of the Inn, Varlaam's Song, a Royal Apartment in the Kremlin, the Song of the Gnat, the Clapping Game, Monologue of Boris, the Song of the Cockatoo, the Scene of the Bells, Marina Mnishek's Boudoir with its Chorus of Maidens, the Castle of the Mnisheks at Sandomir, the Garden Scene, the Great Reception Room in the Kremlin, the Death of Boris and the idiot in the forest-clearing near Kromy, we get a whole impression of the Russian people. It is the first and greatest of all "folk-operas." For all this kaleidoscope of scenes, the press of events is inexorable. The feeling of foreboding, felt soon after the rise of the curtain, attains a certain concision in Varlaam's song, and the inflammable genius of the Revolution scene has the right feeling of staying power, even without the art of a Chaliapin or a Norman Allin to impersonate Boris. It is curious to find that so expert a critic as Dr. Weissmann of Berlin, in his *Die Musik in der Weltkrise*, supports Rimsky-Korsakof's sweeping alterations of Mussorgsky's score of *Boris*, that he should think that they were necessary to the orchestration, and that Rimsky-Korsakof thus made Mussorgsky "free to the world." Dr. Weissmann can hardly have known the original score of the opera. Rimsky-Korsakof may indeed have secured numberless immediate performances of Mussorgsky, but it was altogether a false portrait of the composer which he so presented. Rimsky's edition of *Boris* reads very much like one of Rimsky's own operas. It is all the greater marvel that Mussorgsky's genius still shines through such a perversion of his aims. The world has yet to hear the original *Boris*, and when it does, it will hear it with amazement.

Dr. Weissmann has drawn a parallel between Mussorgsky and the rugged power of some of the movements in Beethoven's last quartets, and there is indeed some resemblance. It is certain that Wagner is not on the road taken by Mussorgsky, who, now known only for a quarter of a century, may in time rise even to greater stature, through the basis of his art on truth and on the real life of the people.

And as it is with his operas, so is it with his songs. They are "types" of people and not merely characters. This we see in the healthy vim of the *Hopak*, the harsh battlefield realism of *Left Behind*, the fine irony of *The Goat*, the pungent satire of *The Song of the Flea*, the gentle pessimism of *The Star*, the stammering love-making of *The Village Idiot* and the caressing yet sinister wooing in the *Trépak* and *Death the Serenader*. One can only compare these musical "human documents" with the greatest characters drawn by the masters of Russian fiction. In all these, Mussorgsky follows Dargomisky's diction that "the sound must express the word," and thus he secures the most direct realism in his translation of physical things into music. These songs require an actor as well as a singer, and it is the genius of Vladimir Rosing which has made them so widely known and popular in Europe and America.

All this art is the best kind of Realism. It is a realism which, without seeking beauty, often achieves it. With Puccini we experience another kind, one which leads directly to the graphic art of the cinema; and with Strauss we meet yet another, one which is highly debatable, both from the standpoint of suitability and from that of general æsthetics.

Richard Strauss derives artistically from Berlioz and Liszt, not from Wagner. Although he went through no academy course he received a careful education, and was trained as a pianist as well as a violinist. His father was a horn-player in the Munich orchestra. Appointed assistant-conductor under Bülow at Meiningen at the age of twenty-one, there young Richard met a relative of Wagner's, Alexander Ritter, who turned Strauss's mind towards the ideals of the "Music of the Future," and to romantic "Programme-music"; for, until then, Strauss had been composing "Absolute music" on the lines

of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Being a fine conductor, with a quiet, curiously magnetic personality, Strauss has occupied successively many important posts as Kapellmeister and Director, at Munich, then at Berlin, and finally at Vienna where, until 1924, he was Musical Director of the world-famous Opera-House.[1]

There is in Strauss, one of the most natural and fertile composers who have ever lived, more of the virtuosity of actual composition than in any other composer. He has indeed raised "thematic development" to its highest virtuosity, and his command over all the technical sides of composition is only equalled by his amazing handling of the orchestra. Naturally he has passed through many phases and styles, and this more rapidly than any other composer. He even underwent a short period of Wagnerian influence, notably in his first opera, *Guntram*. Again, some of his songs in the Schubert and Schumann vein are real gems of romantic art. His chief works, however, lie along the line of the orchestral tone-poem of Berlioz and Liszt. He began with the romantic *Don Juan* and the neo-romantic *Death and Transfiguration*. He proceeded through the witty and sprightly *Till Eulenspiegel*, the quasi-philosophy of *Thus spake Zarathustra*, to the rollicking *Don Quixote*, and the rather spiteful and arrogant autobiography of *A Hero's Life*, and so finally to the flamboyant intimacies of the *Domestic Symphony* and the cinematograph-like views of the *Alpine Symphony*. In opera, he went by the way of the Wagnerised *Guntram* and *Feuersnot*, the "orchestral operas" *Salome* and *Elektra* (both strongly marked with realism), through the superficial ballet of the *Joseph Legend*, the highly successful musical-comedy, *The Rose-Cavalier*, the fairy-opera, *The Woman without a Shadow*, to the fine musical parody, *Ariadne*, which is in the classical style and is probably his best work.

Strauss has so little eroticism in his nature that his love-music tends to become provincial and bourgeois in sentiment. He has never equalled the love-making in his first tone-poem, *Don Juan*. The lovely clarinet and oboe melodies and the sweeping waltz-tune in this stormy rhapsody are among his best creations. In his second tone-poem, *Death and Transfigura-*

[1] And again in 1927, co-director.

*tion*, the melodies still hold to the music of the past. Especially do we feel in the diatonic finale the influence of Bruckner, which, although approached in a masterly manner, grows a little stale before the end. Already we get a touch of horror in the frightful sarabande of ghastly memories which float through the brain of the dying man; but the lovely melody transferred from the opera *Guntram*, and the grandeur of the chorale at the close, preserve the balance of the work, and the abstract nature of its programme has a steadying effect on its musical architecture.

Strauss is no philosopher, and in *Thus spake Zarathustra*, he is obviously tackling a theme which is too much for him. Elgar has been more successful here, as Strauss himself recognised in *Gerontius*. Strauss, irrevocably tied to the merely external and objective sides of art, adopts for Nietzsche's work a purely impressionistic treatment. In *Don Quixote*, a set of fantastic variations, mixed with some curious realisms, we have some new things. The saucy pranks of Sancho Panza, the bragging of the knight, the chuckles and mock-ironic laughter (timidly hinted at in the last quartets of Beethoven) are all well assembled and held together by the exhilarating spirit of fun which pervades the work.

In *A Hero's Life*, Strauss's unconquerable egotism breaks out. The work partakes of the nature of musical autobiography, for he identifies himself unmistakably with the hero. He continues the same autobiographical vein in the *Domestic Symphony* and in the little operetta *Intermezzo*. In *A Hero's Life* he attacks his critics in an unprecedented display of dissonantism—"organised noise" it has been called—symbolising the scribes by a braying as of asses. The contrast of this cacophonous "Adversaries" section and other realistic parts, with the gentle lyricism of the violin themes makes the work unique in all music. The piece is really "repressed drama" and points to the close of the ten-year period of tone-poems, and the approaching turn to the opera-form abandoned since his early essays in *Guntram* and *Feuersnot*. Domesticity is the subject of his next orchestral work, the *Domestic Symphony*. The melody in places is very ordinary, and Mendelssohn of all people (never very far away from Strauss's lyricism) is recalled

in the Sleep portion (cf. *Venetianisches Gondellied* in the *Songs without Words*).

To the skill of Berlioz, the thematic development of Liszt and the development of Wagner's *leit-motif*, Strauss adds a sensuous character and an extraordinary talent all his own. His paradoxical standpoint can only be described as that of a Romantic-Realist. His soul is neither large nor complete; it lacks ideality and therefore cannot touch the sublime. Essentials do not interest him. He can never give us ideal love, for he is always occupied only with externals. An insatiable appetite for new effects never allows him to probe below the surface. He can be grandiose, but he never gets within sight of Wagner's mystic majesty. Ugliness and beauty alike are sought, but no real exploration is made, no solution is found. The professed psychological profundity of *Death and Transfiguration* and of *Zarathustra* is only a colossal and impudent imposture, for he does not trace the inner life. He only paints pictures, always with the liveliest colours and the strongest outlines. This orientation towards externals which Strauss (and Berlioz) inaugurated is a real danger to art, which should always aim at rising to universal values. His very virtuosity is a snare to him. His procedures are too methodical and precise; and he follows too easily the formulas of the last century's German music, founded on the "common chord." He has, indeed, exhausted the spring, and falls more often than any other composer (except Handel) into reminiscence and plagiarism, and the empty grandiloquence of such things as the *Festival Prelude*, the ballet, *The Joseph Legend*, and the poverty-stricken *Schlagobers* (*Whipped Cream*).

Although for subjects his romantic feelings lead him towards the ordinary and the humdrum as well as the unusual, sub-human and superhuman, he is not so thoroughgoing a Romanticist as either Berlioz or Liszt in letting the subject absolutely dictate the form. He has the constructional sense of a Classicist; and his works hang together quite well as pure Absolute music. He himself has never been eager to divulge the details of his programme, and when imparted to friends in piecemeal fashion, his "programme" is neither very clear, consecutive, nor logical. Yet he is not Classical enough to do

altogether without such stimuli to creative activity. The other great composers stood by Nature; Strauss stands by civilisation—the restless, mechanical and commercial civilisation of the opening twentieth century. It is significant too that he is an able conductor and director, and moreover a good businessman, probably the richest man in the Austria of to-day. This duality of art and business doubtless accounts for the astounding mixture of heterogeneous elements in his music.

Clarity and effect are his great aims. His absolutely sure touch in orchestration often makes a conductor seem superfluous, especially one who cannot refrain from interference with the tonal balances. He himself is the quietest of all conductors; and, when he holds the baton, it seems as though the music flows by itself, like some wonderful piece of engineering. And yet his mastery over melody, harmony and rhythm places his music amongst the most eloquent ever written. The quality of his lyricism is not fine, and those who mix "Richard the Great" with "Johann the Waltz-King" of *Blue Danube* fame, are sometimes not far from the mark. Strauss's great assets, the features in which he is most original, are his rapid *tempo*, his splendid *scherzando* style, his wood-wind gambollings, and the amazing impudence of such things as the polka in *Till Eulenspiegel*. This mixture of fun, satire and high spirits is Strauss's true bent. His musical themes, never very distinguished, and always quite simple, are in the strongest contrast to their elaborate scoring. Indeed he has never devoted sufficient trouble to his basic material. The *Alpine Symphony*, brilliant as it is, is a veritable "whispering gallery" of all his past works; and his growing habit of actual "quotation" from his own works is a further confession of this weakness. His polyphony too is only of two kinds; either a simple duet between two long lyrical curves, holding conversation, as it were, with one another; or a mass of themes brought together quite oblivious of cacophony, as in the Works of Peace in *A Hero's Life*. Just as it is his firm hold on form, construction and development which holds his somewhat incongruous material together, so it is his brilliant orchestration alone which "brings off" his unusually daring and audacious polyphony. It is this poverty in the invention of themes, more than anything else,

which will shorten the life of many of his works. Already it would appear that some have difficulty in retaining their places in the orchestral repertory.

One cannot in any way compare Strauss's use of realism with the occasional joke or little convention observed in the cock's crow in the early writers of the *Passions*, nor with the realism of the storm and the joke against the tipsy bassoonist in Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony, and the "hee-haw" in Mendelssohn's delightful *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture. It is Strauss's wonderful virtuosity in orchestration which has placed this dangerous weapon in his hands. And it would indeed appear that for the exhibitions of such uncanny skill as Strauss gives us so frequently—the waterfall in the *Alpine Symphony*, the donkey's braying and the baa-ing of sheep in *Don Quixote*, the adversaries' section in *A Hero's Life*, the baby's squealing in the bath of the *Domestic Symphony*, the death-rattle in Till's throat given on the "military drum," the knotted whips in *Elektra*, and the swish of the blade severing the head in *Salome*—the music-loving public have no taste at all.

During the first quarter of the twentieth century, until his death in 1924, Giacomo PUCCINI was the most widely-renowned of all living operatic composers. Unlike many other composers, he had to work his way upwards from the humblest beginnings, without personal influence of any kind. He was born of a musical family. Indeed, he had an unbroken musical ancestry of a century and a half. His great-great-grandfather was a choirmaster and organist of the church at Lucca. His grandfather composed three operas; and his father some cathedral music. It was a trip to Pisa which turned Giacomo's mind to opera. There he heard a performance of Verdi's *Aïda*; and after that there was no turning back for him. He must go to the "Mecca of music"—Milan. He was fortunately granted a small stipendium by the Queen, for one year's training at Milan Conservatoire. Alas! he failed to pass the entrance examination. But the next year he succeeded with flying colours. At Milan he studied hard for four years and lived a very penurious life. He borrowed all the vocal scores he could

obtain, and played through them on the piano daily until five, when he had his chief meal—"soup, cheese, and half a litre of wine." Then he used to wander in the Galleria and amuse himself by watching other people eat, and by listening to the restaurant bands.

He sent in a one-act opera, *Le Villi*, for the competition organized by the Sonzogno publishing firm. The legendary subject was an unusual one for a Southern composer. "Villi" are the spirits of affianced damsels whose lovers have proved untrue. They wait and watch at midnight to beguile the faithless ones into their magic circle, where they dance them to death. Puccini's work did not even receive mention. Again he believed in himself rather than in his judges; and he did not rest until he had the opera accepted for the Dal Verme theatre. It was such an instant success that the rival publisher, Ricordi, bought it at once, and it was produced at La Scala. Yet his next opera, *Edgar*, was a total failure, and he continued to live and sleep with three friends in a top room for which they paid five shillings a week between them. His diary tells of a herring which had to serve as a supper for four. His experiences were truly Bohemian, and served him well for his opera, *La Bohème*. His landlord, and even the "herring," figure in that opera.

*La Bohème* was at once recognised as a masterpiece on its first production in 1896. The music begins in an atmosphere of comedy and humour, passes through the whole gamut of the emotions, and ends by drawing a veil of wistful sadness across the face of tragedy. An unbroken flow of melody sweeps through the whole work. The composer's feet were now firmly planted on the ladder of success. *Tosca* was composed. It is a painful story of love, torture and tragedy, a dream of the mediæval abuse of power, brimful of vivid contrasts, of Tosca's tender love and Cavaradossi's kindness and suffering, of Scarpia's fierce cruelty and lust. But it is raised above melodramatic sordidness by the fire of Puccini's inspiration, by its stirring dramatic strokes, and by the wonderful melodies which flow from the lips of his singers as naturally as a bird sings.

Most people put his next opera, *Madame Butterfly*, at the head of his successes. The only work which disputes the pinnacle

with it, is the more recent one-act comedy, *Gianni Schicchi*. In *Butterfly*, the composer chose a story splendidly fitted to the stage, and he made of his heroine a genuine psychological presentment. The Japanese atmosphere is perfectly secured, and the lyricism of the whole work reaches a high standard.

*The Girl of the Golden West*, a realistic tale of Californian mining life, drew vast crowds to its first performances in New York, yet it failed to hold the stage afterwards. Speed, noise, melodrama, and a certain strain of vulgarism in the music itself, are its outstanding features. Puccini stated that he had composed "music that reflects the spirit of the American people"; but the Americans have thought otherwise, and have given their love back to *Butterfly*, *Tosca*, *La Bohème* and *Schicchi*. This last-named is the third of a "triptych" of one-act operas—the first being *The Cloak* (*Il Tabarro*), a gruesome story of the Grand-Guignol type, an effective study in realism; and the second *Sister Angelica*, a piece of sugary sentiment (with no male characters) evidently used to ensure a great contrast with the other two. In *Gianni Schicchi*, a farcical comedy based on an allusion in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Puccini has caught some of the spirit of Verdi's *Falstaff* and has thereby produced one of the finest little operas ever written.

When Puccini died he left an opera, *Turandot*, nearly finished. This was completed by his friend Franco Alfano. He drew his subject from the theatrical fables of Carlo Gozzi, the well-known eighteenth-century Venetian playwright, the rival of Goldoni. At first the composer attempted to follow some new path; for he was always aware of the folly of trying to repeat the same kind of success. This time he wanted to enter a realm right away from reality; but later on he was forced to abandon that idea, and to ask his librettists to "humanise" the story, so as to suit it again for a realistic treatment. Puccini will remain one of the greatest of all realists in music. It is significant that we see him endeavouring to follow another path in *Turandot*, and Strauss also turning away from realism in his lovely classical opera, *Ariadne*, though this is no assurance that he will resist the temptation in his new one, *Helen of Egypt*.

Meanwhile, it has remained for others to turn this side of

music into the channel for which it is pre-eminently fitted. Both of the other chief Italian realists, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, have composed music especially for the films; and the realism of the operas *Iris*, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, which some find so tawdry, seems to fall naturally into place at the cinema in the music which Mascagni wrote for *Rapsodia Satanica*, a scenario written by Alfa to verses by Fausto Martini.[1] Not that one would rank the art of the cinema on a plane below the other dramatic arts. The music specially composed for the famous film *Ben Hur* suggests an altogether new field for composers, a field which cannot be possessed by such makeshifts (excellent as they are in themselves) as the mixture of old English music with Tchaikovsky which Goossens arranged for *The Fire of London*, or the "scissors and paste" method of the *Rose-Cavalier* which Strauss made for film use in 1926, or the patchwork arrangement of Landon Ronald for the London film of *Faust* in 1927. Much less can the field be taken by the extemporisation, however clever, of an organist seated in front of a console which looks like an immense typewriter, with stops to draw for electric bells, a train-smash, a man falling downstairs, a kiss, and what not, and tremulants *permanently applied to the whole organ*—which is an actual fact.

Realism in Music is really of three different orders. There is the realism of the spirit, the uncompromising aim at the highest truth, as with Mussorgsky; that of being realistic in effect, as with Puccini, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo, and in part with Eugen d'Albert and Charpentier in their operas; and finally there is the use of the thing itself. The latter method falls into two sub-divisions. First there is the actual reproduction of musical sounds. Some of the songs of the birds can be reproduced with the greatest ease. The flute can give in musical notes, not only the age of the cuckoo, but even the sex of the bird. Bell-tones can be analysed by a keen ear and be reproduced with perfect realism. After all, this is merely a kind of musical chemistry. The other process is the reproduction of noises, which is merely another way of carrying

[1] In France, Honneger has written special music for the film *Roue*, P. Admirault for *La Brière*, Florent Schmitt for *Salammbô*, and Rabaud for the *Miracle des Loups* and (in 1927) for *Le Joueur d'Échecs*.

*Herin Leiser, Berlin.*

RICHARD STRAUSS

Programme-music and Realism to a *reductio ad absurdum*. It has been done nevertheless by the party of Florentine *bruiteurs*, Marinetti, Pratella and company, who have given concerts of symphonies, etc., in which actual mill-hooters, blowers, tram-bells, taxi-horns and every conceivable aural street nuisance were reproduced by various "noise-machines" to illustrate the dawn, the full blaze and the dying of a day's commercial civilisation (!) in a busy city. Even such realism carries an edifying moral; but the society of *bruiteurs* found considerable difficulty in inducing their audiences to hear them out patiently, for such a disagreeable tonic was not to be swallowed without a good deal of protesting.

To sum up our chapter briefly, there is no lack of evidence all around to show that Realism in art, apart from the lonely furrow ploughed by Mussorgsky, has now come to the end of the passage.

# CHAPTER XI

## NATIONALITY IN MUSIC

NATIONALISM in art is a necessary and a beneficial phase. In music it arises from three main causes. First and foremost, it is a reaction against the persistence of an international language and idiom which has become worn, conventionalised and of little further use to the composer. The universal law of evolution in art would still appear to be the Eastern philosophy of God the Creator, the Destroyer, the Preserver. When an art is born it must have a sort of generalised and international language. The national phase is a stage of disintegration, a stage on the road to the preservation of the rights of the individual in art.

The second cause, the political one, is far less valuable to art, though we cannot deny that it has produced some of the finest tunes in the world, such as the *Men of Harlech*, *Fairest Isle*, the *Marseillaise*, the *Emperor's Hymn*, etc. Coupled with this ideal is the desire to throw off a foreign domination in music itself, a desire engendered by a proper feeling of resentment at having a foreign idiom thrust upon the nation or, worse still, allowing it to penetrate peacefully for political or commercial reasons, or for no apparent reason at all. Famous as the early English music was at the period of emergence from the Dark Ages, humanising and penetrating as the art of the Italian Renaissance was, none was so world-penetrating and world-dominating as the music of the nineteenth-century Romantic movement, which was almost entirely German in its origin and in its chief masters. It was in the Romantic movement that Germany had her national innings; and what a glorious innings too! After that, it was only natural that composers should have become a little tired of the eternal gush about the spring, its flowers and its lovers, its delights

and its messages, the heart and its heavinesses, and all the other stops of the *Vox Humana* type, which the Romanticist was so fond of drawing, directly he sat down to the keyboard.

Never was European music so nationalised as it was under the spell of the German Romanticists. The great flood of romantic music carried all before it. Haydn who had popularised the Croatian idiom, Chopin who had sounded the Polish note, were forgotten; and French and English composers actually thought they were being musical by being "German." At that time too, Germany, which was fast becoming the second leading commercial nation, held the world's monopoly in music-printing. With the English there was no question of assimilating what was needful to them; they were entirely dominated by the alien music. To be musical in the nineteenth century meant to be German and to be German meant to be musical. Resentment and opposition to this state of things was bound to come. And so, rather than endure a feeble copying of the great personalities of the German romantic music, people in almost every nation simultaneously embraced the idea of a national entity; and the most obvious way was through the folk-music. Opera in the native tongue, as a step towards national opera, was another means. (The best solution is a combination of national and international operas in the same scheme.) There were other and perhaps better ways, but not so obvious—folk-lore, national musical idioms and tradition, literature, scenery, and finally that complete individuality which is bound to reflect its own nationality.

Liszt was the only non-German of the great Romantic group, and he it was who perceived quite clearly the coming of the new music and played his part in encouraging it. His own use of the Hungarian folk-music was only a small part of his work for nationalism, although he wrote a fairly large treatise on the music of the Hungarian gypsies. He fathered more than one national musical renaissance; and what a noble father he was! He could build without destroying, for his championship of the "drama of the future" was all-important to that self-centred and imperious son-in-law of his. He encouraged the Russian "Five," wrote an introduction to John Field's music, adored Chopin, helped young Reubke (who

might well have surpassed his master with tone-poems had he lived longer), corresponded with Spanish Fathers of the Church; and what did he not do? For twenty years, he was the very pivot on which European music turned. Not always very discriminating, perhaps; but he loved the young, and even outran them in fire and enthusiasm for the new national spirit which was rising like corn all over musical Europe.

The third cause for these recurrent waves of nationalism is the equally recurrent rise of the antiquarian and scientific spirit which wishes to know more about the best of past ages and to preserve its treasures for present and future use. The world would be infinitely poorer without many of its finest folk-tunes. And this cause connects itself naturally with the deepest reason of all; and that is the fact that in the artificial stage which an art-phase reaches, after it has been tapped by the greatest masters and is growing a little stale and trite, and in consequence tends to become more and more complex, man feels the need for some refreshment and revitalisation, for a continual return to the pure sources of native emotion and unsophisticated art, the primitive root-springs of the race.

It will be readily seen that there are two connotations of the term "national" in music, one general, the other precise. And it would appear that the Carnegie Trust propose to take composers along the precise road without saying precisely where the road lies. Mr. Newman is on safer ground when he says that we cannot use the term "national" within our own borders and about ourselves; we can only use it when speaking in general terms of the music of another nation—as a whole. There are some countries so small or so thinly populated that one strong individuality (like Sibelius) may express them in national terms; but it would not be reasonable to expect this in the case of a nation of any considerable size or importance.

An Englishman will find his nourishment wherever he can best get what he wants; not only abroad, but chiefly at home, in English literature, English scenery and English culture. A Frenchman will best catch his own accent from the poetry and scenery of his native land. This will not prevent him from becoming both national and universal. Bach's was a true German culture, yet he did not hesitate to draw sustenance

from a French source (Couperin), nor from Italian sources (Frescobaldi, Vivaldi and others).

Nationalism manifests itself in music in two different ways, the first unconsciously, through the medium of a strong personality with a deep love of the fatherland, such as Chopin or Grieg. The flavour of a common political or social aspiration naturally leads them to think in terms of their own tongue; for music, being expression, is based on the same psychological grounds as language.

The second way is a more conscious one, and is based on a definite mode of procedure. It starts at the bottom avowedly, with the cult and use of folk-song and folk-lore. The followers of this second method divide into two classes. First there are those who take the actual folk-songs and incorporate them into the art-work bodily; they are woven into the fabric of the work, of which they form the chief material. This is adaptation rather than invention and tends to produce a national type rather than an individual one. Then there are the others who say that the best thing is to leave a beautiful folk-tune alone in its native simplicity, and to imbibe as much of its spirit as possible, and reproduce this in the art-works, of whatever type they may be. This of course leads ultimately to the test of personality and individuality alone.

Chopin is the most striking example of the elevation of the folk-soul towards humanity; yet his aim was more conscious than is often supposed. He used to discuss frequently the creation of art with the great Polish poet, Mickiewicz, who had also emigrated to Paris. The poet would tell him that "there are in the scattered fragments of folk-music, the fruitful seeds of great art-works. Just as these scraps of tune form a real inspiration to the prosaic people who invented them, so their collection under musical inspiration will represent the soul of a nation." But we have dealt with Chopin in our chapter on the Romanticists. Let us discuss a different case—the conscious formation of a national school. The first great wave of national feeling in music broke out in Russia.

One would have thought that comparatively small and unmixed nations (like those of Norway and Finland) could be much more easily national and typically representative

in art than greater and more mixed peoples, and that Russia, the mighty empire spreading itself vastly out over two continents, with its numberless races, immense cities, mighty rivers and innumerable settlements over its boundless steppes and prairies, would have been the least able of all to imprint a stamp of its nationality on its art. Yet this was not the case; and when one speaks of "nationality in music" one's thoughts instantly fly to that mighty nation which stands midway between the Eastern and Western continents, partaking of the virtues and vices of each. That Russia should lead the van of the great nationalist uprisings everywhere, which sprang out of the Romantic movement in all the arts, is easily accounted for. At least three national characteristics permeate its mighty country, from the Baltic seas to the Caucasian mountains, from the Ural slopes to the bleak Kirghiz wastes—its wonderful gift of imagination, its love of the soil and the folk-lore it engenders, and its exotic Eastern outlook. To the first two qualities we owe the begetting and the preserving of that great body of folk-lore stories of the river gods (*vodyani*), wood-sprites (*lesi*), water-fairies (*russalki*), humanised animals, the miraculous hens, terrible witches (*Baba Yaga* and the rest), midnight dances and other fearsome rites. The peasants' love of music brought forth a rich supply of songs, sung and danced to guslee and balalaika on all occasions (national, regional and homely), by which they could transmute the misery of the present into the dreams of the glorious past. Small wonder that they have the finest body of folk-music in the world! Standing midway between East and West, ethnological and geographical influences thread their music with strands of every hue. In the North, the songs have a long-suffering melancholy; in the far East, the melodies are joyous and tender with the languor of the hot sun.

Glinka, who had a few lessons from John Field, was the father of modern Russian music. In his first opera, *A Life for the Tsar*, he used a great national subject. In his second, *Russlan and Ludmila*, he is still more national. There the long shadows of his ancestors loom over his music; he calls up their phantoms and listens to their mysterious colloquies.

In the former opera we already find the simple, direct,

economic style of Mussorgsky; in the latter we hear the exotic Eastern scales which have counted for so much ever since that time. Glinka's boldness as a path-finder has been undeservedly minimised in most works on Russian music, but contact with his works reveals much that is distinctly prophetic of the new paths. The following passage from *Russlan and Ludmila*, with its insistence on the interval of the second, foreshadows the music of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunof* with its suggestion of heavy bells:

just as much as the oriental *Lezginska* (Caucasian) dance-tunes are the forerunners of many similar ones in later Russian operas:

His introduction and treatment of the oriental element in this opera was nothing less than a stroke of genius. It was the impression of rightness which it gave that produced the Orientalism, now such a predominant feature of the whole of the Russian School.

In his *Kamarinskaya* and the two rhapsodies on Spanish themes, Glinka sets the model for a form founded on national tunes which was destined to be widely adopted as a form of tone-poem. *Kamarinskaya* is a true tone-poem written over a few wedding-songs and dance-tunes repeated in all sorts of harmonic colourings. Its equivalent is the Russian folk-lore picture-book.

It is a curious fact that Glinka was also the first to have the idea of reproducing the sounds, rhythm, colour and melodic turns of the soil of Spain. His *Summer Night in Madrid* and *Jota Aragonesa* not only supply excellent examples of how this should be done, but also raise many points of nationality, a matter which is by no means so simple as it looks. For instance, the Irish musician, John Field, was the teacher of Glinka. The great Russian poet, Lermontof, was descended from the Scottish Learmonts. Mickiewicz, the poet of Poland, was a Lithuanian. Grieg's grandfather hailed from Aberdeen and changed the spelling of his name from Greig to suit Norwegian pronunciation. The three most English of composers rejoice in the very un-English names of Parry, Vaughan Williams and Gustav von Holst.

Glinka's pupil, Dargomisky, who had helped in the first production of *A Life for the Tsar*, took the next step forward, following closely in the direction pointed out by Glinka. He began with a clearer course and a more conscious method of procedure. "I aim at truth"; and his opera, *The Statue Guest* (based on Pushkin's treatment of the story of Don Juan), served as the model for the whole school. It is indeed an astonishing score—the forerunner of that musical realism to which we owe the great masterpieces of Mussorgsky's, *Boris* and *The Khovanskys*. Everything is well co-ordinated, the smallest shades of feeling are expressed with an exquisite delicacy and the words preserve their natural flow in an astonishing way. It is a veritable juxta-linear translation of Pushkin's poem into music. Even the harmony is of a daring kind. The Russian genius presents himself in modern style.

And this brings us to the famous group of "The Five," who went under various friendly or spiteful nicknames of the

*Kutchta*, the *Mighty Atom*, the *Invincible Band*—Balakiref, Borodin, Mussorgsky, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakof.

Mily Balakiref, the leader of the group, was born in the very year that saw the first production of Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*. His musical baggage is very small but exceedingly valuable. In *Thamar* he spreads before our eyes all the glowing colours of the East and the music is full of a strange exotic perfume. César Cui's music, on the other hand, is of little value, but he served the group well and faithfully as pamphleteer.

With Borodin we are in the East again. He is the most reserved and the most delicate of the group, and composed only a few fragments; but what mighty fragments they were! In his opera, *Prince Igor*, all the shouting hordes of the Tartars are upon us. A rude lusty chivalry, a barbaric zest and a childlike laughter shakes this virile music. The B-minor symphony is full of strong drawing, rich colours, and stark Russian folk-song. In the tone-poem, *On the Steppes of Central Asia*, we are amongst the boundless plains. In Borodin we find all the crude noisy life of Muscovy and the East. On the other hand, in the two string-quartets he shows us that he can still draw great sonorities and a passionate sweep of sound from slender means. This remarkable man was hardly less distinguished in chemical research, which was his nominal profession under the Government.

Mussorgsky was the most powerful member of the group, the one destined to accomplish more than all the others put together. We have already dealt with him in the chapter on Realism.[1] Suffice it to add here that in going to the *mujik* (peasant) for simplicity and directness, and in following Dargomisky's axiom of truth in art, Mussorgsky not only achieved nationalism but also became a great artist and incidentally one of the greatest disruptive forces in music, a force which cut away all encrusted traditions and created virtually a new art. Nearly all the modern developments spring from him, just as nearly all modern painting derives from Cézanne. In Mussorgsky we hear for the first time that close observance of the roots of "music-speech" which we find again in the declamation of Debussy, in the Spanish idioms of

[1] See page 196.

de Falla, in the Expressionism of Schönberg as well as in the Post-Impressionism of Holst. We find also that strong mimetic sense and reproduction of look and gesture which we enjoy so much in Bartók, Ravel and Stravinsky, and, finally, that daring treatment of harmony which lies at the root of all the modern schools. In *Boris Godunof* (an opera which is not an opera), we find the greatest of the dramatic musical forms turned in an entirely new direction. Here it is the people in mass, and not Boris, who are the protagonists; the title is misleading. In *The Khovanskys* we have again great crowds of people treated as entities. This strong Russian art reminds us of the great canvases of Handel in the past, and it points forward to Stravinsky's handling of masses of people in the ballet *The Rite of Springtime*, as well as to Ferroud's orchestral treatment of crowd-psychology. Even in his songs, Mussorgsky is not drawn to particular people so much as to "types" of Russian life.

As with all such groups, the "Mighty Atom," having fulfilled itself, exploded; but not into dust, for its spirit lives on to-day in music stronger than ever. Rimsky-Korsakof, the youngest and most professional of the group, was the seceder. He served for several years in the Russian navy as inspector of bands and orchestras, and thus acquired that marvellous knowledge which stood him in such stead and enabled him not only to found a style of orchestration which has permeated European composition so beneficially, but also to write a manual on orchestration, second only to Berlioz's famous treatise. Perhaps, after all, his work in this direction is more important than his highly picturesque tone-poems and operas, which are never of the first, nor even the second, order of inspiration.

It was, then, the Russians who brought about the overthrow of the older classical music for a time and an age. The Romanticists fertilised music with poetry, but they did not free themselves from the trammels of the major-minor scales nor from conventional harmonic procedure. From Glinka and Dargomisky of a century ago, down to the Stravinsky of to-day, this new spirit has been sustained and powerfully developed. How these wonderful Russians kept it up all the

time is a miracle. Their generous legacy was shared by the French, who completed the Russian renewal of all the musical forces.

The music of GRIEG is a sufficient proof of the international qualities of a consciously "national" music when allied to a unique personality. No one has put folk-music to a more artistic use. He penetrates to the core and extracts the essentials from it. Though in appearance so Norwegian, he was partly Scottish by descent, and his forbears hailed from Aberdeen. Born in Bergen in 1843, he lived a long and busy life, and was ever a keen student of Norwegian folk-lore, and an ardent lover of his homeland. He had more of the child in him than most geniuses. Himself somewhat of a manikin in physique, he lived in a world of fantastic beings: in the house—fairies, manikins and gnomes; in the meadows—leprechauns, elves and trolls; in the forests—hideous malformed *droegs*; in the *fjords*—perfidious mermaids, and old men-of-the-sea; up in the mountains—giants who play ninepins with the boulders, and black gods with brassy beards peering through the thunder-clouds. At night, the magic of the Northern Lights illumines all. Then there were the forces of Nature, the pitiless storm, the terrible avalanche, the eternal gloom of the *fjord*, a wild elemental nature where man feels his Maker in every fibre; and Grieg was ever a listening soul.

No one, save Shakespeare, knew the subliminal world of elfdom so well as Grieg, and it is all written in his music. His tiny bits of melody run and dance, leap and fly; small groups of short notes, little miniature rainbow figures, and trotting processionals in thirds and fourths hang in the fine gossamer threads of high-pitched sound; everything is in miniature. We see the dance of diaphanous fairies, the mischievous antics of the leprechauns, the gay procession of trolls, the gambols of manikins and the terrors of *droegs* who can bring the castle down like a pack of cards in *Peer Gynt*. Grieg was fortunate in the friendship of Björnson the poet, novelist and playwright, whose influence on him was always for good.

Delicate in health, he lived a quiet life in his country home, Troldhaugen. He loved the simple folk who lived round him

and he imitated their songs. He derived his unique harmonic methods from the queer little Hardanger-fiddle, which the farmers use for their music-makings and dances. It is this method which gives him a place with Mussorgsky and Debussy amongst the great harmonic initiators. In the rich glow of his harmony and his orchestration we see a reflection of the deep and strong colours of the Norwegian scenery. His naturalism conveys fine impressions of the fresh spring morning (*Peer Gynt*, No. 1), beautifully coloured visions of bright sunlight across the dark forest solitudes in the piano-concerto, starlight on glistening winter snows, with the sound of running cascades in the songs and piano-pieces. Grieg was a happy soul, and his music, as a rule, reflects the sunshine of life. No one can laugh so merrily as he. Once or twice he showed us he could be a giant (piano-concerto, piano and violin sonatas, the string-quartet, the cantata *Olaf Trygvason* and male-voice choruses); but the lure of the elves held him fast, and he remains for us the beloved "great little master," the composer of some of the most exquisite miniatures in all music.[1]

It is often easier for a man of distinct personality to sum up a nation than for a group of composers to do so. SIBELIUS undoubtedly represents Finland, though he had worthy preparers of the way in Kajanus, Kilpinin, Hannikainen and Launis, and staunch supporters in Merikanto, Melartin, Palmgren and Faltin, the latter strongly touched with French Impressionistic methods. There is, however, another side to his music than the purely national one; it is a racial one which goes far deeper. A very different man from Grieg, who is a true type of the Norwegian character (a fact even admitted by the Norwegians themselves), Sibelius is national, racial and universal at the same time. It is sad that the composer of seven fine symphonies and many tone-poems should be known to the great public merely by the noisy *Finlandia* and the facile *Valse Triste*.

We have too frequently regarded Dvořák as the saviour of Bohemian music. Smetana was its saviour, and Dvořák, his pupil, nearly lost it. Just as we find in Buxtehude and Purcell

[1] This word-portrait of Grieg is reduced from the three studies of him by Dr. Ernest Closson, Dr. Ole Sandvik and M. Alex. Denéréaz.

some fineness of quality which we do not get even in Bach and Handel, so in Smetana there is something of the youthful freshness of Bohemian art, which we do not find even in Dvořák. SMETANA knew exactly how to set about his work. The "polka" is to Bohemia what the mazurka is to Poland, the typical national dance, its own property.[1] In the first period Smetana proclaimed himself to be a follower of Liszt, and his earliest works, the symphonies, poems and the piano study, *On the Sea Shore*, are deeply impregnated with national feeling. His piano polkas are idealised Czech dances. When he was appointed conductor of the famous Prague choral society, Hlalol, he wrote a number of fine male-songs and choruses. Then his first five operas were composed. In *The Bartered Bride* we have a merry picture of Czech village life, true in colour and feeling, without using or even imitating the folk-songs. In *Dalibor* and *Libuše* we have a big feeling of heroic ardour and passion. In the *Two Widows* the spirit of fun is transferred to a bourgeois and town *milieu*. At the age of fifty, deafness drove Smetana away from all his public appointments and he retired to a little village on the Elbe, where his creative power continued to flow as fully as ever. The two comic operas, *The Kiss* and *The Secret*, are on an even higher plane than *The Bartered Bride*. His labours for Czech music were epoch-making. He is the greatest national Bohemian composer.

DVOŘÁK was more cosmopolitan. His *Slav Dances* made him famous. He visited England five times to conduct works which he had composed specially for the choral festivals in Birmingham, Leeds, Worcester, Cambridge—*The Spectre's Bride* (full of fine Wagnerian colour), the *Stabat Mater* (overflowing with lovely melodies, and brimful of false Latin quantities), *St. Ludmila* (a work in which he was unwise enough to take the advice of his English friends and copy Handel and Mendelssohn), the *Requiem* (for which he used Italian models), and the 'cello concerto in which he was Nature's own musician, and which is worth all his oratorios put together.

He squandered himself in like measure amongst the Americans, by accepting a post as head of a new National

[1] There is a polka in Smetana's opera, *The Bartered Bride*, as well as a *furiant*, which means a "boasting farmer."

Conservatoire in New York for three years, after which he returned homesick, having dedicated to the American nation his lively *New World Symphony*, containing the first use ever made of native American folk-melody. Dvořák remained a simple man, a peasant all his life. He spoke the national Czech tongue in his operas, and the universal language in his instrumental music.

Dvořák was the son of a butcher in a small village in Bohemia. There a new-born child is offered a crown and a fiddle. If he chooses the former he will be a business-man, if the latter a musician. Dvořák must have reached out his little hand for the fiddle, for he played a violin from his earliest years, and for some time was a viola-player in the orchestra of the Czech opera at Prague. There were then, as now, two separate operas in Prague, a Czech and a German, and the unseen barrier between the two was so rigid that a Czech singer who sang at the German house passed from all further mention in the Czech journals, and missed his way, too, on the German stage. Perhaps this is only a legend with a moral. Brahms and Hanslick acted as elder brothers to Dvořák and obtained a subsidy for him from the Government at Prague. Their recommendation secured the publication of his *Slav Dances*, and his fame soon became world-wide. He visited England many times, and his endeavours to write cantatas for the English festivals, like his three years' residence in America in order to found a national school there, were so many severe lessons in the misinterpretation of the term "nationality" in music.

Sir Henry Hadow is hardly correct when he says that Dvořák is "the one solitary instance of a composer who adopts the chromatic scale as unit, and regards all *notes* as equally related." The statement would be nearer the truth if he said, "all *keys* as equally related"; but even this is not quite the case. It is merely that Dvořák's scheme of modulation was more free. He carried to its fullest extent Schubert's free modulation to all keys for the sake of the colour they give. Dvořák did not alter the relationships between the nearer and easier ones, for he always had a strong "dominant" feeling. But he widened the circle of key friendships, by taking into it all the keys which had hitherto been excluded. In consequence,

the term "colour" can be more rightly applied to Dvořák's music than to that of any other composer.

There is an interesting figure in Moravia, Leosh Janachek who has devoted himself heart and soul to the national cause. Whilst director of an Organ School (converted later into the Conservatoire) in Brünn (now Brno), he found time to make a profound study of Moravian folk-song and to establish some principles of national music. He maintains that song lives in the melody of the spoken tongue, and that the whole character of a nation can be heard in its modes of speech. His chief opera, *Her Step-daughter*, is founded on a prose-drama of country life by Gabriela Preissová. In this melancholy story, the stepmother kills the heroine's illegitimate child in order to facilitate her daughter's marriage. Both suffer the pangs of remorse, yet both acknowledge that nevertheless it is agreeable to God.

Janachek, though a learned musician, follows Mussorgsky's lead in rejecting all the intellectual elements in composition. By observing the country-folk lovingly and carefully, he discovered that all their curious turns of speech, gestures, habits and ways of thinking were reflected faithfully in their folk-music. Here then, he decided, was the real basis of the national art. Convinced that the melodic and rhythmic line of speech itself, with all its emotional colours and shades, is the most effective dramatic factor, he discards all polyphony, thematic construction, and development of *motifs*. Certainly his concise and penetrating touch accomplishes amazing results in the *Diary of a Lost Man*, a cycle of twenty-two songs for tenor solo (with hidden female choir). There are two operas dealing with Mr. Bruchek's adventures, as set forth in Chech's popular satirical stories. The hero, an old scamp and a frequenter of Viennese cabarets, fell into a wine-barrel and slept himself sober. Meanwhile he dreamt he was in the moon. One of the operas deals with his lunar excursion.

Janachek has also written a curious animal-opera, *Cunning Little Fox*, full of a melancholy Slavonic symbolism, the moral of which is that evil does not disappear, but renews itself eternally. It has been called the "Moravian *Parsifal*," by one of that class of glib describers who call Rimsky-

Korsakof's *Kitesh* the "Russian *Parsifal*." In any case, experienced critics consider that this mixture of irony, burlesque, and philosophy has been rather too much for Janachek's simple nature. On the other hand, they describe his musical treatment of *The Diary of a Lost Man*, a journal of a man who commits suicide for love, as a wonderful example of Janachek's austere yet intimate art, "unrivalled for elevation of soul, tender sensibility, and depth of feeling." Several tone-poems for orchestra, *Blanek*, *Taras Bulba* and *The Musician's Child*, reveal a special liking for the fateful tapping of the drums. Janachek has also written some chamber-music. In the *Andante* of his sextet for wind instruments, which he entitles *Scenes from my Youth*, his love for free rhythm leads him to a bar of 17-16 time. His national sympathies are also shown in the piano-sonata in memory of those who fell in the 1905 agitation for a Czech University. In *Mr. Bruchek's Excursions* and *Cunning Little Fox*, Janachek has proved himself to be the chief figure amongst living Czech dramatic composers.

Béla Bartók is one of the six chief personalities in twentieth-century music. Like all great composers, he is not one man but three; that is, there are already three distinct periods in his music. In the first are his early undistinguished pieces; his middle period is moulded melodically, rhythmically and harmonically by folk-song; and his third consists of a more universal kind of "Expressionism." As usually happens with a three-period man, the greater part of the public favours the works of the middle period. His chief moulding forces have been Strauss, then folk-song, and later Schönberg and Stravinsky. But there is in this little man of spare physique an enormous vitality, a most unusual personality, as well as a flaming patriotism. Was he not, a quarter of a century ago, a keen collector of Hungarian folk-tunes, a prophet who, despising the international fashion of the city, retired to the desert? Has not his native town been now handed over to the blustering Czechs?

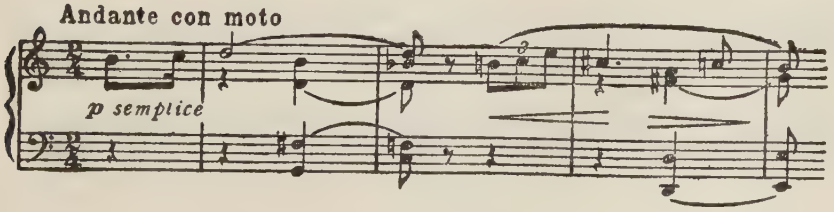
Bartók's view of folk-song is not the easy-going nationalism of Liszt, who never knew a word of Magyar. If ever there was a folk-lorist heart and soul it is Bartók. In his rooms in Budapest he has nearly three thousand phonograph records of

Béla Bartók

Hungarian songs alone, with their many variants, all taken down on the spot. He knows every inch of his country as well as its people, and he has wisely collected in other countries too—in Roumania, even in Arabia.

But with Bartók, collecting was only the means to an end. He set to work to publish these songs and games for school use, and he was the first to produce a tutor and a generous supply of easy pieces for children, avowedly in the national musical tongue. To-day thousands of Hungarian children in the cities and towns unconsciously keep up their nationalism by singing these songs and playing these games. With this thoroughgoing folk-lorist the music must be Hungarian through and through. The harmony must be both new and old at the same time; for it must be derived from the tunes themselves and from the native instruments: *Cimbalom* (zither), *Taragato* (double reed), *Duda* (Hungarian bagpipe), *Furulya*, *Tilinko* (both shepherd's pipes), *Kanaszlulok* (horn), and *Tekero* (hurdy-gurdy). To this middle period belong his first string-quartet, his piano *Bagatelle*, *Two Images*, *Nénies* (dirges) and the opera, *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*. And although Bartók did all this work before the beginning of the twentieth century, his harmony is still one of the most revivifying forces in musical Europe of to-day.

But as with all really great artists, nationalism becomes in the long run the means of finding a new universal expression. After 1913 Bartók's style changed completely into a more subjective one, which has some relationship to Schönberg's "Expressionism," although with a strong difference of personality and a more eager searching for some device to take the place of the abandoned tonality and key-feeling. It should be remembered that his "Expressionist" pieces were antecedent to Schönberg's. The set which contains the *Portrait of a Young Girl* was composed in 1907.

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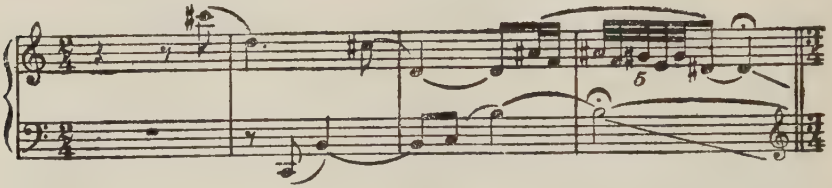
The following passage from the same piece might easily be mistaken for a passage from Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*:

and this phrase from Ravel's Mallarmé settings (written twenty years later) shows a great likeness to Bartók's early piano style:



Many a passage in Bartók's pieces reminds us of Stravinsky's playful squeaking in "minor-seconds" in *Petrushka*:

One piece in particular, the *Bagatelle*, forestalls the French polytonality by a considerable period, for it was written as early as 1908.

The second violin-sonata, the second string-quartet and the piano sonata of 1927 are the chief examples of his new and perplexing Expressionist style. Can it be that we here encounter an intensification of the agonising counterpoint of Beethoven's third period in modern form?

His one-act dance-play, *The Wooden Prince*, takes high place among the finest of modern ballets. The mimetic and picturesque force of the music is remarkable. The *Dance of the Waves* makes a vivid impression through the quivering combination of major and minor tonalities, after the manner of the later Busoni. In the Wooden Prince's own dance, Bartók shows himself to be the equal of Debussy and Ravel in graphic power and in the suggestion of an automatic contrivance. His *Dance of the Trees* is a super-refinement of Wagner's forest murmurs. Produced with great success in Germany, Austria and Hungary, it is high time that *The Wooden Prince* was heard in England and America, for it makes a worthy rival to Stravinsky's *Petrushka*.

Humour plays a strong part in the racial and spiritual equipment of this "finished and exquisite specimen of the Mongolian type," for the Hungarians are a branch of the Mongolian race. This humour is well displayed in Bartók's *Three Burlesques* (1909–10), the first of which is a kind of quarrel, the second is marked *un peu gris* (a little "tight"), and the third is a little game in tonalities. But it is worth noting that the various effects which are frequently classed by the theorists as *polytonal*, are explained by the composer himself as mere games with crushed appoggiaturas, a pronouncement which emphasises the danger of judging by the sight of the copy rather than by the real sound of the piece in performance. But Bartók's *Études* (1920) both look and sound very much like the atonal piano-pieces of the Polish Szymanowski, and show quite clearly that both these composers are striving for the same goal.

Bartók can be fiercely aggressive at times, as may be heard in his piece marked *Allegro Barbaro* and his second sonata for violin and piano, a model of remarkable personal expression in a sonorous language devoid of key. His dynamic harmony finds its parallel in his own playing of the pianoforte. He is

a pianist of the first order; in playing Scarlatti, Debussy and Ravel he gives their music a flavour all his own. He is probably logical in treating the piano as a "hammer-instrument," and his remorseless smiting of the chords certainly serves to emphasise that prolongation of tone, diminished though it is, which is a characteristic feature of the *Cimbalom* or Dulcimer, the most characteristic instrument of Hungary.

Hans Pfitzner stands for the German spirit in music, just as Vaughan Williams does for the English. Both have been symbolical figures, but Pfitzner is a very different type of musician, and the music of no two composers in twentieth-century Europe could possibly sound more widely apart than that of these two. Pfitzner's music is intensely and consciously German, just as Vaughan Williams's is intensely and consciously English. Born in Moscow of German parentage, after a few years the boy was taken to Frankfort. As a young man, he filled various conductor's posts, at Coblentz, Berlin, Strasbourg (until the war) and finally Munich.

As a composer, the Schumann music of the later period exercised a strong influence on Pfitzner, and there is a certain indebtedness to Wagner. He was experimental and wrote a song *An der Mond*, Op. 18, entirely on the whole-tone system. His intelligence is fine; and his great contrapuntal learning gives him an ascetic tendency; but it is the agonised counterpoint of Beethoven's third period which Pfitzner affects. He is at his very best in his contrapuntal moments, as in his setting of the ninety-second sonnet of Petrarch. The ethical sense in him tends at times to overshadow the musical creative impulse. This tendency may be traced back through the oratorio composer, Friedrich Klose (the Elgar of Switzerland), to the mysticism of the Austrian Bruckner. When a symphony of Bruckner is about to be performed in Austria, a deep religious awe settles over the audience before a note is sounded. It is the same before Elgar's oratorios at the Three Choirs Festivals, and also at Munich when Pfitzner's cantata *The German Spirit* (*Vom deutsche Seele*) is about to be given. Such is the tribute which an all-embracing earnestness and sincerity wins. In his songs we find a strong vocal line and an

economy of accompaniment, both of which are rare qualities in a modern German composer. A certain goblin-like sense of humour pervades his work, even the opera *Palestrina*, in which a satirical committee-meeting of the Council of Trent begins with absurd quarrels of precedence, and ends in a free fight with soldiers called in to clear the hall. German-like in his intensity, Pfitzner himself gets mixed with Palestrina at times; and, as we wonder which is the hero and which is the composer, we are reminded of Strauss's *Heldenleben*.

Manuel de Falla is another remarkable case of a spiritual development, similar to Bartók's. Whereas Bartók derives his inspiration from the folk-song, the *Cimbalom* and Hungarian pipe, de Falla draws his from Spanish history and scenes, the guitar and the dance. The introduction of guitar-harmony is of far-reaching importance, and the playing of such guitarists as Segovia and Arrieta Correra is a revelation in harmonic colouring. De Falla is fastidious and painstaking in the extreme. All his natural gifts and acquirements are devoted to the one end, the expression of his deepest feelings and exquisite sensibility. He begins with the severe discipline of folk-music, in *El Amor Brujo* (*Rustic Love*), the little ballet, *The Three-cornered Hat*, and the marionette-play, *Master Pedro's Puppet Show*, founded on an incident in *Don Quixote*; and attains his æsthetic ideal in *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, an exquisite symphonic poem in which he sings, or rather murmurs, in a silence only broken by the rustling of leaves and the plashing of fountains, of his beloved Andalusia. It is all exquisite artistry, for de Falla is at one and the same time the most European of Spanish musicians and the most Spanish of European musicians. It is a highly cultured and skilfully graphic art which he exercises in his lighter pieces. He can represent a squeaking door with a couple of piccolos a semitone apart, throw fun at a little piece of flabby sentiment, or at something equally virginal or correct, by a solemn aphorism blurted out on the bassoon.

Pedro Morales says: "Of his possibilities in a higher order of thought we can only conjecture from dim indications in his published works and from an intimate knowledge of his personality. He is not an artist from whom the powerful creation

of passionate and heroic characters is to be expected, yet he is one spiritually qualified to raise himself to the supreme sphere of an intense musical mysticism." From his music, one is not led to expect from him a rejection of tonality, nor even mild adventures in the atonal sphere.

In his enthusiasm for his own nation, de Falla considers it more than likely that it was Glinka's visit to Spain in 1847 which supplied the Russian with the impetus for his own national efforts. Glinka made the acquaintance of the celebrated guitarist Francisco Rodríguez (*El Murciano*), with whose assistance he tried in vain to write down, in musical notation, some of the popular songs typical of the style called *canto jondo* or *flamenco*, in which he found no end of interest and delight. Then, influenced by the music of Spain, he wrote his *Souvenir d'une nuit d'été à Madrid* and *Caprice brillant sur la jota aragonese*, in which he arrived at certain new orchestral effects. On his return to Russia, Glinka blended what he had learned in Spain with the elements of the Russian folk-songs, thus giving origin to the style that later on was taken up and developed by Rimsky-Korsakof and the other members of the well-known group, "The Five." Thus we see how the unpolluted music of one country will re-act for good and stir another to a musical activity otherwise inconceivable.

In Spain, dancing is something more than a mere amusement; it is a solemn ritual which enters into all sides of the life of the people. It fills the place which song takes in most countries, and it expresses their very spirit. In some districts the dance is used even in watching the dead, and special pavanes have been performed at the royal funerals at Seville, while the custom of boys dancing the *Seises* before the High Altar is of very long standing. Their secular dances are the most expressive in the world, their women the most mysterious; and when the strum of guitars, the clack of castanets and the thud of tambourines are added to the physical appeal of swaying limbs, "the ingenuities of coiffure, the inevitable fan, the flower and comb in the hair, the flower-embroidered shawl, the dull white complexion and the flashing eyes shaded by eyelashes long enough to curl," the effect is, as Chabrier amusingly relates, "more than a man can bear."

Opera in Italy is popular and not aristocratic. It has almost become the Italian's only form of music. In the nineteenth century, the only two instrumental composers of any rank were Sgambati and Bossi. It is good, then, to know of the splendid efforts of such men as Casella, Respighi, Malipiero, Pizzetti, Castelnuovo and Alaleona, who have set to work under the encouragement of d'Annunzio and Mussolini. Of these, only a few have worked on the folk-song basis. Malipiero has restored the old Italian popular song-forms of *rispetto*, *stornello*, *strambotta* and *ballata*. Pizzetti has produced *canzoni*, pastorals, and settings of three sonnets of Petrarch, besides stage-music for d'Annunzio, which is not likely to be wanting in national flavour. Alaleona has also restored old forms, and follows the musical dialects of the old *frotolle* and *canzoni*. Casella, after a Parisian schooling, has found his way through all kinds of styles, impressionistic, realistic, and graphic, to a severe Neo-classicism which would restore all the classical Italian instrumental forms of *sinfonia*, concerto, suite and sonata, revivified with the intense rhythm and colour of modern life.

Music in France has always been an aristocratic art; there has never been any national movement in the direction of folk-song. The distance between this still aristocratic art and the popular music is greater in France than in any other country. But the French mind is so various that it has produced innumerable schools—the Franck-d'Indy group, known as the Schola Cantorum, the Impressionists, the Satie followers, and the Fauré disciples, with all of which we shall deal in other chapters.

Scotland, the country with the loveliest scenery, the most thrilling history, a rich inheritance of literature, and hundreds of the finest folk-songs in the world, has no national school of musical composition. Mac. after Mac. goes down into England and loses his musical soul for a "mess of pottage." It is useless to ask whether Scotland stands where she did in music, for apart from folk-music, she has no standing at all. It is indeed high time that she set to work to put her house in order. In Donald Tovey, David Stephen, Francis George Scott, Erik

Chisholm and others, there is fine material which must be utilised. But the cultivation of a school of Scottish composers can only be carried on within its own borders. Perhaps Scotland is waiting for some awakener from outside to make her thrill to a sense of her great mission, such as John Field in Russia, Glinka in Spain, and Jean-Aubry in England. The spark is undoubtedly there and only needs fanning.

Ireland seems more likely to profit richly by the European national movement. Whereas once upon a time you could count the Irish composers on the fingers of one hand (Stanford, Charles Wood and Robert Stewart), now there are many who group themselves under her banner. Herbert Hughes has done fine work in folk-songs, Hamilton Harty and O'Connor Morris have both treated Irish themes. Arnold Bax and Norman Hay have something of the Celtic twilight about their works, and hordes of Italian, German and Russian prophets are now settling on her shores and telling her continually to be herself and be strong.

Stanford will remain her greatest composer for some time to come. If he did not succeed in founding a school, as he hoped to do, the fault lay in his cosmopolitan training and his strange worship of Brahms. Not so strange either, for in addition to the rich imagination of this Irish Romanticist, there was also the severe Classicist, a devotee of form even for its own sake. His sense of style and beauty and his feeling for a great tradition makes him Victorian in the best sense, the sense of Tennyson, Watts and Matthew Arnold. In his songs, Stanford has caught all the magic of that treasure-house of pure Irish melody, unequalled for suavity throughout the world. One spirit broods over the whole of the country from the soft green North to the sunny South. It calls plaintively in the sad and lonely valleys of Connemara, and cries loudest on the storm-swept shores of the West. Stanford has caught its peculiar tone, sad yet smiling, austere yet delicate. He has laid bare the glowing heart of this "land of the tear and the smile." The Irish wit, which abounds in his songs, often turns to English satire in his instrumental music. For this his cosmopolitan training is to blame. Towards the end of his life he

was frankly disappointed, and his satirical vein became a dry, hard cynicism. He had the Irishman's strong likes and dislikes. Of Richard Strauss he said, "If it is Richard, I prefer Wagner; if it is Strauss, then Johann." Of the death-bed scene in Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, he said, "I should not care to go out to the sound of a tam-tam." But even of Wagner he said, "A man who could write *Tristan* must have a kink in him somewhere." It was probably the *chromaticism* that offended him, for Stanford never seems to have mastered it himself. In many of his modulatory bridge-passages he did not appear to know whether he wanted sharp, flat or natural. It may have been that his life-long advocacy of the "pure scale" was pushing him in the direction in which none would be quite right; in other words, he was thinking in the tertia-tonal scale.

Stanford was a purely diatonic, and therefore a vocal, composer. In his handling of the voice, he stands higher than any song-writer since Schubert. There is an irresistible flow and swing in his songs from beginning to end, and they come from the voice as naturally as the song of a bird. Such songs as *A Fire of Turf*, the *Fleet Songs* (the sailing of the ships at dawn is excellently done), *A Soft Day*, the ineffaceably beautiful *Fairy Lough* (to the words of Moira O'Neill), are rightly called by Mr. Plunket Greene "Speech glorified." He was a devotee of line, a quality which he derived from Mozart, of clarity which he got from Verdi, and of formal construction which he learnt from Brahms. He placed line far above colour, and always stood by what he called the "black-and-white" test of music—trial by pianoforte. His art in getting the words through the accompaniment is very great, and his word-illustration is often masterly. We find all the witchery of whispering stones, fairy loughs and rustling reeds depicted with the greatest economy of notes; for Stanford, like Auber and Verdi, was fond of "letting the air" into his music.

Besides being a diatonic writer and a great apostle of the old modal scales, his insistence upon what he called the "pure scale" is curious, for there is no such thing in music. It was probably the Irish scale, since each nation sings its own true vocal scale in its own way. The Welsh scale is probably the nearest to the Irish. This may be the reason why Stanford

was never at home with chromatics, and spoke of Wagner in the way that he did. His many orchestral fantasias on Irish tunes are too cosmopolitan in style; their garments smell too much of German aniline dyes. And yet nationalism never had a stronger champion; and had he not lived outside his native country so much during his formative years, he would doubtless have been even greater than he was.

Of little Wales, the country with the oldest musical history in Europe, the story is sad. All the efforts of the great and splendid Sir Walford Davies as director of her music have failed to raise the least sign of any creative activity in musical composition. Is it not indeed surprising that this splendidly endowed race, imaginative to a high degree, seemingly now with every encouragement close at hand, has up to the present failed to produce any personality of note in modern creative music?

Granville Bantock, lover of sensuous imagery, keen appreciator of folk-songs, master of orchestral effect and an originator of modern choralism, more restless and searching than any, will claim attention in several different chapters. We refer to him here on account of his unfailing devotion to national music. He led the van in the national cause, giving concerts of music by the more progressive British composers as early as 1896, and editing the *New Quarterly Review*, which was devoted to their interests. It was at New Brighton that he came into prominence by establishing an orchestra there and performing new works; and when he settled in Birmingham as principal of the Midland Institute of Music, he founded there a school of modern composition which has produced many highly individual composers.

Led by a warm romantic disposition, he first began to write huge cycles of operas, devoted to whole hierarchies of Rameses and Pharaohs. He projected no less than twenty-four symphonic poems on Southey's *Curse of Kehama*, and ten parts of a symphony-oratorio, *Christus*; but these grandiose schemes were all abandoned, and the best works of that period are the nine *Sappho* songs with orchestra, and the *Wilderness* part of

*Christus*. His love of imagery in sound led him to the East for suitable subjects, and his songs of Japan, China, India, Egypt and Persia, though mixed in quality, established a new type of pictorial song in England. Concrete symbols in place of abstract ideas constitute the principle on which he set the quatrains of *Omar Khayyám* for chorus and orchestra, and in this, also, he opened the way for a new kind of work of oratorio dimensions. The glowing orchestration is remarkable, and his tone-picture of the Desert reveals a strong graphic power. It was the East that attracted him in *Christus* and again much later on, in *The Song of Songs*.[1] The strong taste for Eastern colouring, one of Bantock's many remarkable qualities, is by no means of rare occurrence. As we have seen, it came naturally to the Russians. Rimsky-Korsakof made great capital out of his knowledge of the Oriental scales. The German poets were strongly influenced by exoticism from Goethe on to Nietzsche. Bantock's Oriental proclivities were eclipsed for a time by his passion for the folk-lore of Scotland. The most important results of this are the beautifully coloured *Hebridean Symphony*, the *Pibroch* for 'cello, and an opera, *The Seal-Woman*. His liking for Scottish folk-song has led him to a wider kind of nationalism, and finally he has been attracted to the old English keyboard-music which has exercised a beneficial influence on him. Bantock's admirations have naturally had a bearing on his art; his early Wagnerian love was transferred to Strauss, later followed Ravel (*Fifine at the Fair*), and finally Sibelius. A Nature mood, returning to him from time to time, results in such beautiful things as *Pan in Arcady* and the *Pagan Chants*. And unlike many English composers, he draws inspiration from the sea.

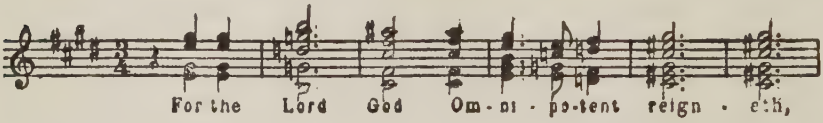
If ever there was a double-dyed nationalist in music, his name is Ralph Vaughan Williams. With him it is English first and music afterwards; that is, if they cannot be combined, a feat which he frequently accomplishes. His love of England is very different from the Imperialism of Elgar's *Land of Hope and Glory*, *Crown of India*, *Coronation Ode* and so on. It is an Englishry derived from a deep love of English country life, a lifelong study of her folk-song and dance, and a strong turn

[1] First produced, Manchester, 10 March, 1927.

in favour of early English contrapuntal styles. For Vaughan Williams all that is necessary to salvation can be found in these sources. And thus he has achieved some of the noblest and purest things in music—his *Pastoral Symphony*, his *Mass in G-Minor* and his *Hugh the Drover*.

He was long and slow in finding his proper musical speech. The conventional was distasteful to him. He would have none of it. It did not ring sincere and it rendered him inarticulate. He sought freedom in some student-months in Paris under Ravel, a younger composer, by the way. Such is the modesty of the man. He found something that appealed to him in French Impressionism (witness his song-cycle, *On Wenlock Edge*, for voice, piano and string-quartet), and he was a long time in finding there the portion destined to be his own. This lay in the mediæval modes, in which French composers were then interesting themselves. They revealed the way to the Englishman, and from the day of that discovery he has not turned back.

His best works divide into two styles—pure, simple modal writing, and a complex style for his larger works, in which most wonderful and mystical effects are obtained by simultaneous streams of common-chords. Holst owes a great deal to him here. Next to Mussorgsky, Vaughan Williams is the greatest master of the common-chord who ever lived.




His austere unaccompanied *Mass in G-minor* consists entirely of simple chords of the "five-three," the "six-three" and the "six-four." This work has been sung repeatedly in such celebrated places as Westminster Cathedral, St. Thomas's, Leipzig, and Toledo Cathedral.

His first big success came with his setting of Walt Whitman's *Towards the Unknown Region* at Leeds in 1907. Three years later the *Sea Symphony* was written, also to Whitman's words. The *London Symphony* was produced early in 1914, then withdrawn and rewritten. It is a remarkable piece of orchestral expression. The *Pastoral Symphony* (which shares with his

*Sancta Civitas* of 1926 the rank of his finest work) was produced in 1922.

Philip Heseltine sums up the style of Vaughan Williams most ably in the new *Dictionary of Modern Music* thus: "All Vaughan Williams's works are characterised by strong melodic invention (often traceable to folk-song sources), and a most original fund of contrapuntal resource in which there is nothing even faintly reminiscent of scholasticism. With the purely harmonic developments of the twentieth century Vaughan Williams shows but little sympathy in his work. We certainly find extremely novel combinations of sounds in some of his later compositions, but they are almost invariably conditioned by the movement of individual parts, of which the line is often seen in a higher dimensional aspect, so to speak, through the addition to each note of the two other notes necessary to complete the common chord. It is easy to realise that lines of 5–3 or 6–3 chords handled contrapuntally as though they were lines of single notes may lead logically to what seem to be most surprising harmonic combinations, though the methods by which such chords are arrived at are radically different from those of the deliberate harmonist. The influence of Vaughan Williams is much in evidence in the work of several British composers, notably in that of Gustav Holst."

The boldest step in the formation of a national opera was taken by Rutland Boughton. In 1914 he started a series of musico-dramatic festivals at the tiny, remote and old-world village of Glastonbury in Somerset. His first idea was to produce a cycle of music-dramas on the Arthurian legends as dramatised by his friend, Reginald Buckley, and set to music by Boughton himself. The prelude and the first scene of *The Birth of Arthur* had already been successfully given, with "human scenery," at Bournemouth under Edgar Bainton in 1913.

*Arthur of Britain*, however, did not come to a performance, owing to the lack of a suitable building; but the Tintagel scene was given several times, in addition to several plays. The first performance of *The Immortal Hour* also took place at Glastonbury, where it was performed by the Glastonbury Players, recruited largely from the locality; for Boughton has

always been a staunch believer in the amateur's capacity for the arts. This early Glastonbury venture ripened into the foundation of a Glastonbury Music School and the Glastonbury Festivals. During the first nine years, over three hundred performances of plays and operas were given. Boughton's own *Alkestis* and *Bethlehem* were first produced there. When *The Immortal Hour* was brought to London by Sir Barry Jackson, it ran for nearly two years—the longest run of any English opera, thus giving some countenance to Sir Beerbohm Tree's intriguing riddle, "When is a Repertory Company not a Repertory? When it scores a success."

Boughton is essentially a composer for the stage. He was at first powerfully influenced by Wagner, and he had not quite freed himself from this undue influence when he wrote *The Immortal Hour*. He is a past-master of choral effect, a craft which he learnt early in life through his experience of the North English choirs. His early *Midnight*, *The Skeleton in Armour*, and the *Choral Variations on Folk-songs*, already revealed his romantic leanings. The chorus plays a highly original part in his music-drama, *Bethlehem*, a setting of the old Coventry Nativity Play. Boughton was fortunate in his choice of Fiona Macleod's drama of dreams and visions for *The Immortal Hour*, and also in the selection of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies for the part of the Dream-Princess. But the extraordinary success of the work was chiefly due to his own rich fund of original melody, and to his broad, diatonic style, which is both English and popular, in the best sense of the terms.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE ENGLISH TRADITION IN MUSIC

As a mixture of virile races is always better than a long-attenuated race of pure blood, and since there is probably no more mixed race on earth than the English, we may naturally expect the blend to contain many fine qualities. There are Celtic and even pre-Celtic characteristics common to the English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh nations; nor must the influence of the Roman occupation be left out of reckoning by musical researchers who would go back to the very roots of the race. But for all artistic purposes we may take as the English race that people which was found in Britain about the fourteenth century, when to the high civilisation and poetical imagination of the Celt were added the rugged determination of the Saxon, the adventurous spirit of the Angle and Dane; and the mixture was smoothed over by the addition of Norman blood and tempered by the English climate, habits and island conditions. This is what we mean by the word English.

The word Tradition is more difficult to define. Amongst social insects, such as bees, we have what we call, for lack of a more scientific name, the "Spirit of the Hive." With humankind, we have a similar kind of thing, which may be called the Genius of the Race—the power that guides and controls its progress. We see in the spoken and written language the spirit of the race, throwing out old inflections and exotic words which it did not want, and adapting others to its own special purposes, thus inventing that ideal language of the English tongue in which meaning is expressed by the simple method of "word-position."

In architecture we see this same racial genius adapting Roman building material to Anglo-Norman designs, modifying

Norman architecture to island conditions, besides originating styles and features of its own. Peculiar to our islands is the Perpendicular style which stiffened up the over-sweet Decorated style and gave far less attention to detail, thus returning to something of the severity of the Early English of the thirteenth century. Peculiar to our race are also the "hammer-beams" and wooden roofs of Norfolk, the glorious "fan-vaulting" of Gloucester and Oxford, our meagre doorways, our dominant towers and the fine detail of our mouldings. We have, too, our special gems of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century work—the lovely painted windows of the church at Fairford, the fantastic ornamentation at Kilpeck, etc.—to give the lie to those who would say that we never had an architectural art of our own.

And so with music, it is only natural that we should find the same characteristics there, even in a greater degree. If any nation ought to have deeply rooted musical traditions, Britain should; for it is one of the most musical nations in the whole history of the world. Whether these traditions have been preserved right down to the present time, and whether they are present in full strength in the music of British composers of the present day, is our concern in this chapter. Our oldest existing musical document, dating from at least 1240, contains amazing things that testify beyond any shadow of a doubt that it came as the culmination of some centuries of previous musical cultivation. This famous MS. is a part-song for six voices, the four upper parts being in canon, and the music of the two lowest parts consisting of a true rondel. The English words are thirteenth-century, and the simple pastoral melody has the merry graceful lilt of a folk-song.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhudë sing cuccu!
Groweth séd and bloweth méd,
And springth the wudë nu.
Sing cuccu!

Awë bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calvë cu;
Bulluc sterteth, buckë vérteth,
Murie sing cuccu.

*Herbert Lambert.*

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Cuccu, cuccu, wel singes thu, cuccu!
Ne swik thu naver nu.
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Let us note that this remarkable composition has a secular theme, and that its whole feeling, words and atmosphere, are entirely English, or more correctly Anglo-Saxon. Here already we find those attributes which were to become important parts of the great English musical tradition — sweetness, directness, purity, humour, homeliness, love of land, happiness. Never has pessimism been one of our attributes, although we have a decided predilection for laments of a certain elegiac character. Already we see in this summer carol (for the words mean that summer *has* come in) the national love of fine workmanship and of perfection of technique, though nothing yet of the adventurous spirit. And the amazing thing is that this composition appears four centuries before Monteverdi and Peri and two centuries before the great Belgian school of part-writing. The fact that this famous MS. comes from a Catholic monastery, that of Reading, and the monk-scribe from Fornsete Priory in Norfolk, does not prevent us in the least from tracing our national traditions from it; for the English monasteries were always delightfully free and independent in matters of art, science and learning, and often even in theology. And this composition could not have been an isolated achievement, but must have had whole generations of musical culture behind it.

When King Henry V. returned from the battle of Agincourt, many songs were made about his prowess, but he forbade them, saying, "he woulde have the wholle praise and thanks given to God." This may be the reason of the sober church-like tone of the famous Agincourt Song, *Deo gratias Anglia* (1415), which has come down to us, the severity of which has much in common with the architecture of the time.

There have also been saved from the scrimmage of political factions, civil wars, popular and religious insurrections, some evidences of the deep musical feeling and knowledge which permeated the English countryside in the so-called Middle Ages. Lord Howard de Walden is the possessor of a MS. volume

which belonged to Thomas Turke, who gave it to John —— in 1418. There are twelve songs in English and four in French. There is a delightful little *Lullay*, said to be the earliest in the English language; it is a great loss that the music to this has not been preserved. But we have the music to the two-part songs *I rede that thou be*, *This Yule the beste red*, the trio *Wel were hym that wyst*, two rounds *Si quis amat* and *Pange lingua*, and a number of other remarkable compositions, all written on five-line staves with white square-and-diamond notation. Here again we find the same sweet happiness and the same love of the quiet English countryside which permeates not only English music but English literature and painting as well. . . . And this manuscript hails from a very small hamlet in a remote part of Dorsetshire, a hamlet with its manor-lord, its tiny Saxon church, its rector, its carpenter, stonemason, tiler, its mead-brewer, house-women, its small farmers and villein labourers. So that we see that in one obscure hamlet, at least, music was cultivated in a way never imagined until recently. And it is impossible to believe that these manuscripts represent isolated efforts. We were undoubtedly the land of homely song, and already the English home had many of the attributes of the present day.

But elaborate theory is not necessary. A great figure at the end of the fifteenth century attracts us—a layman, John of Dunstable. The eyes and ears of the Continent were drawn towards him, and he is widely referred to in continental records as the *fons et origo* of music, even the inventor of it. Little is known of his predecessors, but we know of many celebrated English contemporaries. Indeed, early historians refer to a famous English school of composition already well established in the thirteenth century and surviving undiminished in the following age. And the English Dunstable was the teacher of Dufay, the founder of the great Belgian school from which Italy at that time drew all her great masters. So that indeed we may claim to be the source of all European music. After Dunstable's time, musical art and science prospered exceedingly with us; and there is no difficulty in tracing the distinctly English character of our church composers right on to the Elizabethan age.

In our William Byrd, we find a worthy parallel of the Italian Palestrina. The latter is always ridiculously described as "the Saviour of Church Music." If all the works of Palestrina had been lost and those of Byrd and his compatriots preserved, the world would not have been much the poorer; for the compositions of Byrd and other Tudor musicians supply all the sublimity of Palestrina, and, in addition, a greater variety of treatment and a livelier interest in the problems of contrapuntal technique, both of which are English traits rather then Italian. The musical stature of William Byrd grows steadily larger as time goes on, and will probably continue to do so. There are many weighty authorities who already place him higher than Purcell. Like a later vast figure, John Sebastian Bach, he faces both ways. In his church-music he is the consummation of a long line of distinguished composers. In his virginal-music, he is the very founder of the modern keyboard style. Anton Rubinstein recognised this even in the 'seventies, and always opened his historical piano-recitals with a piece of Byrd, saying that he was "the inventor of modern instrumental music." Byrd was also the founder of the English madrigal, an art which budded, blossomed, and died in England within the short space of seventy years. His biographical details are scanty. Born in 1543, at the village of Epworth, near Lincoln, he was appointed organist of Lincoln Cathedral at the early age of twenty, and on 14 September, 1568, the register at St. Margaret's-in-the-Close, Lincoln, recorded his marriage. In the next year he was elected a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and went to live at Harlington, a little village about fifteen miles from London. He held a patent from Queen Elizabeth, granting him the monopoly of printing music and manufacturing ruled music-paper. A certain commotion was made about his purchase of a country estate, Stondon Place, near Ongar, Essex, as the property had only just been confiscated from a recusant, and Byrd himself, though holding his royal posts into Queen Elizabeth's reign and composing both Latin and English Church Services, was all his life a steadfast Romanist. We even find him mentioned in the *Herald's Visitation of Essex*, with his pedigree among the leading county families, and his title to armorial bearings,

He lived to be eighty, and was by nature always a very active man; yet there is a strange silence as regards a period of twenty years, from 1590 to 1610, and evidence is not lacking that he was at one time in hiding, on account of his avowed Romanism.

As a composer for the Church service, Byrd shares the supremacy with the serene Palestrina; and although he owed much to Italy in his madrigals, as did most of the composers of his time, yet in his church compositions and his keyboard pieces he is entirely English. In addition to the Latin works (three Masses and a large number of motets) there are three English services, some *Preces, Responses and Litany*, and a magnificent legacy of English anthems and carols. His secular vocal music is nearly all contained in the three books published by him during his lifetime—*Psalms, Sonnets, Pastorals and Songs* (1588); *Songs of Sundry Natures* (1589); *Psalms, Songs and Sonnets* (1611). These three collections contain over seventy madrigals, the quality of which is so fine that it fully entitles Byrd to the description of founder of the English school, and places him side by side with his pupil, Thomas Morley, the leading personality of the school. So much has been said of the more elaborate five- and six-part madrigals that the beauty of the simple three-part pieces in the 1611 collection is frequently overlooked.

Byrd's genius was so many-sided that if he had written no church-music and no madrigals, he would still have been a star of the first magnitude, for he was the founder of the Virginal music, the inventor of the Variation form and the first of musical Romanticists. Most of his pieces are found in the *Lady Nevill Book* (forty-two pieces) and the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (seventy-two pieces). His younger contemporaries, Gibbons and Bull, added little to the keyboard style beyond a further elaboration of superficial ornament, a convention which later on was to become merely a gloss to conceal poverty of invention. Byrd's music was founded on a fresh sense of regularly-accented rhythm, and this involved a new conception of harmony by chords—vertical as opposed to the old horizontal music. He admitted the folk-song influence and even the folk-songs themselves; and the dance-

forms were elevated into artistic pieces, satisfactory in themselves. The lute played a large part in establishing the new style of harmony, as its chords were dictated by the exigencies of the strings; lute harmony was consequently developed entirely on empirical lines. Byrd was the first to use the Quodlibet in written music. In a fantasia on the Hexachord,[1] the last three variations consist of an ingenious treatment of the folk-tunes, *The Woodës soe Wylde* and *The Shaking of the Sheets*, both melodies being used complete and interwoven with every conceivable contrapuntal device. Farnaby's music stands nearer to our tonality than does Byrd's, which is a little more difficult to assimilate, as it occupies an intermediate position between the old modality and our modern tonality. On the other hand, there is Byrd's preference for the Ionian mode (which is nearest to our major scale), no divorce between major and minor keys, and a consequent greater freedom and wider range of harmony and melodic effect.

A younger contemporary of Byrd's, Giles FARNABY, a Cornishman, shares with Byrd and Bull the honour of laying the foundation of keyboard technique and clavier figuration; and Farnaby scores easily over his better-known compatriots by the wealth of his romantic imagination and by his superior melodic gifts. All that is known of his career is that he came of a Truro family, commenced the study of music about 1580, was living in London in 1589, and graduated at Oxford as Bachelor of Music in 1592. He was one of the ten composers employed by Este to harmonise the tunes for his *Whole Booke of Psalms* (1595). Beyond a few madrigals, a couple of instrumental pieces in a library at Lübennau, and the keyboard-pieces in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, we know nothing further of him; but so curiously modern is his outlook that a few touches will wake his music to life again, with its startling prophecies of the Couperin of half-a-century later, many a contrapuntal twist which sounds like Bach a century too soon, a touch of romance, a grace of sentiment, a Schumannesque jest, even an occasional satire, causing the mind to leap lightly over the centuries to the present time. So little does his music lose by transference to the modern keyboard instrument

[1] Paris Conservatoire MS. 18547; autograph of Thomas Tomkins.

that it is only the assurance of history which prevents us placing him at least a century and a half later.

We know fifty-two of his pieces in all. They include Preludes, Almans, Fantasias, Galliards, Pavanes, Maskes, Toyes, Folk-songs, Variations, tone-pictures, moods, and all kinds of pieces with queer little titles, like *Giles Farnaby's Dreame*, *His Rest*, *His Conceit*, *His Humour*, *Rosasolis*, etc. We find in him a master of clear form and phrase, preferring such simple frames as A-A varied, B-B varied, or a Ground-Bass, or a little folk-song, for his harmonic pieces. When he likes to be contrapuntal, he shows himself equally a master of polyphony. Dr. Ernest Walker in his *History* justly calls his brisk Fantasias the heralds of the instrumental fugue; for in addition to starting with the orthodox "subject and answer," they frequently break off into rhapsodies of melodic ornamentation. Many features in Farnaby's music serve to mark off his style very distinctly from the keyboard music of earlier times, "apt for voices or instruments." We find in his toccata-like Preludes large skips from one part of the keyboard to another, quite in the later manner of Domenico Scarlatti, a century later, a leading-note at the end of a run which resolves nearly three octaves below, a large number of cross-rhythms; and, again like Scarlatti, we find him fond of crossing the hands on the keyboard. In his fantasia on the folk-song *Bonny Sweet Robin*[1] there is a difficult passage for the left hand to play over the right. Farnaby was the principal master to use the triplet figure , and he shows great delight in such fantastic bass rhythms as .

He was without doubt a highly-finished virginalist, and, of all the keyboard composers, the greatest borrower from the popular tunes of his day. Besides being an inexhaustible melodist, and one who carried the art of figuration to a degree unequalled at the time, he had a ready invention and a rich fancy. Picturesque themes, like *The King's Hunt*; dances full of fooling nearly pushed to vulgarity, like his *Meridian Alman*; new guises for old and well-worn tunes, like his *New Sattoo*; delightful fancies, like *His Dreame*; pieces full of changeful

[1] Or *Bony Well Robin*, and *My Robin is to the greenwood gone*, in Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*.

episodes, like *His Humour*; ornate variations, like his *Paules Wharfe*; fitful Schumannesque curiosities, like his *Rosasolis*; lovely little fancies, like his *Wooddy Cock*, in which the two inner parts run gently in sixths and thirds like a murmuring brook; a unique piece for *two* virginals, Bach-like in figuration—all seem to have flowed from his pen without any effort. There is in Giles Farnaby's virginal-music a fount of real English melody which only waits to be unsealed to spread its freshening influences over our music.

Another feature should not pass unnoticed. We have already seen that England was foremost in the invention and development of contrapuntal music, the combination of melodies. England also has had the honour of establishing the new music, that in the monodic style, where one melody predominates and is accompanied by harmony. No books of accompanied songs are to be found in Italy as early as the English lutenist, Robert Jones's, *First Book of Ayres* (1601), or the book published in the same year by the Court lutenists, Campion and Rosseter. Indeed we find everything tending to the establishment of the new harmonic music (the style we have to-day) in England years before we find it in Italy. Both in the Prefaces, as well as in the subjects, of these early English music books is found a vindication of the rights of originality and an effort to build up a really national art, which owes scarcely anything to the Continent. Even the English dedications differ from continental ones, inasmuch as they are hardly ever devoted to great people on account of their social or political importance, but for the best of all reasons, because the great people were themselves real music-lovers.

And after this glorious school of Tudor composers came the Commonwealth with its acid-tests of sincerity and complexity in things artistic, and later the Restoration and Charles II., loving the merry tunes of the French Court, sending young Humphrey across to Paris to learn the studied graces of Lulli's gallant style, and to bring back to his friend, Purcell, ideas of anthems with lilts and *ritournelles* for violins. As organist of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, Henry Purcell had to suit the royal taste. His Church-music is therefore valueless from our traditional point of view. It

is in his secular songs and his stage works that we find in him the sweetest and noblest singer England ever possessed, and English melody at its purest. One cannot feel sufficiently thankful that King Charles had not lighted on Purcell to send to the French Court to learn French ways from the Italian Lulli. Purcell remained at home to choose his subjects from his native land—*King Arthur*, *Boadicea*, *Fairy Queen*, etc. He wrote the first English opera set to music throughout, *Dido and Æneas*. The Lament of the Queen in it is still one of the most affecting songs in existence.[1] He was also a generous contributor to that characteristically national form of play with songs (which Pepys and all the rest of the gallants loved so dearly), a form which can be traced through the *Beggar's Opera*, and all the other song-plays of that day, right down to Gilbert and Sullivan and the English (not the Viennese) musical comedy of to-day. Handel knew the Purcell tradition well, and did his best to carry on, sweeten, rarefy and refine English music. He certainly did not break the thread of English tradition, as so many commentators assert. Purcell foretold Bach as well as Handel.

The same "invisible thread" of fine, clean English tradition is found running through the Shakespearean melodies of Arne, the sea-songs of Dibdin, the airs of Bishop, the cantatas and piano-pieces of Sterndale Bennett and the comic operas of Sullivan.

But the gentle, amiable English music was for a time trumpeted down by the commanding genius of Wagner, which swept all over European music like some mighty deluge. Apparently there was not room for both. One of our national musical habits is that we do not seem to be able to cultivate one kind of music without letting all others go by the board. And so, whilst we were entertaining successively Spohr, Wagner and Gounod on our shores, our own music was laid aside—all to the good in some ways, but dangerous if the change was too prolonged. Hubert Parry was the man who realised this danger most keenly, and his oratorio *Prometheus Unbound* heralded the birth of the English musical Renaissance. And he sustained the right note throughout his busy life. His twelve

[1] *When I am laid in earth.*

volumes of *English Lyrics* are perhaps his noblest contribution to the national heritage.

His chief pupil was Vaughan Williams, who not only followed closely in Parry's steps, but went much farther in the cause of nationalism. He adopted a firm, uncompromising attitude towards music. It must be national first and last, and all the time, if it is to be sincere. He drank deeply at the sources of English music, saturated himself with the feeling of the countryside and of the sea, cultivated English literature and English musical idioms, cast his gaze farther back into the ages than anyone else had done, collected folk-songs and produced an invaluable English hymnal. Pure, sincere, and earnest in style, rejecting all that is ornamental and superfluous, the influence of his high yet modest spirit is heard in many of his most important contemporaries of to-day.

The three chief figures in English music after Parry were Elgar, Delius and Bantock. They all contribute qualities of immense value and importance to English music. Elgar's versatile mind swept over the whole range of English history for his subjects: *Caractacus*, *Saint George*, *The Black Knight*, *Falstaff*, *Cockayne*, *Pomp and Circumstance*, *The Spirit of England*, etc. Delius, more cosmopolitan than any, widened our range and outlook. Bantock developed the English choralism to an unrivalled pitch, cultivated folk-music and emancipated our technique. And then came Holst, as English as any, walking in the steps of Vaughan Williams, but with a larger tread.

Arnold Bax is another who has drunk deeply of the old British traditions (the Brython was a Celt). John Ireland is thoroughly English in his deep earnestness, his directness, and his Purcellian eloquence. His fondness of untying harmonic knots and solving technical problems reminds us of Dr. John Bull and William Byrd. The gentle pessimism of certain strains again reminds us of A. E. Housman, the poet. Frank Bridge is English in his love of the rolling downs and the lapping sea, his feeling for fine workmanship, and his mastery of technique; and the same English traits are found in all our sincere composers of the present day—in the pure Early English strain of Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine), in the bluff humour of Arthur Bliss, as much as in the tender

elegies, the pomp and circumstances of our greatest living composer, Sir Edward Elgar, whose choice of English subjects has also influenced many who came after him, notably Rutland Boughton. Space prevents even a mention of many other names which spring to mind, as worthily sustaining the English traditions in the music of to-day.

Twenty years ago, no one would have said with any confidence that the Renaissance of English music, despite the works of Parry and Elgar, Bantock and Delius, was certainly at hand; forty years ago, no one dreamt of even the possibility of such a thing. Yet indubitably in our rich galaxy of native composers, the English tradition lives as strongly and as purely as it did at its very fount and origin over a thousand years ago.

*Part III*

# MODERN

# PART III—MODERN

## CHAPTER XIII

### DEBUSSY AND IMPRESSIONISM

THE fact that Debussy, the foremost musical Impressionist, developed in close contact with the Impressionist schools of literature and painting in Paris, was probably responsible for the idea that Impressionism entered music by way of painting. This is only partially true; for the germs of musical Impressionism can be traced far back. They may be found in the madrigals of Luca Marenzio, in the harpsichord works of Galuppi and Scarlatti (Domenico); Edward Carpenter has pointed out similar tendencies in Beethoven's sonatas; Liszt's *The Fountains at the Villa d'Este* is pure Impressionism; the *Scene at the Fountain* in Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunof* and certain pages in Mussorgsky's songs (notably his *Sunless* suite) might easily be mistaken for music by an Impressionist composer.

Even in painting, the Impressionists themselves acknowledge inspiration from the works of Velasquez and Turner. The term Impressionism passed from a general term to a specialised use about 1863, when a sunset by Monet was shown in Paris

at the *Salon des Refusés*, entitled *Impression*. The name Impressionists was then adopted for the whole group of painters, of which Monet, Manet and Degas were the leaders.

Impressionism was first and foremost a technical reaction. It banished from art all literary imagination, whether of the tedious mythological order of the Classicists, or of the historical anecdotal order of the Romanticists. The Impressionist rejects all tradition and devotes himself to the sensuous side of the art to the exclusion of the intellectual. He subordinates the subject to the interest of the execution, and interprets isolated momentary sensations, not thoughts, incidents, or complete concrete things. "The principal person in a picture," said Manet, "is Light"; and these painters enjoyed to the full the dazzling vibratory sunlight out-of-doors, in place of studio light. Pater says Impressionism is "a vivid personal impression of a fugitive effect." It is a beauty wrought from within; the deposit, cell by cell, of strange thoughts, fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. It is revelation in a flash, a revelation not to be modified or supplemented by tradition or previous knowledge. Technically, Impressionism is the concentration on one quality, to the comparative neglect of all the rest, thus giving a sense of vagueness, incompleteness and mystery to the result. It may be cultivated by real artists in search of new truths and clearer vision, and by daubers and botchers inspired only by conceit and affectation.

The division of the tones of paint by juxtaposed touches of colour, which produce on the eye the actual colour of the thing painted, with an unusual freshness and delicacy of vision, has its musical parallel in the use, by Debussy, Ravel and others, of the upper partials of Nature's harmonic chord, in preference to the fundamental sound or lower partials. Both painters and musicians attach great importance to the *values* of tones and colours, and Debussy's method of tinting his chords, especially his final ones, is exactly similar to the stippling methods of Monet, Renoir, and the early Pissarro. The further the painter or poet gets away from literature and psychology, the nearer he comes to music. The change from Monet's picture *The Cathedral* in the Louvre, to Debussy's piano-piece *La Cathédrale engloutie* is scarcely felt; for both

have the same vague atmosphere about them, the same shimmering beauty and sense of mystery; the composer's *L'Après-midi d'un faune* seems but a delightful translation into sound of the symbolical poem of Stéphane Mallarmé on which it is avowedly founded. We feel the same about Debussy's setting of Paul Verlaine's diaphanous poetry and Baudelaire's mysterious verse.

Both Degas and Debussy are physicists as well as artists. Helmholtz's scientific work on the perception of colours and sounds by means of waves had just appeared. Degas is as much chemist as painter; Debussy as much scientist as musician. He was always fascinated by the mixed tones of great bells and devoted to analysing their partial tones or harmonics. What is this but the parallel of the principles of chromaticism in light, so beautifully applied by the painters, Seurat and Paul Signac?

Even at an earlier period, the mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelite school in painting was matched by Debussy's attraction to the quaint archaic phraseology of the old church modes, so notable a feature of his musical setting of Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel.* Painters, poets and musicians alike were drawn to the same interior life of reflection, sensitive, suggestive, intuitional, remote, unsubstantial—mists, fogs, dreams, clouds, shadows, water, fountains, gardens in the rain, bells through the leaves, perfumes, all the haunting spells of Nature's wayward beauty. Baudelaire's enigmatical man who, more than father, mother, friends, country or gold, loved the "clouds . . . the clouds which pass over there . . . the marvellous clouds," might well have been Debussy. The painters and musicians even interchange their terms. Whistler calls his pictures *Nocturnes* and *Symphonies*; Debussy calls his piano-pieces *Estampes* (prints), *Images* (engravings), *Esquisses* (sketches), Arabesques, Reflections in the Water.

Absorbed with the problem of Light, the Impressionists only used the human figure as a reflector or modifier of light, and thus supplied the link with that Post-Impressionist school which only handles and even distorts figures, for the purpose of purely ornamental design. And just as Pointillism produced a new sense of seeing, so Debussy's Impressionism created a

new and more intense kind of hearing. There is no doubting that, as the centuries pass, the sense of hearing becomes more and more discriminating. Listen to the "after" pedal-effects of many of Debussy's final chords, with their wonderful vibrant sheen. And how well the music of Debussy answers to Maeterlinck's:

> Let us wait in silence: perhaps ere long we shall be conscious of "the murmur of the gods."

But Impressionism was not concerned entirely with mists and shadows; there was another side which gloried in radiant, vibrating sunlight. And Debussy easily supplies parallels to the vibrant pictures of Pissarro and Renoir in his *Fêtes*, *Suite Bergamasque*, *L'Île joyeuse*, *Rondes de printemps*, *Poissons d'or*. Here we see all the Japanese love of pictorial arabesques reflected in music. We naturally find this graphic pictorial side more in evidence in the pieces on Spanish subjects, in the seductive rhythms of the *Habanera* and the *Night in Granada*.

Yet a third side of Impressionism must be mentioned—the mimetic. The intense occupation with the physical side of sound caused the Impressionists to shed all unnecessary elements. The Japanese prints, just then being introduced into Paris, showed them the great value of the utmost economy. Just as Manet's simplification of technique made for greater precision, so Debussy's economy (learnt from the Russian realist, Mussorgsky) revealed to him the great mimetic power of the melodic line, once it was freed in rhythm from the traditional procedures. The sense of movement in Degas walks "on all fours" with Mussorgsky's and Debussy's mimetic music. This is perhaps most amusingly studied in the pieces on children's subjects—where the movements depicted are stiff and clock-work-like—*Golliwog's Cake-walk*, *Serenade for a Doll*, *Box of Playthings*, *Jumbo's Lullaby*, etc.[1] (From this stage to the glorification[2] of machinery in art may seem a big jump, but it

[1] Debussy's *La Boîte à Joujoux* has the same relationship to the works of the "Dada-ists" as the *Album for the Young* of Schumann does to the children's pieces of the Romanticists.

[2] Or is it a satire on the mechanical side of life? A new reaction against machinery and mechanical perfection is seen in plays of the type of Čapek's *R.U.R.* and Pirandello's *Si gira . . .* (*Shoot!*).

*Durand et Cie., Paris.*

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

is really an easy transition, once we have abandoned sentiment and intellectuality.)

Claude Debussy was born in 1862 at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. His parents were unmusical and proposed a naval career for him. However, he revealed a strong musical tendency at an early age and was allowed to attend the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained a second prize for piano-playing, but was refused all recognition in harmony. Later, he was awarded the *Prix de Rome* for his cantata *L'Enfant Prodigue*, a slightly mystical work, revealing the style of his master, Massenet. As a boy he was a dreamer, and liked to spend his holidays watching the clouds and listening to and analysing the tones of bells. After his sojourn in Rome, he went for a short time to Russia as a tutor and there came into contact with Russian folk- and gipsy-music and heard the works of some of the nationalist Russian group, "The Five," Balakiref, Borodin, Cui, Mussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakof. This influence remained with him all his life, especially that of Mussorgsky's Impressionism and also his graphic style and economy of notes. On his return to Paris, he came into close contact with the Impressionist group of poets and painters, and it is the amalgam of the Russian style and the Impressionist ideas in the alembic of Debussy's unique personality that explains the apparent miracle of his music.

Debussy was, of all artists, the purest craftsman. In perfection of taste he ranks with Mozart; in unity of style, with Bach. In all music there is none like Debussy's. Not a note can be added, altered or subtracted. In his superfineness of sensibility he remains unique amongst artists (unless we bracket Scriabin with him). He was a solitary being, cultivating detachment and a passion for the esoteric. He is Nature's own spiritual poet. There were hundreds of nature-poets before him—Beethoven is the outstanding one; but the Impressionist approaches Nature differently. With him, Nature resounds sympathetically and psychically. It is not a picture for copying, but a palette set for his brush. We find something of the same close communion with her, in the poets, in Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge, in Whitman, E. A. Poe,

Baudelaire and Verlaine. Beethoven saw only the divine in Nature; Debussy is a mystical visionary, dwelling on the spiritual borderlands, entering at times a world of dark presences and unspeakable omens. His music gleams with the light that never was on land or sea. It is this that makes it at times so sad and depressing.

His fondness for unusual scales is part of his æsthetic. The pentatonic, one of the oldest in the world, is redolent of the East. His Dorian takes us back to mediæval times. His whole-tone scale with its abundance of tritones adds an indefinable disquietude and seems to take us to strange kingdoms of the soul. Debussy has something of Grieg's awe of the nameless presences that haunt the wood and glade, a quality not necessarily confined to the Celt. Consequently a number of likenesses can be traced between these two composers. Like all dreamers, the charm of fable lies over all his music. We have submerged cathedrals, sleeping beauties, enchanted islands. And what is all the *Pelléas et Mélisande* music but some old sad legend of the forest?[1] Debussy set Maeterlinck's work exactly as it stood; the poet called the work an "incomprehensible version." But Debussy is ready with his reply. "I have been reproached," he says, "because in my score the melodic phrase is always found in the orchestra, never in the voice. I wished—intended, in fact—that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. I wanted to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song (*chanson*), which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures as in their cries, in their joy as in their sorrow." And so it comes about that music in this opera is as tenuous and as finely spun as it is possible for it to be. There is just the lightest mesh of sound-web thrown over the whole drama.

[1] Scriabin owes much to him in this vein. He is fond of inscribing his phrases, *légendaire*. See the tenth sonata.

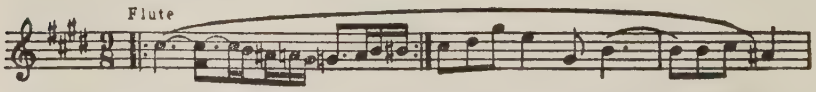
The music has a twilight beauty and glamour, persuading and insinuating, enslaving the mind—"a dream-coloured drama of the mind, best seen against imagined tapestries . . . against revealing shadows and tragic glooms and radiances," whose compulsions are very actual and very poignant. The music of this opera is all Mélisande, all Debussy's love-woman. It is she that the music reveals from the moment when she rises from among the rocks shrouded in the mystery of her golden hair. The entire score is but what a man might feel toward a woman that was his, and yet, like all women, strange and mysterious and unknown to him. The music unfolds like the stripping of some perfect flower, petal upon petal. There are moments when it is all that lies between two people, and is the fullness of knowledge. It is the perfect sign of an experience.

But Debussy is not all gloom and inquietude. There are times when flower-decked maidens dance and sing, when fauns sport in sunlit glades; but he is always an onlooker, standing apart; the music is primitive, Pan-like, elemental. The methods followed in some of his piano-pieces can hardly be described as Impressionistic. *Les Collines d'Anacapri* contains at least three good folk-tunes. *Une Soirée en Granade* is not merely an impression of the Habanera, it is the actual thing; every movement of the dancer is graphically depicted.

In the *Nocturnes*, as he himself explains, he is not concerned with the form of the nocturne but with everything which this word includes in the way of impressions and special lights. In the first, *Nuages*, it is "the unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and melancholy march of the clouds." The second number, *Fêtes*, is the intimation of "a festival and its blended music. Movement, rhythm-dancing in the atmosphere, bursts of fierce light, luminous dust participating in cosmic rhythm." The third movement, *Sirènes* (which introduces female voices merely vocalising), is no less impalpable in depicting "the sea and its innumerable rhythms." These pieces are conceived half in the spirit of landscape, and half in the mood of reverie. The astral images of the thing which is alembicated are distilled to the last degree.

And what a world of sense, flavour, odour, colour and

sound we are in—a world entrancing, ineffably sad and sweet, full of the delights of colour, the time of day even, from dawn to mid-day on the sea (*La Mer*, No. I.)! Cloud-pictures shimmering on the gentle waves, faltering steps in the snow, splash of fantastic fireworks, romance of old mirrors and pale brocades, smell of the earth, soak of dead leaves, of lush gardens under the rain, of liquid slumbering trees, quivering of bells through the woods, glimmer of moonlight on shadowy pools, scent of flowers, loveliness of Southern nights, witchery of Spanish dancers, sunlit shimmer of waves, daintiness of fragile blossoms, rolling of mist, all the fine sensuality which is the age's consciousness of the delicious robes of the ever-fresh earth. All this music is quivering with the sense of quickening life. The sea is a magic mirror throwing back an infinitude of images, reflecting as it were all the passing moods of this unique temperament. And over all is the spell of sea, clouds, or the wind that blows where it lists. Debussy is a combination of the modern mind with the mysticism of some world-old race worn with sorrow and looking out on the world with a sense of prehistoric disillusionment, reflecting in its grey-blue eyes the whole external despondency of clouds and sea. To limn the sea, he turns to the old-world modes; to paint the passing pageant of the clouds, he uses the whole-tone scale, a new yet old mode; for he worships at an altar whose significance he does not fully apprehend. His is less the adoration of beloved things than of the priestess of beauty who discloses their immortal substance. It is on the borderland of the soul that Debussy discerns with any certainty what other men know as passion and emotion.




Debussy's harmonic system is subversive of all preceding methods. It is the custom to describe it as "whole-tone" and leave it at that. As a matter of fact, Debussy rarely writes in the pure "whole-tone scale." Still less can he be called its inventor. In point of fact, it is an old Javanese scale, which in Europe was used for certain effects by the fathers of the

modern Russian school, Glinka, Dargomisky and others. Rébikof has written pieces on the pure whole-tone system, *Une Fête*, for example. Debussy rarely remains in any one whole-tone scale as in *Cloches à travers les feuilles*. In his *Voiles* (*Préludes*, Book II.) he flies for relief near the end to a pentatonic scale. Modulation from one whole-tone scale to another is, of course, permissible. But although he adopts one note as chief, he is, for the most part, an atonal writer; and he was, in consequence, the real initiator of atonality. Wagner and César Franck, in their most chromatic moments, modulate with every bar; Debussy modulates with every chord. It is the signature of his style—a style which gives a perfect fluidity to his language. We are outgrowing the old major-minor scale and are feeling our way towards new tonalities, and Debussy has deflected the compasses of all the younger school of navigators in the musical art.[1] He has rearranged the musical scale, and we cannot really understand his music unless we forget the older scales and listen with an ear unprejudiced by those powerful advocates of the major-minor key, the dominant and the tonic. And the sustaining pedal of the piano he loves; it is the magical wand, washing new tints over new tints, as the music melts and gleams and glides along. He has accomplished the most difficult thing; he has cleared the mind of the conventional idiom and tonality.

Debussy uses the vibrant "second" habitually, as Mussorgsky did before him; but it enters more deeply into the Frenchman's technique. Sometimes it appears alone; often he merely adds it to a common chord as Rameau and Scarlatti used to do. Debussy's method is entirely harmonic; he has no liking for counterpoint; and he exercises the strictest economy in notes, thus increasing his own certainty of touch and adding to his atmosphere. Though with him the melodic element holds a less significant place than usual, he is far from neglecting it. Occasionally we even get the sentimental melodic curve of his early teacher, Massenet. Be that as it may, there is always a fluid line of melody drawn very fine. The rhythmic balancing is microscopic. *Pelléas* beats to a minuscular motive, a major second in irregular rhythm. Often the motivity is scarcely

[1] Lawrence Gilman, *The Music of To-morrow*, London.

perceptible; it immobilises to a single tinkling note, finally to disappear into silence itself.

Debussy loves all that rocks. He even condescended to a cradle-song for a baby elephant. In his appreciation of the ways of a child, he approached Schumann, Grieg and notably Mussorgsky; and invented a graphic art which later composers were to put to the purposes of the ballet with great effect.

Later in life, he turned his attention to chamber-music in the classical moulds—a sonata for violin and piano, one for 'cello and piano, and another for flute, viola and harp, and one string quartet. It was a new territory to him, in which he might have been secure had he lived longer. As it is, one might say of him as Rameau said of himself: "Day by day my taste is improving, but my genius is disappearing." There is, nevertheless, still that logic so characteristic of the French mind behind these works, which justifies his egotistical signature to them—*Claude Debussy, musicien français.*

As with the music of Schumann, Chopin and Mussorgsky, so with Debussy's music, the sense of intimacy is very strong and wins over the hearer immediately. After the "Franckists" in Paris had taken music into rather austere channels, Debussy it was who restored to French music the art of pleasing. He was too great and unusual a personality to make imitation possible. In his quest of the Ideal he walked solitary and apart. He founded no school, nor did he wish to do so.

Maurice Ravel reveals the influence of Impressionism in his early works through his liking for free chordal successions of ninths, elevenths and thirteenths, and for the whole-tone scale; but he remains nevertheless far from the style of Debussy. Two contradictory influences, Debussy and d'Indy, went to the formation of that charming artist, Albert Roussel. The sensuous charm and refined elegance of his ballet, *The Feast of the Spider*, and the delightful *Rustiques*, is undeniable. In his *Évocations* for chorus and orchestra, he gives us a mirage of the cities of the Far East crimsoning beneath a sky of gold. We have here the impressions of some of his cruises as a naval officer. His *Padmavati*, an opera-ballet on an Indian subject, contains passages of an arresting grandeur.

Florent Schmitt did not escape the influence of Debussy, but he was also swayed, perhaps more than any other modern composer, by German Romanticism. The fullness and energy of such works as the *Forty-sixth Psalm*, the *Tragédie de Salomé* and the quintet, he owes to Chabrier and the Russians; but with his orchestral *Musiques de plein air*, the two sets for piano, *Musiques intimes* and *Nuits romaines*, he comes into the territory of the Impressionist again.

André Caplet, the well-known French conductor, wrote his church-music under the spell of the Pre-Raphaelite works of Debussy. His *Miroirs de Jésus*, a rosary of delicate choral beads, shows a close affinity to Debussy's *La Damoiselle élue*. His works reveal all the meticulous care of the true Impressionist.

Cyril Scott has been loosely called "the English Debussy" by that type of critic who calls Parry "the English Bach" and Metner "the Russian Brahms." Such mistaken comparisons serve no useful purpose. Scott's work, like that of many other composers of his time, is not unaffected by French Impressionism, nor is it without some mark of the influence of Richard Strauss. But a large number of forces outside music played their part in the formation of his highly original style, notably the mysticism of Melchior Lechter the artist, and Stefan George, the German poet, and his own close study of philosophy, especially of occultism and Eastern mysticism. Under this influence he began to rid himself of tonality, time-signatures and bar-lines. In England he has made a distinctive reputation by his many songs and piano-pieces; but abroad he is widely known through his chamber-music, and two small operas, *The Alchemist* and *The Shrine*. There is a charming *Idyll* for voice, oboe and 'cello. The piano-quintet and the string-quartet show a surprising vigour, as well as a strong lyrical gift. Much of his music has a strange exotic charm; it carries a kind of perfume with it. This is perhaps explained by his positive horror of the obvious and commonplace in melody, harmony, rhythm or orchestration. His songs reveal a fine literary feeling, as might be expected from one who occasionally writes his own words. His skill in pictorial writing

(*Jungle Book*, *Rainbow-Trout*, etc.) is considerable, and he is remarkably sure of his atmosphere in such impressionistic pieces as *Poems*, *Vistas*, etc. An "English Impressionist" would be the term to describe him most aptly; for Debussy himself saw no likeness between Scott's work and French Impressionism.

So conservative was the English musical world into which Cyril Scott entered in the late 'nineties, that he was ruthlessly attacked by the critics and made the object of merriment by other native composers. All sorts of charges were made against his music—want of melody, ugly harmony, decadent feeling, and vagueness of tonality. A prominent critic went away from a concert at which a Scott work had been performed, saying, "I am now going home to strike the chord of C-major twelve times." But this vagueness was the very element in music at which Scott was aiming. The strangeness of harmony came from his striving for that "sense of newness" which he considers so necessary to all art; his keen sense of harmonic colour was due to his original use of chromaticism. Nowadays the music of Scott sounds a little old-fashioned and even antiquated. Be that as it may, he has been a force in English music, and a good influence in restoring freshness of vision, and a fine example in "the art of unlearning things."

His daring harmony is not the result of the swift curtailment of ordinary processes of passing from chords to their resolution, but of a love of harmonic colour for its own sake and a finely sensitive discrimination for the upper harmonics, which he shares only with Debussy and Scriabin. As a writer has recently said: "We are really only just at the beginning of our harmonic education. Harmony is ever an expanding language of which the classics have given us little more than examples of words of one syllable." Scott's peculiar genius expands both forwards and backwards. Whilst in many ways he projects himself into the future, his distaste for the commonplace and banal gives him a strangely subtle sympathy with the remoter ages. It is a curious thing that the minds of many of the so-called "modernists" in music should be able also to take this leap backwards into the past. Technically, the users of the dodecuple (twelve-note) scale appreciate

the idiom of the mediæval modes, but have no use for the well-worn major and minor scale.

Scott's treatment of the piano is remarkable; he is one of its great masters. He likes to use it entirely as a "percussion" instrument, along the lines of the Hungarian "cimbalom," which he holds is its true nature. This is well shown in his piano-concerto, and also in the Japanese pieces and Chinese songs. He has more diverse styles than most composers. His Eastern vein is seen at its best in the *Egypt Suite* and the *Jungle Book Impressions*; even in this vein we see a great variety of treatment in the delicacy of his *Chinese Songs*, the glare of the *Jungle Book*, and the dark magic of the *Sphinx*, *Dagobah*, and parts of the *Egypt Suite*. When in a mood of pure pictorial evocation he can be as brilliantly visualising as Ravel. Take, for instance, his *Rikki-tikki-tavi and the Snake*, his *Paradise Birds*, the fascinating *Rainbow-Trout*, with its lightning whirlings of the arpeggios, and the comic clumsiness of his *Elephant Dance*. Another characteristic vein strikes a note that harmonises with that love of nature which inspired our Constable as well as the French masters, Corot and Millet. Scott can depict the pure fresh mood of early morning as cleverly as Scriabin. He can suggest the pensiveness of evening as truly as Chopin.

A more debatable side of Scott's activities is his harmonisation of the old melodies. He has revived these ancient things of beauty, and placed them in new surroundings. He has justified himself rationally in his book,[1] in which he proves that since it is impossible to reproduce the harmony belonging to the actual period of the origin of these folk-songs, it is just as much an anachronism to harmonise them in the usual way (a sort of diluted Mendelssohnian flavour) as in the modern style. To clothe them in new and gorgeous raiment, he claims, is at least more generous than to send them away clad in scanty rags. Those who complain of unfitness, in his well-known English folk-song *Sumer is icumen in*, the Welsh tune *All through the Night*, or the Irish melody *The Wild Hills of Clare*, must be reminded of Bach's ultra-modern harmonisations of the ancient chorales.

[1] *Philosophy of Modernism in Music* (Kegan Paul, 1914).

There are other kinds of Impressionism which do not hail from France. There is the kind we meet in the style of Beethoven's third period, and yet another variety in the roughnesses occasionally encountered in the *Mass in D*, where the composer deliberately obscures his melodic line in order to increase the impression, such as the clashes between the violins and the voices in the *Presto* of the *Osanna*. Carillons and bells intermingled with the hurly-burly of voices, organ and other instruments, Parry observes, have a strangely exhilarating effect on brilliant festive occasions; and Bach frequently uses this device in the cantatas. The Tchaikovsky "1812" overture is another case, for the bells are directed to be played indiscriminately; or, at least, they are not expected to chime with the rest of the music.

With the works of Frederick Delius, we meet yet another variety of Impressionism. He was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, of German parents, and had a varied career. As a boy he played the violin well. After a few years of business in the North of England, he persuaded his father to buy an orange-grove in Florida, and he spent some years out there. But his musical inclinations were too strong to allow him to settle down as a planter. Business for him soon came to be simply a means of obtaining money for a musical education. He finally went to Leipzig, where he formed a close friendship with Grieg. This was not the only tie he made with Norway, for he married the Norwegian painter, Jelka Rosen, and frequently visited Norway, which country never failed to inspire him. Since 1890 he has lived chiefly in France, sometimes in Paris, but more often at his quiet rustic retreat at the little village of Grez-sur-Loing, where Robert Louis Stevenson met his wife and where Delius formed a close friendship with Strindberg during the dramatist's two years' stay at the *Poule d'Or* hostelry. When the Germans reached the Marne during the war, the heavy fire of the opposing armies shook the Delius home day and night. The strain of intense work, combined with shattered nerves, brought on, in 1922, a strange case of almost complete paralysis. This, however, has never damped his spirits, though an affection of the eyes, almost amounting to total blindness, has put an end to his composing.

As a rule, the charm of Delius's music is much harder to explain than that of any other composer. This comes partly from his true universality and wide humanity, qualities found only in the greatest. His sympathies are human in the widest sense of the word. He roams over the globe, both physically and mentally. The mere titles of his pieces are sufficient to give some idea of Delius's world-knowledge: *Appalachia* (variations on an old slave-song, written in Florida); *A Mass of Life* (after Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*); *Sieben Lieder* (after the Norwegians, Björnson, Ibsen and Vinje); and *Brigg Fair* (an English rhapsody); *On Craig Dhu* speaks for itself; so, too, does *Paris : the Song of a Great City*, and he can describe the moods and beauties of nature as few composers are able to do. Mr. Philip Heseltine claims too much when he says that Delius's *The Mass of Life* is "colossal . . . without a doubt the greatest musical achievement since Wagner, a Mass worthy to rank beside the great Mass of Bach"; but it is nevertheless a great work.

The connection between Delius and Norway is closer than most people imagine. One of his operas, *Fennimore and Gerda*, is based on a Norwegian subject. There are also *Seven Norwegian Songs*, a *Norwegian Suite for Orchestra*, dating from 1897, and the orchestral ballad *Eventyr*. (The name *Eventyr* is the equivalent of "Fairy Tale.") The piece was suggested by the old Norwegian folk-tales of Asbjörnson, which are intimately connected with the Norwegian nature, the freshness and simplicity of the peasants, their love for the mountains and for what the Norwegians call the *Underjördishe*, the quaint little beings who live under the earth and inside the mountains, and help or harm the living. It is through this general connection, and not by virtue of any particular story, that Delius derives the spiritual foundation for his tone-poem. We have in *Eventyr* Absolute music rather then Programme-music, an abstract rather than a dramatic basis. Such a literary stimulus, and such a dramatic development of musical ideas, are not incompatible with this idea; and the composer claims that the work should be listened to as a piece of music without further outside suggestions.

The genius of Delius is lyrical, not dramatic. It is his

orchestral and choral works which are the most important. He is the tone-poet of Nature, and his art is that of "emotion recollected in tranquillity." It was the lonely surroundings and the resplendent tropical vegetation of Florida which inspired *Appalachia*. The first sketches for his piano-concerto were made on a return visit to his Florida estate in the following year. His *North Country Sketches* speak for themselves. We have the moods of *Autumn*, when the wind soughs through the trees, a *Wintry Landscape*, and then the *March of Spring* over the woodlands, meadows and silent moors. North Country traits of speech occur here, as elsewhere, in the cosmopolitan language of Delius. In *Sea Drift*, to the sorrow and unrest of Whitman's poem, Delius has added a deeper truth and a more lasting beauty. The *Song of the High Hills* is itself like the rugged outline of some great range of mountains whose summits are lost in the clouds. *Summer Evening on the River* was composed in a boat on the stream at the bottom of his garden at Grez-sur-Loing.

The influence of folk-song is noticeable. It began with his first big work, *Appalachia* (the ancient Indian name for North America), in which an old negro folk-song forms the theme for a long string of variations. For the *English Rhapsody*, the tune of *Brigg Fair* was given to Delius by Percy Grainger, who heard an old man sing it in Lincolnshire. In *On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* the second section is based on an old Norwegian song, *In Ola Valley*.

Delius's chief power lies in his extraordinary harmonic resources; and he was the first in the field of Impressionistic harmony. His chromaticism is of a different order from Wagner's and Chopin's. It is not derived from the flow of parts, nor from chromatic alteration; but comes instinctively from his desire to show the theme in every possible light and colouring. It lies just within the boundaries of tonality, but never crosses them, in the atonal sense. The forms which Delius adopts are highly individual; his moods are perhaps too much influenced, on the whole, by flat, low-lying country; they incline to be too long-drawn, without sufficient contrast. His preoccupation with harmony draws him away unduly from the consideration of the rhythmic and constructional elements. He inclines

towards the early English form of a long string of variations on a single theme. His shorter pieces, like the two *Dance Rhapsodies*, are the more successful. The same criticism applies to his operas. In *Fennimore and Gerda* the sections are somewhat disproportionate. Only *A Village Romeo and Juliet* (the story of which is taken from Gottfried Keller's delightful *Folk of Seldwyla*) holds the stage. The violin-sonatas and the concertos are charming examples of his lyrical and harmonic art.

The pure essence of beauty resides in all this music. The art of Delius looks backward and not forward. It belongs to the evening of a great period. It is resplendent with the iridescent chromatic rays and aureoles which sometimes appear immediately after sunset. He is the last great representative of Impressionism, itself the close of the great Romantic period in music.

Charles Martin Loeffler, an Alsatian violinist who went to America in 1881 at the age of twenty and played all his life in the Boston Symphony Orchestra (still the finest in the world), was one of the first exponents of Impressionism in America. His symphonic poem, *La Mort de Tintagiles* (after Maeterlinck's poem) has two *obbligati viole d'amore* in the original score, which adds to its old-world colour. His search for unusual tone-qualities is seen again in his two *Rhapsodies* for oboe, viola and piano. His two best works are the orchestral pieces, the *Villanelle du Diable* and *La Bonne Chanson*. In the States he was unfortunately a little before his time, but due honours came to him finally.

The early works of Charles Griffes revealed the impress of his German training; but his style completely changed later on. His dance-drama, *The Kairn of Koridwen*, is scored for five wind-instruments, a celesta, harp and piano; his Japanese mime-play is scored for four muted strings, four wind instruments, harp, tam-tam, Chinese drum and timpani. His symphonic poem, *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan*, reveals a highly individual and unified style. His early death, at the age of thirty-six, robbed America of one of her most promising young composers.

In England, Impressionism has been a beneficial phase, a kind of apprenticeship through which our composers found their individuality. Vaughan Williams, Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Felix White, Herbert Howells, all went through an Impressionistic period. In Spain, Albeniz was as confirmed an Impressionist as Voormolen in Holland, where Willem Pijper worked through a phase of it on his way to a style which mingles Schönberg's harmonic planes with a rather severe d'Indy-like outlook. Amongst the Finns, Selim Palmgren has profited by Debussian influence; and on the works of the Italians, Malipiero, Casella, Pizzetti and Respighi, it has exercised a purifying effect, especially on the handling of the texture of sound. Indeed, the personality of Debussy dominated for a quarter of a century the entire history of music, not only in France but in the whole of Europe.

# CHAPTER XIV

## WIT AND SATIRE

HUMOUR in music is a curious quality. Haydn's cheerful little pranks earned him the sobriquet of "Papa"; a Beethoven may unbend at times in the *Scherzo* section of sonatas or symphonies. Strauss's tiny *motif* representing Till Eulenspiegel himself is a little masterpiece of musical humour. Wagner's travesty of the pompous Mastersingers by diminishing their theme into half-length notes for the *motif* of the little apprentices was splendid humour as well as excellent psychology. Chabrier's skit on military music in the second act of *Le Roi malgré lui* is of the same order.

Debussy's wit is of a subtler order in *General Lavine, Christy Minstrels at Brighton, Jumbo's Lullaby* and the *Golliwog's Cake-walk*. Syncopation easily becomes humorous; it is merely a crossed beat, a kind of side-stepping, a snag to acquired habits. Debussy's failure with *Mr. Pickwick* is only another instance showing how impossible it is for a man of one nation fully to appreciate the true spirit of a typical character of another nation, however super-national that character may be.

Ravel's good-humoured satire is of a more calculated order. Satie's humour is one of two things; it is either fantastical clowning, or satire with its edge sharpened like a razor. He took a pride in polishing his weapons. He made a belated study of four-, five- and six-part counterpoint in order to be able to free his writing from all accessories which lay outside his purpose. By gradually reducing his musical dialogue to a minimum, he arrived by simplification at *two-part contrapuntal inventions*, the first since Bach. And along these lines, this first of the modern "horizontalists" acquired the precision of the Japanese colour-draughtsman.

Here is the explanation of much of the simplification in

Auric, Poulenc, Milhaud, and in Stravinsky when he sits down to the piano. Not that they owe everything to Satie; much of it is derived from Mussorgsky. This simplified mimetic style may be found in Mussorgsky's *Nursery* set of songs, as well as in his *Marriage Broker* and in *Boris* (especially in its authentic original version).

Mussorgsky and Satie stand at the base of all the modern schools; and just as Mussorgsky had a preparer of the way in Dargomisky, so Satie had one in CHABRIER. The latter recognised his limitations when he said:

> I am virtually self-taught, I belong to no school. I had more temperament than talent. There are many things which one must learn in youth which I shall never reach; but I live and breathe in music, I write as I feel with more temperament than technique, but what is the difference? —I think I am an honest and sincere artist.

Chabrier expressed himself mainly in two moods, one of explosive energy, exuberent passion and incisive rhythms, the other tender, tranquil and at times sentimental. In the first, humour and high spirits bubble over continually—*España*, *Marche joyeuse* and *Valses romantiques*. He did not disdain melodic vulgarity when it served his purpose. A wag has complained of the "exquisite bad taste" of his waltzes. The zoological humour of Satie, Ravel and Poulenc is forestalled in Chabrier's songs, *Villanelle des petits canards*, *Ballade des gros dindons* and the *Pastorale des cochons roses*. From these undoubtedly proceed Satie's *Embryons desséchés*, Ravel's *Histoires naturelles* and Durey's *Le Bestiaire*. Chabrier was the pioneer of a specifically French harmonic idiom. Fauré derives from him, and some of the passages in Chabrier's *Marche joyeuse* and *Bourrée fantasque* might easily be mistaken for the writings of any of the composers who were, for a year or two, dubbed as "Les Six." [1]

Eric Leslie SATIE was born at Honfleur in 1866. His father was French, his mother Scotch. We wonder to which source his outstanding characteristic of humour is due. There has never been any artist at all like him, so significant, so puzzling, so debatable. He is the greatest of the jokers in music. So

[1] Honegger, Milhaud, Durey, Poulenc, Auric, Tailleferre.

original is his fantastic clowning that it makes people a little uneasy. One does not know quite how to take it. Is he in deadly earnest at the bottom of it all? Later, this joking became drier and hardened into satire. His art—for art it is—groups itself into three periods—the first a grave classical style, entirely original and personal; the second, a mystical period brought on by his belated course at the Schola Cantorum and his connection with the mystical circle of "La Rose-Croix" painters; the third belongs to the Satie who is most "notorious"—the master of musical irony, the joker with whom no one feels at ease.

In the first group we find chiefly dance-forms, three *Sarabandes*, three *Gymnopédies* (all his life he has published his pieces in sets of threes). There is a certain grave beauty about these finely-sculptured pieces caught from his early training at Niedermeyer's school.

This genuine romantic mysticism occupies the space between César Franck's love of ninths and Debussy's early Pre-Raphaelite period. Nowhere is a truer cathedral atmosphere to be felt. We see here too a certain luxury of sevenths and ninths; these are followed by a slow and solemn procession of common chords. Debussy, who had become a close friend of Satie, orchestrated two of the *Gymnopédies*.

Wearying of the "grand gesture" of the Romanticists, new avenues were being explored. Ruskin was discovering the souls of the cathedrals; a new mysticism had gushed out from the fount of *Parsifal* shrouded with the mists of centuries past; Burne-Jones and Rossetti and the rest of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood had their parallels in the school of Sar Peladan,[1] who had opened the hermetic arcana of the

[1] Satie had become friendly with Sar Peladan, the founder of a mystical order of painters, "La Rose-Croix," whose aim was to revive the Gothic spirit. Under the influence of this movement, Satie wrote some trumpet-flourishes—*Sonneries de la Rose-Croix*—and some *Valses gothiques*.

Eastern magi and had written a Chaldean Wagnerian drama called *Le Fils des Étoiles*, for which Satie composed some incidental music and *printed it in red.*

In his aspirings towards a new kind of mysticism, Satie hit upon a theory of harmonic formations by superimposed "fourths":

thus foreshadowing Scriabin and leaving a rich harmonic heritage of which Ravel has given a good account in many of his piano-pieces.

And from this second period we pass to one of jokes, dry witticisms (*pince-sans-rire*), cartoons, cynicism, satire. What is this that he is ridiculing? Does he pour scorn on mysticism? On Impressionism? On himself? Or on everybody else? Has he a jest for all the serious things of life? There are some who would declare irony to be a bankruptcy of the intellect, and say that it can have no place in music. This intellectual buffoonery seems to denature music almost entirely. Satie admits as much. Words are necessary. The textual complement often occupies as much of the printed page as the music. What is its purpose? No, it is not to be read aloud, like a recitation to music. The composer adds even more words to the later pieces to say that this is not his intention.

Satie, freed from the mysticism of "La Rose-Croix" painters, gave free rein to his wayward whimsical inclinations. The piano-pieces appeared in regular sets of three, each set more strange than the last—three *Airs à faire fuir*, three *Véritables préludes flasques pour un chien* (the dog is reprimanded, left alone in the house, then let out), three *Embryons desséchés* (marine animals)—*Holothurie*, *Estriophthalma*, *Podophthalma*. The *Holothurie*, which the Honfleur people called "the cucumber of the sea," is described in the text as "taking a walk; like the nightingale he has the toothache; he has left

his pipe at home, but then he does not smoke." The words are useful. One would never have imagined so much could have happened in so short a time.

All Satie's pieces are miniatures—just a page or two, sometimes only half a page. In the three *Chapitres tournées en tous sens*, the wife talks so much that the husband falls down dead; the porter carries too heavy stones, and drops them all with a crash; Justus, a German Protestant reformer of Luther's time, bewails his imprisonment across the centuries with Latude, who threw a bomb at Madame Pompadour; and piquancy is added to their musically-depicted meditations by an ironic harmonisation of the French popular song, *Nous n'irons plus au bois*. Such laborious facetiousness and such displeasing pleasantries soon pall. In the three *Valses du Précieux dégouté*, polytonality is introduced to sharpen the portraiture of this lady-killer, who wears an eyeglass, and has a waist as well as a leg. Debussy had advised Satie to pay more attention to musical form; Satie comes along with three pieces "in the form of a pear"! He applies for a place in the Academy. His application becomes notorious, intellectually scandalous; he pours scorn on academicism in his *Sonatine bureaucratique*, just as he poured scorn on the academics in his parody of certain classics, his three *Aperçus désagréables*, *Pastoral*, *Choral*, *Fugue*.

This kind of musical irony is the most individual and personal of all types of art. The composer writes for a few detached individual people, who would scoff at the rest of humanity. Only very "superior people" can appreciate such irony, which has passed from an elegant wit to a brutal sarcasm. A savage superiority, this; but one which explains much in a certain contemporary school of French and American composers.

There is no form or construction about any of these pieces, which consist of mere wisps of notes, almost buried in verbal commentaries—without bar-lines, signatures or dynamic marks of any kind. This kind of "shadow-show" might just as well stop at any moment; or it might continue for hours, until it loses itself in—Satie-ty.

Historically, Satie was of immense importance. His first set of *Sarabandes* was published in 1887, the year of *La Demoiselle*

*élue* (founded upon Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*) and the comic opera *Le Roi malgré lui*; and the music on Satie's twelve pages is an even greater landmark than either Debussy's or Chabrier's work. The "diaphony" of his sevenths and ninths was to become part and parcel of the harmonic decoration of Debussy and the rest of the Impressionists.

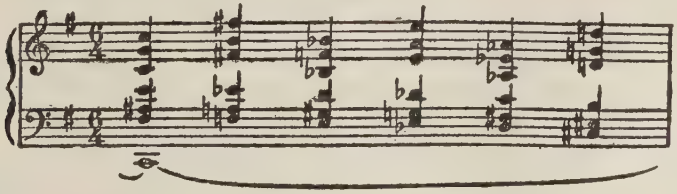
Satie collaborated with the painter Picasso and the writer Cocteau to produce the ballet *Parade* for Diaghilef. There is a fugal prelude, an episode of a Chinese juggler, an American girl in a "rag-time *du paquebot*," the acrobats and the final surrender of their stage-managers in the brief ironic fugal epilogue. Cocteau apparently was very pleased with it and said many nice things about Satie's art. "Satie teaches the greatest audacity of our epoch: that of being simple." "Music is not always a gondola, a race-horse or a tight-rope. It is also sometimes a chair." The chair (perhaps Van Gogh's "yellow chair") is here supposed to be typical of Satie's art. In Satie's music we encounter the tinsel of the circus-ring and the *café-chantant*. In his works buffoonery, raillery, light fun, scorn of pedantry, and sharp-edged satire are introduced into music. If their positive virtues are not great, they serve as useful a purpose as the surgeon's scalpel does in cutting away all the parts which are diseased. That this office was required is witnessed by the production of a whole tribe of jesters like Goossens, Bliss and Lord Berners, and gibers like Auric, Durey, Stravinsky and others.

Satie has supplied a great deal of diversion; and has in addition continued to exhort the French composers to renounce Impressionistic methods in music. The most puzzling of all his works is one of his latest, *Socrates*, for voice and chamber-orchestra, to the text of Cousin's translation of Plato's *Dialogues*. His choice of this grand ironist of antiquity was no accident. There is a considerable likeness between the two minds. Did not Socrates say, "You believe that I jest, but no one is more serious"? It may be the same with Satie's music; it may not. Again we have three movements, *Portrait* (?) *of Socrates*, *The Banks of Ilissus*, *The Death of Socrates*. A few *motifs* supply the structural foundation and there is little development. Simplicity is carried to such an extreme as

to produce monotony of mood. Yet here there is something of the chasteness of his very first period. Socrates would have approved of Satie's musical Hellenism, an art without rhetoric, almost without expression. Satie *wants* his music to sound very level. Directions such as *En blanc et immobile*, *pâle et hiératique*, *pas trop frémir*, abound. The *Pièces froides* and other titles indicate the same tendency. He does not act in direct opposition to the rules, which after all is only another way of following them; but he has ridiculed all academical laws in his *Aperçus désagréables*.

Satie's art moves outside the pale of tonality and rhythm. He was the father of atonality in music. Side by side with all this strangeness and boldness are passages of the most amazing commonplaces, which are difficult to explain except as satirical allusions. This *blagueur*, who surely came from the family of Puck, when he died in 1925, had retired into his retreat at Arcueil to complete his three-act opera on *Paul et Virginie*!

Misled by the similarity of circumstances, time and place, people are wont to pair Debussy and RAVEL as though they were in some ways duplicates of one another. Certain French qualities they possess in common—reserve that amounts to a distrust of their deeper feelings, a strict economy of notes, a dislike for the turgid romanticism of the mid-nineteenth century, an aristocratic sense of style and a refinement completely removed from all vulgarity. Each is a kind of recluse, but in different ways. Debussy was a dreamer and a mystic; Ravel is a cultured intellectual, a very self-possessed man of the world. Debussy began as a Romanticist and ended as an Impressionist. Ravel began as an Impressionist and ended as a Neo-Classicist.



Debussy descends musically from Massenet and Mussorgsky;

Ravel from Fauré, Chabrier, and Satie in his first period; and in his second period he owes something to his friend Stravinsky, and to Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, which he studied closely. Both Debussy and Ravel had to encounter great opposition from the prevailing academicists of the day. Four times Ravel was refused the *Prix de Rome* at the Paris Conservatoire, and the fourth time (coming after his string-quartet had already made him famous) raised such a storm that Dubois had to resign the directorship and Fauré was appointed as his successor.

It would be even a worse mistake to think of Ravel as a *disciple* of Debussy. Although ten years younger than Debussy, he was much more active in works. Debussy's art was too personal to found a school; Ravel's, more classical, precise and impersonal, opened up wide vistas, many of which were revealed at the same time by several other masters. His works for piano, to which instrument he brought an altogether new sense, preceded Debussy's, if we omit the latter's early Schumannesque works; Ravel's wonderful *Jeux d'eau* was composed in 1905, and his *Miroirs* preceded Debussy's *Estampes*.

Parisian by training, Ravel was more Southern by temperament, having been born at Ciboure in the Basque country near the Pyrenees, and his name was originally Ravez. In the French books on Ravel, no notice is taken of this southern genealogy, although many of his qualities are more Spanish than French. He frequently turns his eyes beyond the Pyrenees for his subjects. There is a gentle nostalgia as well as wit in his orchestral *Rapsodie espagnole—Night in Spain*, *Malagüena*, *Habanera* and *Feria* (*Feast*). He returns to the characteristic Spanish dance again in *Les Sites auriculaires* and in his *Vocalise* for voice alone. There is another tribute to Spain in his early *Pavane for a deceased Infanta* (Spanish funeral-dance before the altar, for one of royal blood), and yet another in that joyous sketch of the disreputable old Spanish rascal of a country minstrel, *Alborado del Gracioso*. We get the feeling of nostalgia again in the *Valley of Bells* from the piano *Miroirs*. He is now working on a concerto for piano and orchestra, *Sespiak bat* (*Seven and One*), on Basque themes, and on a dramatic work founded on the immortal *Don Quixote*. His works continually ring with the twang of guitar and castanet effects. The

difference between Ravel's string-quartet (1905) and Debussy's (1893) is very marked. They represent two different types of Impressionist art. One is all for mists, the other for bright sunshine. One withdraws from life and creates a remote world of his own; the other is pleased and laughs at everything. But before we leave this first period of Ravel's art, there is another side to notice — its perfect finish. Its exquisite delicacy reminds us of the art of Japan; his elaborately wrought harmonic colour, his intense occupation with the minutiæ of musical sound—in other words, the wonderful finish of his sound-texture—is carried to the utmost perfection. It is this which makes his early string-quartet the "best-sounding" quartet ever written. Are not the *Jeux d'eau*, *Scarbo*, *Undine*, *Une barque sur l'Océan* and *La Vallée des Cloches* perfect pictures in musical tone? Not a single note could possibly be altered.

Ravel was also at times occupied with an Impressionism somewhat akin to one side of Debussy's art. Take the first of the *Miroirs*, called *Night-moths*, in which he reflects the extreme originality of his sensations, the sad cooing birds in the second piece (surely a relative of Schumann's *Prophet-Bird*), and the evasive sweetness of those bells in that most sinister of valleys in the last "mirror." It is a reflection of a reflection, echoes of the echoes, which he gives us. His choreographic symphony, *Daphnis et Chloé* (arranged as a ballet for Diaghilef) covers a wider range of feelings than any other work of his. It is, from time to time, sweet, pastoral, sad, martial, surly, terrible, religious and passionate; and on this account, the French regard it as his masterpiece.

Ravel has no love of virtuosity for its own sake, but his delight in craftsmanship is one of his chief qualities; some indeed would say his supreme characteristic. His care for detail and occupation with perfection of workmanship are apparent on every page, in every bar, even in every chord. The man himself is like his music, elegant, precise, meticulous, and methodical. His study bears the same impress. It is furnished with exquisite taste, and is full of precious and delicate things. Nothing could be out of place in his room, just as no note could be misplaced in his musical score.

He likes to select some musical model and make of it something new, strange and perfect. His orchestral *La Valse* was deliberately founded on the *Polonaise* in Chabrier's comic opera, *Le Roi malgré lui*; his orchestral suite, *Mother Goose*, was formed after the manner of Satie's *Gymnopédies*; his trio was modelled on Saint-Saëns' trio in F, and the instrumental accompaniments to the songs on Mallarmé's poems followed the path indicated by Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. It is just the same with his orchestration, an art in which he ranks with the greatest; he loves to make a bassoon sound like a horn, the high register of the double-bass like a flute, and so on.

Ravel must not be regarded entirely as a miniaturist. His *La Valse* and *Daphnis et Chloé* are large decorative frescoes, which, however, are derived from Chabrier and not from Strauss. He sternly represses his emotion as a rule, and seems afraid of it; but there are many little touches of sentiment and even of romanticism which show that his nature is by no means unemotional.

Ravel is a real Classicist. A severe framework is always there, but his humour and his excusable horror of pedantry never permit it to be seen or even suspected. He is one of the finest instances in all history of an artist who can conceal art. He has Debussy's fear of emphasis and dislike for large masses. His free spirit permits him to give full play to his irony, wit and elegant scepticism, and he has an incomparable lightness, when indulging in what the Frenchman calls a *pince-sans-rire* and the Englishman "a sly dig." It was not without reason that his setting of Jules Renard's *Histoires Naturelles* at the National Society's concert in 1907 caused so much animosity. The hieratic swan is not found to be always feeding on the clouds, but even grubbing at the bottom of the lake and growing as fat as a goose; the over-confident peacock, when he finds the eyes of the females not so readily caught, gives vent to a high scream and flings open a tail all heavy with eyes which cannot detach themselves from it. The guinea-fowl, the hunchback of the farmyard, behaves very badly when he finds the others simply will not admire his hump. The satire could hardly have been missed by those whom the cap fitted.

All the *Miroirs* are dedicated to either painters or poets.

The poetical quotations which adorn the pieces of his first period gave rise to the criticism that he wrote literature instead of music. The *Valses nobles et sentimentales* (afterwards scored for the ballet of *Adelaïde*) were capped by a line from that exquisite Neo-classicist, Henri de Régnier:

> The delicious and ever-new pleasure of being useless.

For *Scarbo* he goes to Hoffmann's *Night-Stories*:

> He looked behind the bed-curtains, up the chimney, into the chest —no one. He could not understand how he had got in; nor how he had escaped.

In his *second* period we find a still more classical art. Here he is concerned mainly with line, and the strictest economy prevails. He has proceeded from the precision of his string-quartet, through his masterly trio for piano, violin and 'cello to the extreme concision and economy of his sonata for violin and 'cello, where he actually makes two instruments do the work of four.

Concision and precision—that is Ravel. If his work was beautifully chiselled and shone like some superb jewel before, now his line is still marvellously perfect, but more deeply cut as with an engraver's pencil. His material becomes more and more precise, more epigrammatic, giving essentials only. His handling of the two melodic lines, here intoning basic themes, there indulging in figuration to obtain atmosphere, is masterly in the extreme; economy of notes and means can be carried no further. In the *finale*, he still exercises his humour; he takes short cuts, chaffs our dullness, and steals a march on our intellects. This music can say nothing and yet express everything. And all is delicately done with a refinement of wit, a slight raising or lowering of the eyelids, a tiny grimace, perhaps—it is a great compliment to the hearer's sensitiveness.

Or take the amusing little one-act opera *L'Heure espagnole* (*Spanish Time*), which tells how a wife plays off one lover against another by hiding them in grandfather-clocks, and how she finally yields to a third, who is strong enough to carry clocks and contents downstairs. What musical fun Ravel extracts from it! Off he goes, with a rattle of drum-sticks on the music-desk, the trombone-slides slipping in and out, a blast on the tuba, a bottom BB-flat on the bassoon, and the singers merely talking whilst the orchestra gets on with the plot.

And then his latest essay, *The Child and the Sorceries*; for since *Mother Goose* he has not been able to keep away from children's subjects. He is the direct heir in the line of French musical tradition from the aristocratic race of Rameau and Couperin. It is the old aristocratic art back again; but this time not necessarily for only those of aristocratic birth. Half-Spanish as he is (no one knows where the Basques came from), with his sense of the pictorial, his fastidiousness of sensibility, the keenness of his wit and satire, his taste also for merely giving pleasure, Ravel has yet much more of the typical French intellect than Debussy.

# CHAPTER XV

## FROM MEDIÆVAL MODES TO NEO-PRIMITIVISM

Although there are indications of an approximation to the establishment of the major scale in the works of the Tudor composers, Morley and Byrd, it was Lulli, Rameau and Purcell who laid down the lines for its rule and Handel who set his seal upon it. Arriving at a time when so much theorising was being done, especially by Rameau, its closeness to the simple overtones of the harmonic system lent it additional brightness and stability. It gave the unkeyed trumpets a magnificent chance, of which composers certainly made the most.

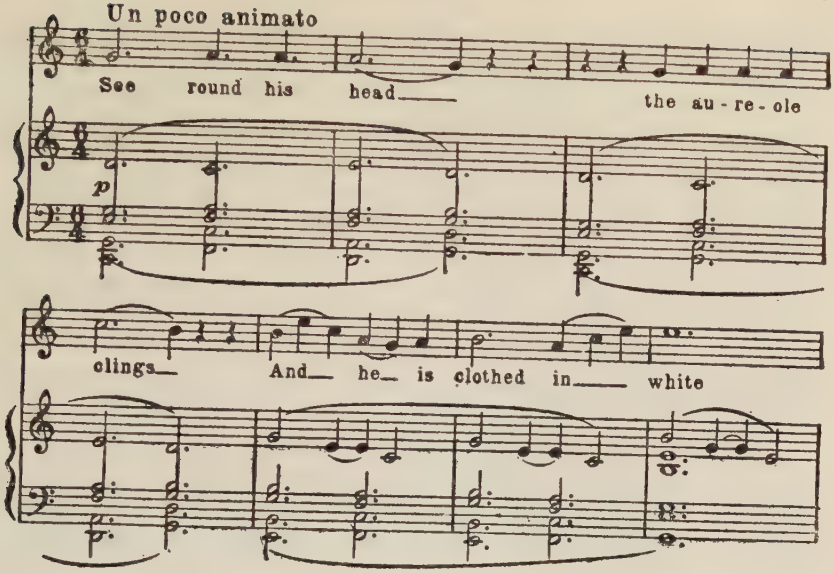
Bach, as we have seen, showed no great preference for it, and was fond of a scale which contained the minor sixth instead of the major one. He also secured very brilliant effects by his use of the minor scale, and a large amount of his music was still written in the mediæval scales, which by their very vagueness allowed him great scope for imparting a rich harmonic colour to his counterpoint. But when the reign of the major scale once was established, it held the throne for nearly a couple of centuries — from Handel until the death of Mendelssohn.

It was through the study of mediæval church-music in France, the cult of church plain-song in England, and the revival of folk-song in Russia, that attention was directed to the beauty and greater possibilities of the older scales. These scales, which were tabulated and christened by the learned monks of the Church, though they were just as much the property of the people at large, may be represented on the white keys of a piano, as in the table given over the page. For modern use they can, of course, be transposed to any pitch desired.

| Authentic | | | | Plagal | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *No.* | *Name* | *Range* | *Final* | *No.* | *Name* | *Range* | *Final* |
| I. | Dorian | D—D | D. | II. | Hypodorian | A—A | D. |
| III. | Phrygian | E—E | E. | IV. | Hypophrygian | B—B | E. |
| V. | Lydian | F—F | F. | VI. | Hypolydian | C—C | F. |
| VII. | Mixolydian | G—G | G. | VIII. | Hypomixolydian | D—D | G. |
| IX. | Æolian | A—A | A. | X. | Hypoæolian | E—E | A. |
| XI. | Ionian | C—C | C. | XII. | Hypoionian | G—G | C. |

The chief impulse towards their modern artistic use was the founding of a school of church-music which later devoted its attention equally to secular music. This "Schola Cantorum" of Paris, as it was called, was founded by Charles Bordes, a pupil of César Franck. He had begun his musical studies with a government commission to collect folk-tunes in the Basque provinces, and had then come to Paris as choirmaster of St. Gervais's Church, where he organised the famous choir for performing the works of the primitive Church-fathers of music. In 1894, the Schola Cantorum was inaugurated to raise the standard of church-music; in 1900 it became a high school of music (with Guilmant and d'Indy as co-directors with Bordes), where the study of the Classicists follows the pedagogic system of textual explanation. The unity of music was demonstrated in their programmes, where the names of Monteverdi, Carissimi, Schütz, Lulli, Bach, Handel, and moderns like Charpentier were regularly found. The school wielded an immense influence over French musicians. The force of this movement is seen in the early diatonic period of Debussy (see music example opposite) and Ravel, as well as in the works of the distinguished pupils of César Franck and d'Indy, both great teachers—Duparc and de Castillon, Chausson, de Bréville, Ropartz, Bourgault-Ducoudray, and the Belgians, Lekeu and Jongen. Even the group of composers known for a short time as "Les Six," Honegger, Milhaud, Durey, Auric, Poulenc and Tailleferre, fall at times, to their own horror, into certain ways derived from the "Schola." The modal influence in France was reinforced from another source by the influx of Russian (especially of Mussorgsky's) music.

In England the modal Pre-Raphaelite vein of Debussy




had been chiefly exploited by Cyril Scott, in his aim at a remote feeling, and in his endeavour to escape from commonplace and conventional phrases; for more than any other composer in England in the late 'nineties, he stressed the value of the "sense of newness" in art. None, however, has done so much for the old modes as Vaughan Williams. He reached his standpoint by three converging roads—his cult of English folk-song, his desire to elevate and cleanse English church-music, his deep feeling for and knowledge of the real span of the old English tradition; and he uses his powers, very slowly acquired, to weld all these elements into a style as unmistakably English, and at the same time as individual, as the style of a Purcell or an Elgar. He has proved himself to be almost in perfect unison with Christina Rossetti, through his setting of many of her songs. Indeed, Vaughan Williams has a good deal in common with the Pre-Raphaelite school. He is a twentieth-century mystic with the manner of an English mediæval monk. In his *Mass in G-minor*, his organ-preludes, his *Mystical Songs*, his *Wenlock Edge*, his *Pastoral Symphony*, his oratorio, *Sancta Civitas*, and last but not the least, his

*English Hymnal*, he has given to England a treasure beyond all price.

Perhaps no composer has been more deeply influenced by Vaughan Williams in his outlook on art than the writer, Philip Heseltine, who composes under the name of "Peter Warlock." HESELTINE has studied English music (of a period earlier than that cultivated by Vaughan Williams) to good purpose, and has made it his own speech in an easier and more natural way than any other composer. His art carries one's mind back to the few remote and unspoilt spots of Norman-Celtic civilisation we still possess, such as Kilpeck in Herefordshire and Lanercost in Northumberland. Some of his songs (*Late Summer*, etc.), even in this austere way, achieve more sweetness than the sense can bear. Occasionally he can, like Vaughan Williams, play the modern Impressionist with his old-world material, weaving a highly-coloured chain of polyphony which scintillates like bubbles in the sun. Other English composers who repeatedly return to this primal source of refreshment are John Ireland (especially in his songs), his pupil, Ernest Moeran, Arnold Bax, in his songs and choral pieces, and hosts of others.

From the folk-song back to the ritual dances of primitive man is a long step, but it was natural that it should be taken. There have been composers who have relied almost entirely on melody; the best were those unknown creators of the oldest folk-tunes, like the *Londonderry Air*, the Hebridean songs, *Bushes and Briars* and *Ca' the Yowes*. There have been composers who have relied largely on harmony; others on logical form; and a still more numerous class on all these elements. But there was none before Stravinsky who relied almost entirely on Rhythm, who returned so deeply into "the pit whence we were digged." Next to Schönberg, STRAVINSKY is the greatest revolutionary in all music. He is the Lenin or the Trotsky of music. Like them he had to destroy in order to create. Like them he shows a strong tendency to weld and conciliate, now that he has discovered the defects of the extremes of both methods. Though he is the complete Nihilist, this great repudiator of the musical culture of the past is nevertheless himself the creator of new forms, indeed of an altogether new art.

Born in Petersburg, his father being a well-known singer in the Marinsky Opera House, he was brought up in close contact with the stage. Under Rimsky-Korsakof's training he began by composing a classical symphony and two orchestral pieces, *Fire-Works* and *Scherzo Fantastique*. The unusual vitality and colour of these pieces attracted the attention of Serge Diaghilef, the director of the Russian Ballet, an impresario ever on the watch for new talent. For many years after this, Stravinsky was chiefly associated with the Diaghilef Ballet, writing a new work for it almost every year, spending his time between his own home in Geneva and Paris, the new home of the Ballet. In the first piece which he wrote for Diaghilef, *The Fire-Bird*, the influence of Rimsky-Korsakof appears for the last time. His next ballet, *Petrushka*, is the one which the Conservatives still consider his masterpiece. In this he is not merely descriptive; his music is complete in itself and can stand alone, without any histrionic or choreographic aid. The same may be said even about *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rite of Spring*), which has had two widely differing choreographic settings and is also frequently performed as a concert-piece. The next work, *The Nightingale*, is a pure marionette opera; it was arranged later for orchestra as *The Song of the Nightingale*. Stravinsky then based a ballet, *Pulcinella*, on melodies by the old Italian composer, Pergolesi. *Mavra*, a one-act comic opera, founded on a novel of Pushkin, was given some drawing-room performances in Paris and Monte Carlo.

The "national" strain in Stravinsky is obvious. His artistic descent is through Rimsky-Korsakof from Mussorgsky. His *Sacre du Printemps* is a direct descendant from Mussorgsky's great folk-epic, *Boris Godunof*, and his *Renard* and *Les Noces* hail from Mussorgsky's *Marriage-Broker*. The ballet, *Les Noces Villageoises* (*Russian Wedding*), bears some indoor analogy to the "open-air" theme of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, since it is based on Russian folk-song idioms, and is concerned with old village customs. In *Reynard the Fox* the reminiscences of Russian folk-song are fainter. *Mavra*, on the other hand, is built up largely on "fox-trot" rhythms. *L'Histoire du Soldat* practically amounts to chamber-opera.

Stravinsky's primitivity goes farther back than Mussorgsky's, and it is of a different kind. Mussorgsky, by making himself a peasant, gave us the real folk—the true *mujik*; Stravinsky's primitivism is that of a cultured being of the twentieth century. It is the "smart" primitivity of the ultra-modern lady, dressed *à la mode*, yet indulging in "bunny-hugs" and other dances of negroid derivation. Of course, Stravinsky overdoes the primitivity at times, just as Gauguin over-emphasises the ugliness of his Tahitian women. One is not going to sit glued to an auditorium seat, like a galley-slave, to be whipped and tortured—and pay good money for it, too!

Fortunately there are other influences at work in Stravinsky's music. The ballet *Petrushka*, a picture of the annual Shrovetide Festival in a Russian town, is optical music—Strauss-like in its graphic and mimetic power. Petrushka's love-quarrel with the other marionettes of the puppet-show is really only an episode. Stravinsky's theme is the people; and he gives us with a liberal hand all the fun of the fair, and some of its sordidness too. The rogue playing a flute in front of an ancient castle was already drawn by Mussorgsky in his *Pictures from an Exhibition* and *The Fair at Sorotchinsi*, and the outbreak of the multi-coloured procession of masqueraders, which passes in the Grand Carnival, was done in the sixteenth century by Couperin, in his *Tournament of Minstrelsy*. Stravinsky's music derives from Strauss (especially *Till Eulenspiegel*) and from Bartók (especially the *Bear Dance*). But many things are Stravinsky's own — the hurdy-gurdy player, the dance of the moon and the ballerina (a real game in wrong notes), the ballerina's solo-dance to a cornet and a snare-drum, the grooms and the coachmen, the gipsies dancing to an accordion, the puppet-show itself with its banging drums, squealing fifes, clarinets playing a semitone apart, and what-not. Nothing is left out; the working is in striking contrast to his later economy of notes.

And so it is with the *Sacre du Printemps*. The Progressivists still regard this perverse and cultivated barbarity of sound, with its thundering brass and percussion, its rapid changes from terrific activity to quiescence, and its portrayal of physical longings by quite opposite means to those of the

*Robert Regassi, Lausanne.*

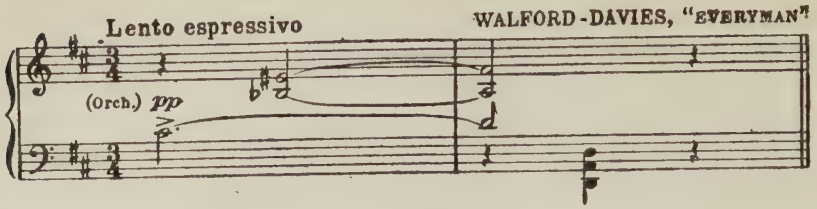
IGOR STRAVINSKY

sultry Romanticists, as Stravinsky's greatest masterpiece. These *Pictures of Pagan Russia* (as the work was first called) owe a good deal to Roerich's carefully arranged scenario. His Dance of the Adolescents, the Scene of the Rape, the Procession of the Magi, the Adoration of the Earth, the Ritual of the Ancestors, and the Sacrificial Dance of the Chosen Virgin, all gave Stravinsky just the opportunity he was longing for; and he joyfully exasperates and exacerbates everything to so fine an edge that it is almost as pictorial without the choreographic element as it is with it. It is certainly a perfect masterpiece of vivid scoring and harmonic construction, lying entirely in the realm of what the Conservatives call Dissonance. Perhaps he expresses the spirit of the age and does no more. A great genius, whilst doing this, would also rise above it.

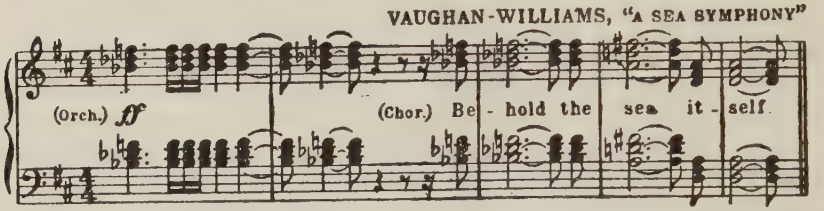
The impresario, Diaghilef, was necessary for the enfranchisement of Stravinsky's art; but Diaghilef dominates his composers as he does his painters. And, having produced at least two masterpieces of ballet, Stravinsky felt that the next step must be to absolute music, free of all literary, histrionic and choreographic elements. To carry the new conception which lies in the *Sacre*—that music was for the physical ear alone—and push it ruthlessly to its ultimate conclusion on the concert-platform and in music of the *salon*, was indeed a bold step; yet Stravinsky took it. He had never really lost touch with absolute music. His first student-work under Rimsky-Korsakof was a symphony. In the four pieces for string-quartet and in the octet we have an intermediate course; and in the symphonies for wind-instruments he eliminates the string-instruments in order to abolish all shading and expression, requiring each instrument to play in its natural *mezzo-piano* tone.

Stravinsky's harmony is practically a new system. There are people who would deny that there is any system at all in it; this, of course, is absurd. Stravinsky's dynamic system is the exact opposite to the older contextual harmony; but it is precisely analogous to primitive harmony. In contextual harmony—"romantic harmony"—the chord depends on the context for its colour and meaning. A chord differs mentally according to the way it is approached and followed; and

sometimes (to the player) even by the way it is written. The notes in the first chord of the following example:




are heard quite differently in this passage:




All this arises from the part-writing; but in Stravinsky, the actual part-writing often becomes less and less, until it disappears altogether in the older sense of the term. The chords are hurled at us in great chunks. If he likes a queer combination of notes, he "rubs it in," and makes it more powerful through some persistent, almost cruel, rhythm. The immobility of this harmony is sometimes quite terrifying.

Some of his chords appear to be formed almost entirely on colour, the notes being distributed amongst instruments all varying in tone-qualities, instead of aiming at "blend," a flat kind of writing which he abhors and resists. This music, thus standing out in the strongest possible relief, may justly be said to be

"three-dimensional." In this respect, then, as well as in others, it corresponds to the neo-primitive pictorial art of Van Gogh and Gauguin. Of course the system of major and minor scales and fixed tonality is thrown overboard. Stravinsky is an out-and-out atonalist. His music is in no "key" at all, as we have been accustomed to use the term. Modulation, either in scale, tone or key, has no meaning whatever for him.

His orchestration is remarkable. He has as fine a mastery over this art as Elgar, Strauss or Ravel. He writes for each instrument as if he himself were a virtuoso playing on it. He does not transfer passages from one to the other, but gives each a different thing to do, according to its idiosyncracy. In his reaction against rhetoric and eloquence, he has come to abandon the full concert-orchestra of the romantic composers, recognising, as science indeed teaches, that the effect is not always in direct proportion to the power and number of instruments employed. In his reaction against sentimentality, he has discarded the strings from his orchestra in many of his later works. His *Rag-time* is written for a chamber-orchestra of eleven wind-instruments. His *Japanese Songs* are for voice, piccolo, flute, clarinet, strings and piano. For the ballet, *Les Noces*, he requires four grand pianos, and an array of percussion-instruments (in other words, *all* percussion-instruments) and a mixed chorus with four solo vocalists, some of the voices being almost continuously employed.

Stravinsky himself is a case of rapid development. Beginning as a Romantic, he went through a phase of primitivism and twentieth-century smartness, and then reached his present position, which he claims to be that of a "pure and abstract" musician. The music of that self-expression which is introspection has never meant anything to him. He writes "pure music," but not what we usually mean by the term. He merely means that his art now is a non-representational art. It is objective music, with two elements only at the composer's disposal—Sound and Rhythm. It is music intended for the physical ear alone; anti-intellectual, anti-emotional, anti-sentimental, anti-æsthetic and anti-moral (not immoral, but a-moral). Yet it has a deadly meaning all its own. It is the most cynical of all music; and only those should take it who need

a certain amount of poison as a corrective for over-indulgence in other directions.

The attack is a merely physical one; what response it awakes in the hearer is not the composer's concern—so he would say. This side of his art is seen in the octet, his pieces for string-quartet, his piano-sonata, pieces for clarinet and piano, and notably in his piano-concerto where the strings have been banished from the accompanying orchestra to give place to a brass band. But can he remain in this high and dry position? It seems doubtful. The "arabesque" was never completely abandoned by him; already he shows signs of adopting "pattern" as his musical *modus vivendi*, and "pattern" cannot keep him immune for long from shading, expression and formula. He is fast leading music to the same goal as Schönberg —to "significant design," to the abstraction of the early centuries when design developed as an art, the culmination of which was reached once in the early English and Belgian schools of vocal counterpoint. Like many other original minds in art, Stravinsky leaves many avenues open for others to explore, and they have not been slow to do so. The composers who constituted, for a short time, the French group known as "Les Six"—Honegger, Milhaud, Durey, Auric, Poulenc and Germaine Tailleferre—have succeeded in building up a kind of modern classic art; some would call it a mock-classic, for the prevailing spirit is fun, humour and satire.

The influence of Stravinsky on modern music has been enormous. Amongst the foremost of his disciples are the Russian, Prokofief, the Pole, Alexander Tansman, and the English trio, Arthur Bliss, Eugène Goossens and Lord Berners. His influence is felt in a subtler form in the works of innumerable composers, as widely apart as Béla Bartók and John Ireland. In the direct line of Stravinsky stands the ballet *Chout* (*The Buffoon*) of Prokofief. It is based on a Russian folk-tale from the Archangel region, the adventures of a buffoon disguised as a cook serving as a thread on which are hung amusing satirical dance-variations.

Serge Prokofief was born in Russia and received his musical education at the Petersburg Conservatoire under Rimsky-Korsakof. He spent some time in Japan, three years

in America, and now lives at Ettal in the Bavarian highlands, near Oberammergau, of "Passion Play" fame.

His terse, closely-knit and almost mechanical music reveals an indomitable will, devoid of all passion. There are no shadows in this music, nothing vague; everything has definite lines, sharp contours, and is on clearly defined planes. The rhythms are strongly marked, the themes usually short and pregnant, the forms clear and logical. The harmonies are deliberately crude, and at times even brutal, as in *Sarcasmes*, his most original work. Audacious though his art may be, his standpoint is far nearer to the older classics, notably Domenico Scarlatti, than to the Romanticists whom he abhors. Of late, however, his style is becoming more mellow and lyrical, and he seems to be gradually reverting to a more diatonic conception of music. *Fugitives* and *Granny's Tales* show that he has a tender vein of feeling when he cares to indulge it.

His opera, *The Loves of the Three Oranges*, is a dissonant impressionistic score of great dramatic power, written around Gozzi's extravagant fairy-tale. Prokofief's work has been called the most amusing burlesque opera of the day. In his two chief orchestral works, the *Sinfonietta* and the *Scythian Suite*, the harmonic audacity even exceeds Stravinsky's. His three piano-concertos have been performed both in London and New York with the composer at the piano. He is a brilliant player of the bright, brittle and vivacious order of Arthur Rubinstein.

Alexander Tansman is a Polish composer now living in Paris. His piano-pieces and orchestral compositions are conceived in a bold modern style. His orchestral *Danse de la Sorcière* is an early work; in his *Intermezzo sinfonica* and his chamber-music he is now striving towards a renewal of lyricism.

Arthur Bliss has played a part of considerable importance in extending the boundaries of English music at a critical period. His music shows a cheerful, humorous and occasionally ironic cast of mind. There is thematic ingenuity, intellectual vigour and a hard brilliancy about such works as *Mêlée Fantasque*, the *Colour Symphony*, the *Introduction and Allegro* and the symphonic movement, *Hymn to Apollo*, all written for

full orchestra. The titles to these pieces were added afterwards. But it is in his shorter chamber-works—such as the *Rout* for soprano and chamber-orchestra, the *Rhapsody* for soprano and tenor voices, flute, cor anglais, string-quartet and double-bass, *Conversations* for violin, viola, 'cello, flute and oboe, *Madam Noy*, songs for soprano and six instruments, *Nursery Rhymes* for soprano, clarinet and piano, etc.—that he is most successful. These all reveal that delightful originality, as well as a thorough mastery over the instruments, which has secured for him a foremost position amongst writers for the new medium of "chamber-orchestra"—a term, which is, after all, only another name for chamber-music which employs instruments other than strings and piano.

Eugène Goossens is the son of a well-known Belgian conductor, who settled long ago in England, where all his children were born. The eldest son is one of the finest oboe-players, the two daughters represent the perfection of harpists, and the second son, Eugène, is now being more and more drawn away from composition by his international reputation as a conductor, especially as an interpreter of the "new music." As a composer he follows Stravinsky heart and soul; but his experiences and reactions have been very different. The favourable impression created by his early *Five Holiday Impressions* for piano, flute and 'cello was strengthened by his two sketches for string-quartet, *Jack o' Lantern* and *By the Tarn*. These pieces are of the Impressionist order and are reactions to the beautiful Welsh scenery round Harlech. So, too, are the lovely *Nature Poems* for piano. The symphonic poem, *The Eternal Rhythm*, stands at the parting of the ways, and the new period is opened with the orchestral *Sinfonietta* and the string sextet. His delightful suite of short piano-pieces, *Kaleidoscope*, and his *Four Conceits* reveal a keen sense of English humour; *L'École en Crinoline* and *Judith* show other developments.

Lord Berners published his first piano-pieces under his family name of Tyrwhitt. He was educated at Eton, where he rebelled against the conventional teaching of music. He entered the diplomatic service; but music drew him away from this social variety of international politics, and when he met with congenial teachers, such as Stravinsky in Paris and Casella in

Rome, his determination to follow music was restored. His *Three Funeral Marches* (the first for a statesman, the second for a canary, and the third for a rich aunt) show a curious turn of humour, and a frivolous outlook on life, which has attached the label of "humorist" to him, an epithet which he himself repudiates. He would rather be classed as a satirist in the grand manner of Swift. The influence of Satie is obvious. His mood changes from kindly raillery and good-natured caricature, to irony, caustic criticism, and bitter sarcasm. At any rate, he never descends to captious peevishness. With little patience for the foibles and petty vanities of human nature he writes, his tongue in his cheek, music intended to make people laugh at their own little weaknesses. There is a bitter truth in such things as the *Lady in the Pauper's Ward*; and his *Hatred*, *Laughter* and *A Sigh*, from the *Fragments Psychologiques*, produce in us the same mingling of laughter and indignation as do the *Unpleasant Plays* of Shaw, of whom he would like to be considered the musical counterpart. He has, too, a highly developed pictorial sense. In his first three orchestral pieces, *Chinoiseries*, he ostensibly reproduces the effect of a Chinese screen, the delicate tints of old Dresden china, and the crude barbaric colours of Russian peasant art. There is a clever bantering in a pseudo-Spanish jargon in the orchestral *Fantaisie Espagnole*, and a charming satire on a Viennese dance in the *Valses Bourgeoises* for piano duet.

He then takes to song-form and sets about proving that Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume* was never addressed to a gentle maiden, but to a nice little white pig, as in fact it was. He satirises the naïve spirit of the German carols, and he has written a good skit on English folk-song in his rollicking *Dialogue between Tom Filuter and his Man, by Ted the Dog-Stealer*. After all, it is difficult to accept Lord Berners as anything but a highly-gifted and witty joker and satirist, and there is plenty of room for him in the musical, as well as in other sections of public and social life.

# CHAPTER XVI

## THE MYSTICAL AND THE PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF SOUND

The most astounding meteor in the musical sky of the late nineteenth and opening twentieth century was Alexander Scriabin, the most remarkable spiritual phenomenon in all music. Outwardly he lived the prosaic life of a twentieth-century composer. He was born in Moscow on Christmas Day, 1871, and, revealing unmistakable musical talent at an early age, he was trained carefully at the Moscow Conservatoire under Tanéief for composition and Safonof for piano-playing. Later, he accepted an appointment as teacher at this conservatoire; but after a few years of it, he resigned the post, in order to devote himself entirely to composition. He loved to wander from one romantic spot to another, for mountainous scenery and wonderful sunrises always inspired his creative work. The various groups of Theosophists, with whom he liked to study and talk, also attracted him powerfully, but he was formulating a system of his own, in which he himself was largely concerned.

His artistic development divides into three periods. Although something of a musical prodigy, there are no student-works in the sense that they are immature. The first period contains the Chopinesque works, Opp. 1–40. The second period, a transitional one, covers the works from Op. 40 up to the fifth sonata, Op. 53; and in the third period we find him occupied quite uninterruptedly with the expression of his theosophical ideas.

In the first period Scriabin appears as a sort of second incarnation of Chopin, even to the point of clothing his thoughts in the Chopinesque forms—preludes, studies, mazurkas, nocturnes; but already, the germs of his later style are to be

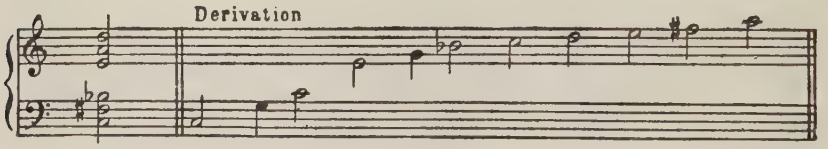
found—a greater refinement than Chopin's, a certain "poisonousness" in the general mood, a tinge of tender eroticism, an occasional nervous vehemence and convulsive quality, which augured a coming personality far different from Chopin's, which contained no eroticism. The embryos of Scriabin's aristocratic *salon*-music run through all his most searching and mystical outbursts and survived almost to his last days; they blend strangely with his favourite "soaring" moods and with the phantom lineaments of an elusive "Satanism." A little later, the characteristic thirst for the "grandiose," another feature unknown in Chopin, began to awake. Scriabin always longed to make art *conscious*, to transfer it from the plane of intuition into the conscious world.

Art became for him a religious concept. We see it in the text of the concluding chorus to his first symphony. But certainly the music intended to carry out such an idea is very ordinary. His equipment was as yet far from equal to the task. This symphony, in fairly orthodox form, only serves to reveal the enormous distance which Scriabin travelled in his short life. The composition shows, however, a complete lack of orchestral style, a failing which remained with him to the end. The piano was his native element, and he always thought in terms of the keyboard. There is, too, a certain lack of correspondence in the movements, as well as the desire to achieve a great impulse towards the grandiose. And here Sabanief[1] sees in him "one of the manifestations of that persistent duality revealed in his sudden transitions from a cosmic perspective to *salon* elegance, from the image of the grandiose to a superficial daintiness, from a magnificent gesture as a revealer of new worlds to a dust of fantastic sparks from Satanic fire, and a sudden vanishing like some astral apparition." But immature as it all is yet, we already see his eager desire to render art universal.

In the first three sonatas and the piano-concerto we still see the Chopin likeness; yet there is also something brilliant and strong of his own. We already perceive his idea of making Art a Religion. As in the early symphony, we feel clearly that the first step has been taken along the Orphic path, the

[1] I have drawn largely from the splendid study of *Scriabin* by Leonid Sabanief.

grim and infatuated following of which was to weave his life into a sort of legend and a myth, with all the signs of epic grandeur. He had, as it were unconsciously, set out in his life-long search after the supreme music-drama, the *Universal Mystery*, which occupied him so intensely towards the close of his life. We get glimpses of the idea again in the third piano-sonata—in its tragical and pathetic character, the impetuosity of its rhythms, its erotic and caressing hues, the magnificent pianoforte style, altogether perfect in its power, beauty and refinement. He was at home in the element of "pianism," as he never could be with the orchestra. At this moment a certain divine madness entered into him. He felt he had within *himself* the power of the Great Illumination. Possessed with the idea of his *Mystery*, he now knew his mission in life, and never forsook it. He becomes infected with a certain specific harmony—his "mystic chord":




a brilliant and resplendent consonance, which from this moment supplants the common chord and gives a special tinge to the whole of his work.

A new psychical feature appears which relates him to Liszt. Into his psychical constitution there steals an element of eroticism, a desire to make the grandiose gesture, to express the aspiring will; and also a subtle tinge of Satanism, the intoxicating caress of sentiment; and as these elements grow stronger, his lyricism decreases and his sound-perception diminishes. We see the roots of this Satanic mood in Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz*, where there are also the elements of Scriabin's "orgiastic joy," with which he now concludes nearly all his larger pieces. The second and third symphonies show signs of the "soaring" mood, a suggestion of those sounds which are later to fill Scriabin's musical dreams with fluttering forms; but these symphonies still look back to the past as much as they look forward. In the *Divine Poem*, however, the mystical

*Eros* rings out in fearless tones. Urged ever forward to the moment of Illumination by this idea, he creates in a single year many of his best works, over forty pieces, including sonatas and poems — from Opus 30 to 42. And from this moment all his works — poems, preludes, studies, nocturnes — may be said to be but fragments of the *Mystery* which he hoped to live to create, and which he called the Final Accomplishment.

His wonderful unity of aim was assisted by his early acceptance of the classical architectural form. His *motifs*, phrases and sentences all stand, like the Holy City, four-square. He made his bricks in the studies and sketches, and when he had collected enough, he attempted to build them into the sonata and symphony of his desire. In *The Divine Poem* the first movement, *Luttes*, is the struggle for the complete enfranchisement of the spirit. It then plunges into the intoxicating element of sensual enjoyment (*Voluptés*). He at length perceives the uselessness of these phantoms of physical enjoyment, the eternal reaching without attaining, and he also perceives that he has in himself the power to disperse them. This he called *Divine Play* (*Jeu Divin*), and he made it the subject of the *finale* of this symphony.

And so it is in the other two orchestral pieces, the *Poem of Ecstasy* and the *Poem of Fire* (*Prometheus*). In the *Satanic Poem* for piano we have, as it were, a page of his diabolical mood torn out. It is full of the seduction of depravity, the witchery of insincerity, says Sabanief. He there creates "capricious and enticing forms, which, after a gesture of erotic enchantment, scatter sparks of elemental fire and diabolical laughter." This Satanic mood remains with him to the end; but, as more and more certainly he is borne along on the wings of ecstasy, the doings of earth become faint; and he mounts on wings into the same realm of "seraphism," which César Franck had entered by a far different road. Sabanief considers that it was in the third symphony, *The Divine Poem*, that Scriabin grasped the greatest diapason and possessed his spiritual world most fully; that before it and after it, Scriabin was narrower in domain. This may be so, but the slow movement can hardly be called successful. After then, Scriabin seemed to

lose hold of the domain of human feeling, which formerly was so beneficial in the stimulating of the artistic element. He willingly renounced the brilliancy and originality of the early and middle periods; for it seemed as though he could not continue to live on the two planes at once. From the immense circle of moods in the third symphony, he chose a circle small in area and commenced a fruitful exploration of it. In this circle were the elements of delicacy, and of power and brilliancy, at the sacrifice of breadth. From this point his art began to be "specific." He refined his lyricism more and more; the old harmonies, the old melodic forms, all disappear to give place to "mystical moods," for the expression of which he is ever seeking a new musical speech. All his symphonies and sonatas up to *Prometheus* are spiritual autobiography; but in his *Prometheus* and the piano-sonata fragment, *Towards the Flame*, there is no longer any personal element. He gives us pure "cosmogony." Here in *Prometheus* there is none of the warmth of the *Ecstasy*; we have instead a mighty scheme, a certain dogma, and a purer expression. Scriabin in his desire for a liturgical setting for *Prometheus*, as contrasted with a concert performance, wanted to see the hall submerged in changing lights, operated by his colour-organ, and to have the chorus-singers in white robes, carrying out pre-arranged movements. The later sonatas, too, are no longer musical productions; they are miniature liturgical acts, miniature "mysteries." It was Scriabin's earnest desire that the whole performance should have the significance of a mystical act, in which all could participate.

And so with the great *Mystery*, on which he was engaged when he died, he was to attain a "super-music," a synthesis of all the arts; plastic visions, representations of processions and carillons, prophetic words, summoning trumpets, exorcising phrases and rhythms, aromas and clouds of incense, hiding the face of the radiant Ecstasy. The seventh sonata is full of such visions. The sixth is more earthly, more human. The seventh is Scriabin the mystic, the sixth Scriabin the artist. In the ninth sonata, the element of Satanism reaches its height. He often wondered why he had written it; for he recognised it as a falling away from grace, and called it the

*Black Mass*. In the tenth, the artist, and not the mystic, again goes his own way.

For those who do not wish to follow out Scriabin's theosophical idea in his music, and have no taste for the "Promethean" harmony, there is an abundance of material up to Op. 50, full of character and beauty of every description. The smaller poems and sketches of the later works are exceedingly beautiful; they open out like so many lovely flowers. But whether we take the earlier, middle or later periods, we always encounter the most perfect workmanship, and an original sense of the piano, the like of which is not found elsewhere, even in Chopin.

One of the most highly gifted disciples of Scriabin is his biographer, Leonid Sabanief. His *Six Poems* show an exquisite feeling for the colour of highly developed chords. But the number of the whole-hearted and half-hearted followers of Scriabin is legion. Ernst Gunst, an earnest believer in Scriabin's theories, seems to have followed the earlier Scriabin works in his own sonatas. The two Kreins, Alexander and Gregory, carried the Scriabin harmonic theories further, in deeply felt compositions with strange titles, such as the *Poem of Meekness*, and in various dance-forms, all of which deserve to be widely known.

Amongst the music published by the Russian State Music Company are the works of many composers who proceed along similar lines, notably Arthur Lourié with his *Syntheses*, *Forms in the Air*, etc., Alexander Shenshin, who develops the Scriabin arpeggio treatment of the piano, and Alexander Vaulin, who carries on the late-Scriabinic polyphony. Alexander Drosdof does not show the influence quite so deeply, but it is felt in the dances from his mimodrama, *Aladdin and Palomides*, just as much as in the valses and folk-tale sonatas of Anatole Alexandrof, and the nocturnes of Yurasovsky. The early piano-pieces of Prokofief (Op. 12, March, Gavotte, Legend, Scherzo, Humoresque, etc.) were undoubtedly written under the shadow of Scriabin's rising power, through his later sonatas reveal very different tendencies. Samuel Feinberg's preludes lie somewhere in between the Scriabin impressionism and the Rachmaninof romanticism.

Rébikof is an interesting and odd figure amongst the Russian composers. He invented a few new chords, and was the first to write whole pieces in chords of the fourth. His mimo-psychological dramas are interesting, but his personality was not big enough for him to exercise any influence on Russian musical life.

Other twentieth-century Russian composers work along different lines. Catoire, Drosdof, Dzegelénof, Pavlof and Stantchinsky follow Debussian Impressionism. Miaskovsky, Evséief, Maikapar, Eigess, Krilof, Maximilian Steinberg, Vassilenko, Dobrovein and Gniessin follow the modern developments of Brahms's and Metner's combined rhythms. Nicolas Roslavets was almost first in the field of Futurism with his cubist musical studies, written in 1908. Nicolas Dotchivof has composed a ballet based on the popular songs of the time of the Russian Revolution.

As in other countries the pre-war and post-war psychology show a considerable difference, so it is in Russia, only in a more marked form. There the difference between the pre-Revolution and the post-Revolution psychology is immense; and this change is strongly reflected in Russian music.

In the case of Michael Churlionis, the Lithuanian composer, the dividing-line between painting and music is almost obliterated. In his mystical paintings he attempts the translation of music into terms of pictorial art. He has painted the *Allegro* of Beethoven's sonata No. 5, and the *Andante* from sonata No. 6, a Prelude and Fugue, a diptych, and a mystical picture of Paradise not altogether unrelated to the art of Blake. His cosmic symphonies in paint are surely the parallel of Scriabin in music. He would have been the ideal decorator of some splendid theosophical fane in which Scriabin's projected *Mystery* might have been performed. But Churlionis also composed actual music, three symphonic poems, *Polonez*, *Jura* (*The Ocean*), *Mishas* (*The Forest*), and a cantata, *De Profundis*. He was the first to train a national Lithuanian choir.

In England the influence of Scriabin is seen in the earlier piano works of John Ireland and the later pieces of Frank Bridge. There are, of course, other influences which went to the forming of their style. John Ireland, like Vaughan Williams,

only found his way to a truly individual utterance by going through a period of French Impressionism. It seemed to be then the necessary correction for too stolid a musical training along German academical lines.

The rich promise of a young self-taught musician, William Baines, was cut short by his death at the age of twenty-two. His *Paradise Gardens*, *Seven Preludes*, *Tides*, *Silver-Points* and *Milestones*, all for piano, reveal Scriabinic and Debussian influences, but they also possess a rich vein of lyricism and a delicacy of idea which might have made him "the Walter de la Mare of music," had he lived longer. One of the most gifted disciples of Scriabin is an Australian composer, Roy Agnew. His seven sonatas, preludes and other piano pieces, besides being very charming works, reveal a personality of considerable significance.

Albert Coates, in his orchestral tone-poem, *The Eagle*, and other pieces, follows in the direct line of Scriabin's later dissonantism, a style which Coates handed on to Howard Hanson, the present director of the Eastman Conservatoire, Rochester, U.S.A. But the most fruitful example of the influence of Scriabin is to be found in the music of the Polish composer, Karol Szymanowski, whom we shall discuss in the chapter on Neo-Classicism.

From the strain which Scriabin puts on the present chromatic system through his use of the upper partial overtones which are not strictly in tune in the present system, we naturally pass to the possibility of other scale divisions. Busoni's experimental system of composition pointed to the desirability of dividing the whole tone into thirds. There should be an inexhaustible variety in such a system. In the space of an octave, Busoni counted no less than 113 possible scales. Alois Hába of Prague has gone further, not only inaugurating a theoretical quarter-tone system and having keyboard instruments constructed according to this plan, but also inventing a notation for it and composing several works along these lines—seven pieces for his quarter-tone harmonium and some symphonic music for a chamber-orchestra in quarter-tones. He uses the quarter-tone both melodically and harmonically. In his string-quartets he restricts the new quarter-tone

sounds in melody mostly to slurred transitions from one note of the dodecuple scale to another. This is hardly a complete testing of the new system. The sentimental *tzigane* violinist and the jazz-band player can do as much. Aldous Huxley, in his *Jesting Pilate*, says that the Indians use these slurred notes in precisely the same way, chiefly in connection with the pentatonic or black-note scale. The string-quartets of Hába, when performed at the early International Festivals at Salzburg, sounded merely like ordinary music made smoother and more oily.

Like all other innovations, the idea of quarter-tones did not occur to a single composer. In 1918, the Russian, Ivan Vischnegradsky, wrote several pieces on a quarter-tone system for a solo voice, violin, 'cello and quarter-tone piano. For the construction of the latter instrument, he applied to the Ministry of Education for assistance. The idea of quarter-tones was continually present in Lourié's conception of his own pieces. But greater practical possibilities are evidently latent in the tertia-tonal system, since it is quite easy to train singers to make the differences, say, between C-sharp and D-flat, and so on.[1] It is also a sound principle of education, as well as a good basis for evolution, that one thing should be taken at a time and that the steps forward should be as gradual as possible.

[1] I have taught boys to sing these intervals with ease. See my *Modern Harmony: Its Explanation and Application* (Augener, 1914).

*Schlosser and Wenisch, Prague.*

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

# CHAPTER XVII

## EXPRESSIONISM, ATONALITY, BI-TONALITY, POLYTONALITY

All music, and all art, is really Expressionism, but since the advent of Arnold Schönberg, the word has come to have a special meaning, a special aim, and a technique all its own. The Munich, and now the Vienna, groups, of which Kandinsky and Schönberg are the leaders, include painters, poets, musicians and dramatists, all working to the same end—the expression of the *soul* of nature and humanity, or, as Kandinsky calls it, the *innerer Klang*. The painter Kandinsky and the musician Schönberg have reacted upon one another in so remarkable a way that it is impossible to say which has exercised the greater influence on the other. Schönberg for a considerable period found his expression through painting canvases of a Post-Impressionist order and achieved sufficient success to hold a remarkable exhibition of his own pictures in Vienna.

These two artists maintain that "Expressionism," as they understand it, is no new thing. It descends from Post-Impression, the modern expression of a tradition kept alive down the ages by odd and neglected musicians and painters, who sought to express inner feeling rather than outer reality. The true relationships in art, they maintain, are not necessarily those of outward form, but rather those founded on inner sympathy of meaning. Every work of art is in a sense a child of its age, for the truth to be expressed has perforce to take many forms. To this extent, each period of culture produces an art of its own, which can never be repeated. Yet this should not prevent our sympathy with the primitives. There are, of course, many people who deny that the early primitive arts had any inner meaning, and these people are the opponents of Post-Impressionism and the modern schools. Kandinsky carries Post-Impressionism one stage farther and arrives at spiritual

harmony. In doing so, he has broken down the barrier between music and painting and has "isolated" the pure emotion. Even music itself required this liberation, and Schönberg effected it.

External beauty is only one element of a spiritual atmosphere. The invisible Moses descends and sees the dance round the Golden Calf. That which belongs to the spirit of the future can only be realised by feeling, and to this the talent of the artist is the only guide. The lamp of theory sheds light only on the petrified ideas of yesterday, or of the more distant past. Kandinsky sought to give to painting the most precious power which music already possesses — expression, free of representation. Both he and Schönberg felt themselves impelled to reject all tradition and conventional technique. They were ready to shed all they had learnt and start afresh like little children. (Unfortunately Schönberg had learnt such a lot, for he was, and is, one of the greatest musical theorists in Europe.) We can put no trust in materialistic science. To unaccustomed eyes and ears, the inner beauty often appears as ugliness, because mankind in general inclines to the *outer* and knows nothing of the *inner*. "Ugly" is a conventional term and only signifies what is spiritually unsympathetic. The Stravinsky-Nijinsky ballet, *Sacre du Printemps*, for instance, casts "conventional beauty" to the winds, and a return has been made to prominent angles and abruptness in the dancing. That is a beauty produced by the inner need. Epstein's bust of a woman, *Nan*, is not beautiful at all in the classical sense, but as a reading of life, intensely sensitive in its vision and modelling, complete in structure and enigmatic in aspect, it achieves beauty of a high kind, and is a work of the finest art. So it is, too, with Scriabin's *Prometheus*, which horrifies as many as it enchants; and so it is with Schönberg, who severs himself from all conventional beauty.

"Concord" and "discord," likewise, are purely conventional terms, and have no real existence. "Every combination," Schönberg writes, "is possible; but I am beginning to feel that there are also definite rules and conditions which incline me to the use of this or that dissonance." "This means," Kandinsky writes, in *The Art of Spiritual Harmony*, "that Schönberg realises that the greatest freedom of all, the freedom of an

unfettered art, can never be absolute. Every age achieves a certain measure of this freedom, but beyond the boundaries of its freedom the mightiest genius can never go. But the measure of freedom of each age must be constantly enlarged. Schönberg is endeavouring to make complete use of his freedom and has already discovered gold-mines of new beauty in his search for spiritual harmony. His music leads us into a realm where musical experience is a matter, not of the ear, but of the soul alone—and from this point begins the music of the future." He seeks the inner life of everything, just as Cézanne made a living thing out of a tea-cup. Indeed, all real artists are now striving towards the Abstract—the New Material.

Schönberg's circle believes in the deep relationship between the arts, and especially between music and painting—the scent of colour, the colour of sounds, transferred senses. The admission of the possibility of one art helping another does not amount to a denial of their necessary differences. Kandinsky suggests that the new principles of tonality in music may be something like what we mean when we talk of the tonality of a painting; and so the two arts may be brought one stage closer together.

Yet sound cannot dispense with boundaries of some kind any more than colour can. And so the Expressionist musician, like the Expressionist painter, is really now a Formalist; for Form by itself, like the triangle or circle in drawing, has a power of inner suggestion. Timbre and colour, too, have some bearing on expression, for keen colour helps sharp outlines, and soft deep colour emphasises the roundness of curves. Every form in the world expresses something, and these colour-patterns of Kandinsky and sound-patterns of Schönberg express a great deal. Form has as much significance to the musician Schönberg as it had to the painter Cézanne. An artist sees his forms in idealisation, and he selects his objects in the *light* of the whole work. Singly they would have no meaning. Every arrangement of forms in synthesis is as sensitive as a puff of smoke; the slightest breath will alter it completely. To anyone who cannot experience this inner appeal of form, the music is incomprehensible; for art is an ever-expanding projection of the external and objective into the plane of the

periodic and subjective—the subjective made objective. The best art will always be ahead of the time; yet the truth will either be coloured, and made, to a certain extent, in tune with the spirit of the age; or else it will be opposed violently to it. Eventually (Schönberg considers), "personality" and "style" will disappear; only true "artistry" will remain. An age of reasoned and conscious composition may arrive, in which the artist will be proud to call his work constructive or synthetic. Neither Kandinsky nor Schönberg claims yet to have reached his goal, though both have already numerous followers.

As a composer, Schönberg began as a Romanticist; he passed through a transitional Late-Romanticist stage, and finally arrived at his third period, one of complete abstraction, conveyed through the severest of all forms—that of chamber-music. Even in his romantic period, that covering his application of Wagnerian ideas, which contains the sextet, *Night Transfigured*, the orchestral overture, *Pelleas und Melisande*, and the *Gurrelieder*, the tendency towards abstraction is just as observable as it is in the first two string-quartets and the chamber-symphony in which the Wagnerian influence has quite disappeared. With the *Book of the Hanging Gardens*, a setting of Stefan George's words, he enters the *atonal* world.

In the transition works, the three piano-pieces, Op. 11, and the five orchestral pieces, Op. 16, we encounter an agonised attempt to seize the expression, which we had hoped was satisfied in the horrible Expressionist stage-pieces, *Expectation* (*Erwartung*) and *The Lucky Hand*. It is characteristic of Schönberg's restless mind that he should have occupied himself with Expressionist drama—writing words and music, and directing its colour and lighting effects. But it should also be remembered that he was then musical director of the Überbrettl theatre at Berlin. In these two chamber-music dramas, we have two examples of this weird kind of art, which is an offshoot from Strindberg. In *The Lucky Hand*, Schönberg has transmuted light, speech, colour and music into a synthesis of expression. The overwhelming effect is undeniable—and it is significant inasmuch as the highly personal form of expression throughout the drama takes precedence over the doings and

sayings of the actors. In other words, the chief character, the *author*, is not on the stage at all.[1]

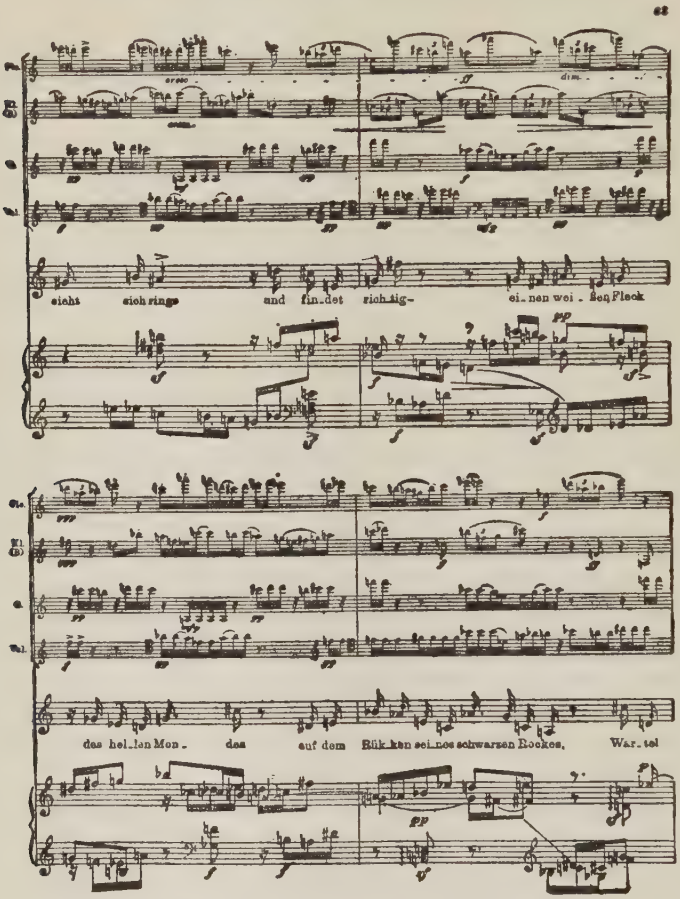
In his next work, a remarkable piece of chamber-music, entitled *Pierrot Lunaire*, the painful tension of the stage works is abandoned, and the economy of the means used is very striking. It is a curious work in many ways. Schönberg gave it the sub-title of *Three Times Seven*, although the number of short poems selected from Giraud's poem of grotesque folly only accidentally came to twenty-one.[2] Was it the mystical or the mathematical sense which was thus asserting itself? The single vocal part follows Schönberg's special system of "Song-speech"—a method half-way between singing and speaking, which he had also employed in *The Lucky Hand*. The chamber-orchestra is used in an original manner. *Moonstruck* is written for a flute, a violin and a piano; *The Dandy*, a piccolo, clarinet and piano; *Madonna*, flute, clarinet and 'cello; *The Sick Moon*, flute alone. But Schönberg, ever seeking, ever changing, alters his style completely half-way through the cycle. The place of conversion is seen at the eighth piece in the return to the older forms. *Night* is a consistent *Passacaglia*; *Parody* bristles with canons of every kind, simple, double, inverted and what-not. In *The Moon-spot* there is a double crab-like canon; and, as if that were not enough, from the tenth bar onwards the whole of the music runs backwards to the beginning, as shown on the following page. We have here both a progressive and a retrogressive art, one looking back to Bach's *Art of Fugue*, a work intended to be studied and heard only in the inner hearing of the mind. One is reminded of Hardy's *Dynasts*—a play to be read and not acted.

It is remarkable that so ferocious an innovator as Schönberg

[1] Schönberg was early in the field of Expressionist drama. The most famous examples still come from Germany. Two prominent authors are Ernst Toller, a leading South-German Communist, and George Keiser. Toller has written *The Machine Wreckers, Masses and Men* and *The Rat Man*. Keiser's *Gas* and *From Morn till Night* are very powerful, but morbid. The Expressionist technique has been used for a most remarkable German film, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, and in America for Elinor Gates's *The Poor Little Rich Girl* and Kauffman's and Connelly's *The Beggar on Horseback*. S. Ansky's Jewish play, *Dybuk*, has been greatly praised by Chaliapin. In America, Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine* has been followed by *The Sub-Way*. In England, the only examples are C. K. Munro's *The Mountain* and *The Rumour*.

[2] Compare Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* title.

should have chosen so traditional a Late-Romantic as the Belgian poet, Albert Giraud, for his inspirer. This ironical picture of the lunarist, an infinitesimal Faust powdered *à la* Pierrot, is the last of the dying dreams of Romanticism. The


sieht sich rings and fin.det rich.tig- ei.nen wei.ßen Fleck
das hel.len Mon. das auf dem Rük.ken sei.nes schwarzen Rockes, War.tet

first part of Schönberg's work gives us a series of vignettes miraculously distorted. A single timbre sometimes suffices to create the atmosphere. This strange little orchestra gives gives forth a highly concentrated and compressed essential art. These phantoms of chords which occur between phantoms of arpeggios have neither name nor quality, profession not

function. It is the minimum of means used with the maximum of power. But in the middle of it all, Romanticism is puffed out for Schönberg, like a candle; he has become a Neo-Classicist. The voice-part is to be what he calls *Sprechgesang*, a song-speech, or neither song nor speech, but something in between. It is written in the usual notation, and the notes must be observed in their rhythm and justness, although the usual technique must be abandoned. The voice to forsake the nature of an organ-pipe and to take upon itself the qualities of a string, adopting a kind of dying away, like a harp-note, with a perpetual *portamento*. A German critic has spoken of it as a tight-rope feat of which few singers are capable. A French writer has referred to it as putting the voice into a rubber corset. It is really neither; for the voice, like the ear, is capable of any amount of development. It is actually exalted speech; and if the Greeks really recited their poetry, it must have been something like this *Sprechstimme* of Schönberg's. It certainly makes the German language much more phonetic and flowing.

In any case, Schönberg has drawn his Pierrot with great strength and has caught every mood with unsurpassed skill. The work is one of the outstanding landmarks in the new region, and it has, in its quiet little way, exercised an influence on modern music comparable with, if not surpassing, that of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*.

*Pierrot Lunaire* was written in 1912; and for eight years after that Schönberg refrained altogether from composition. He gave himself up to thinking out things all over again. He had thrown over tradition, all preceding knowledge—key, tonality, sequence, ornamentation—only sound, line and colour were left. He tried to outline his theories; but both he and Kandinsky attempt to formulate more than is wise. He wrote his own libretti, and to his work as a theorist, painter, dramatist and composer he then added the work of a poet, and planned two oratorios, *Die Totentanz der Prinzipien* and *Jacob's Ladder*; but it is not likely that these works will ever be finished—for his own principles were again moving restlessly onward. Technique and subject were now at war. He was faced with the final denial. Enlightenment came suddenly. Subject also must go. He saw that his entirely free polyphony

of melodic lines in the atonal style (linear counterpoint it is sometimes called) must be separated once for all from the horrible subjects of the romantic decadence. The finger pointed unmistakably in the direction of "abstract" music in free atonal (keyless) language, and of the chamber-music forms which had never ceased to draw his preference. Even in his large orchestral works, he had given each voice its own melodic outline and he has always expressed himself best when he could build on the polyphony of the string-quartet.

And so in 1920 an entirely new period began. There were the two sets of piano-pieces (Opp. 23 and 25), the *Serenade* for voice and seven instruments, and the wind-quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon. In these he has returned to both ancient and modern forms, and some of the mediæval canonic devices. In the piano *Dance-Suite*, Op. 25, he has taken music into the region of higher mathematics. The six pieces—*Prelude*, *Gavotte*, *Musette*, *Intermezzo*, *Minuet* and *Gigue*—rest on a series of "note-circles" or "ground-figures" which when taken altogether make up the twelve notes of the dodecuple scale. We now find music busying itself with the abstraction and musical mathematics of the early English and Belgian schools of counterpoint, but this time free of all religious dogma and clerical interference. For the *Serenade* (*March*, *Minuet*, *Variations*, *Sonnet*, *Dance-Song*, *Song without Words* and *Finale*) the selection of instruments is unusual—clarinet, bass-clarinet, mandoline, guitar, violin, viola, 'cello, with a baritone voice for the fourth movement only. The unrestrained and freely-flowing sentiment of the *Sonnet* is one of the surprises of the work. His delight in colour is apparent.

And this is the last denial which he has felt himself constrained to make. With him, expression is now to rise superior to medium, just as it does in Beethoven's three most exalted and metaphysical works—the last movement of the piano-sonata, Op. 106, the original fugue-finale for the great B-flat string-quartet, Op. 130, and the finale of the *Credo* in the great *Mass in D*.

The composer is now to be a law unto himself. The musical architecture and thematic development of the sonata and symphony forms are undermined. In his campaign against expan-

siveness and hedonism in music, he has rendered himself free of all colourism—no blending of parts in a complete picture is allowed. Schönberg now intends to abolish all notions of colour and instrumental idiosyncrasy (the one thing which apparently renders the quintet, Op. 26, bearable), by transferring the work to the flatter medium of the string-quintet.

In Schönberg we find a transmutation of all known values. A certain harmony of parts is set up—that is enough. With him, Sound and Pulse are the equivalents to the Line and Colour of the Expressionist painters. Music is now free from all external associations. And yet, curious to relate, do we not find creeping back into Schönberg's latest pieces a decided inclination towards significant pattern, sequence and development—in other words, that expansiveness against which he so sternly set his face when he first set out on his lonely road? In Kandinsky's pictures, too, definite designs, patterns and strong suggestions of some representation do occasionally creep in. If Schönberg has not yet solved the problem, nor has always been consistent in his conception of a new form, he has nevertheless propounded the problem boldly, and has himself made many incursions into the new territory. This greatest master of "atonality," perhaps crippled by too great a knowledge of theory, is undeniably the most stimulating influence in music at the present day. The man that walked into the darkness of such horrors as *The Lucky Hand*, and some of the five orchestral pieces of Op. 16, has now seen the clear light of intellect, and, sincere as he has always been, he will go still farther in his attempt to arrive at the secret roots of music.

Alban Berg and Anton von Webern are the two chief pupils of Schönberg. They were studying with him when the chamber-symphony, the first quartet in F-sharp-minor and the songs from the *Book of the Hanging Gardens* were being composed. These pieces, however, are in Schönberg's early style, and if the composer influenced them it was not unduly, for his method of teaching was avowedly one which made for the cultivation of the greatest individuality.

Alban Berg has written sonatas, quartets and pieces in

other forms, besides an expressionist musical stage-work, *Wozzek*, after a drama by Büchner. His occupation with the piano-transcriptions of Mahler's eighth symphony, Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*, and Schreker's opera, *Der ferne Klang*, had concentrated his attention on matters of form and construction, and Berg himself has proved very original in his own concerted pieces. Indeed, his music is an excellent illustration of Schönberg's axiom: "Music describes the adventures of themes." His pieces generally consist of an extended series of movements in which the thematic material is developed polyphonically and with very free variations. Thus, in the orchestral prelude, Op. 6, nearly all the musical occurrences are evolved from three notes. In other cases, the themes are packed on top of one another, or in close succession from the very beginning. Contrasts, which in the older music create symmetry and broad formal designs, are here given a new function—their almost simultaneous and polyphonic presentation extends the expression to a point which even allows of contradictory notions. Thus, in his string-quartet, Op. 3, three *motifs* of entirely different character are juxtaposed in the first three bars. Yet they are related to each other through some formal device, such as inversion, augmentation or rhythmic completion; and their affinity is only revealed by the subsequent development, by the common experience of dissimilar relatives.

The expression in his opera, *Wozzek*, is equally concentrated. It consists of sixteen scenes, each of which is a well-rounded piece of music. The first act contains five characteristic pieces portraying the five principal characters of the drama. The first scene is a suite (*Sarabande*, *Gigue*, *Gavotte* and *Double*) in modern style; the second a *Fantasy* on a sequence of three chords; the fourth, a theme with twenty-one variations (the Doctor who, in each variation, always reverts to the discussion of his science). The five scenes of Act II. form a symphony in five movements: a *Sonata* movement, a *Prelude and Fugue* on three themes, a *Largo* for chamber-orchestra (with the same orchestration as that of Schönberg's chamber-symphony), a *Scherzo* and a *Rondo*. The third act contains the following six Inventions: the first on a theme (seven variations and fugue), the second on one note (pedal-point), the third on a rhythm

(a quick polka for piano), the fourth on six notes (both as chords and resolved into melodic succession), the fifth on a single key (orchestral interlude in D-minor), and the last on a *moto perpetuo* (*quasi Toccata*). The severe, tense forms of Berg's opera, by reason of the fact that they contain something organically necessary and are thus drama in themselves, create a sense of external occupation with the dramatic moments. The species and the character of the pieces correspond, needless to say, with the action of each scene; but the wealth of form is equalled by the richness of sound, texture and expression of Berg's melodies. We have in Berg a master who is leading dramatic music into new paths.

Anton von Webern is the artist of the miniature, the composer of the *pianissimo espressivo*, the experimenter in a new scale based on tone-qualities instead of tone-pitches. Most of his pieces are short and extremely transparent in sound, and his melodies are extraordinarily tender and intimate in feeling. None of his pieces has a descriptive title. They are *Stücke für* . . . violin and piano, 'cello and piano, orchestra, string-quartet, and so on. In his six pieces for string-quartet, Op. 9, almost every single note of the melody is given to a different instrument, and each one is in a different tone-colour (harmonic, *pizzicato*, *col legno*, etc.). This makes the music unusually glittering and fluid. This new musical language, founded on a scale of tone-colours mostly high and very delicate, seems to render the composer's breath very short. Some of his orchestral pieces are only ten or a dozen bars in length. These miniature pieces glide by as if magically, the very shadows of a tune. Webern's power of eliciting an endless variety of sound from a small group of instruments is only comparable to that of Schönberg.

Webern's five *Geistliche Lieder*, Op. 16, reveal the greatest freedom of melody, harmony and rhythm. These songs for soprano are accompanied by an odd little orchestra of flute, clarinet, trumpet, harp and double-bass. The composer restricts himself to the barest essentials, and his form is dictated by his expression. It is comparatively easy to describe Webern's pieces in words. Thus, an impression of the Funeral March in the set

of orchestral pieces, Op. 6, can be easily conjured up from the following:

> Slow beats on bass drums, a muffled peal of bells, taps on kettle-drums, a sobbing clarinet melody, tolling bells, melodic fragments scattered over a march on the trombones, renewed tolling of bells, a shrieking outburst from the whole orchestra, a huge *crescendo* of percussion, and the piece suddenly breaks off.

Though none of the stock formal patterns will fit this piece, it is nevertheless a most affecting and unified movement. All the five pieces of Op. 10 could be similarly described in words. The orchestra required for them is a queer conglomeration:

> Piccolo, flute, oboe, three kinds of clarinet, a horn, a trumpet (nearly always muted), a trombone, harmonium, mandoline, guitar, celesta, harp, a solo-violin, viola, 'cello, double-bass, glockenspiel, xylophone, large and small drums, cymbals, triangle, deep bells and cow-bell.

These are never used all together. Each of the little pieces requires a group of five, six or seven instruments.

Like most of the other musical terms, the word "Expressionism" is very loosely applied. There is a tendency to label every composer Expressionist, who is using the dodecuple scale, or who writes atonally. There are many composers like Vomáčka, Schnabel, Hindemith and Schreker, whose technique looks at first glance something like Schönberg's, but who nevertheless do not altogether abandon their hold on key or tonality, at any rate as regards a fixed tonic. The real Expressionist composer abandons every convention, except Form. This he can no more give up than the painter; for it is his last hold on the coherence and intelligibility of his message. Schönberg was not the first in the field and he will certainly not be the last. In the music of Siegfried Kallenberg of Munich, there were early evidences of German Expressionism, and the Russian, Nicolas Roslavets, in his *Heaven and Earth*, *Man and the Sea*, *The Death of the Earth*, revealed something very similar to the manner of Schönberg's middle period. In England the style has been successfully used in the piano and other pieces of Havergal Brian and Felix White.

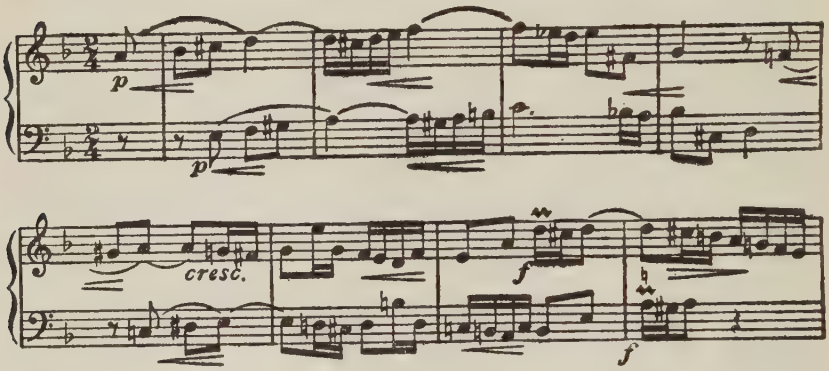
Arthur SCHNABEL is an enthusiastic follower of Schönberg's

methods. Until middle life he devoted himself to piano-playing, excelling in Brahms's music. His piano-music, a string-quartet and a sonata for violin alone, reveal a non-sensuous art, full of spirit, avoiding the commonplace and aiming only at essentials.

Franz Schreker's music is not exactly atonal. His style is the strangest blend to be found in modern music. It consists of an amalgam of Wagner (notably *Tristan*), Strauss (especially of the later period), Debussy and Puccini. Though he seldom writes broad sweeps of melody, or even diatonically, yet his vocal line leans to the *cantando* rather than to the declamatory style. His chief contribution lies in the field of opera. *Der ferne Klang* is delicate in some places, obvious in others. *Die Gezeichneten* (*The Branded*) is half-cinema style in its realism. Schreker has a liking for morbid themes, but works them out in a very unconventional way. In *Das Spielwerk und die Prinzessin* he wields over the mystical fairy-tale a magical wand of descriptive power and sensuousness of sound. *Der Schatzgräber* (*The Treasure-digger*) has a strange plot, which allows the composer to indulge his morbid kind of art freely. Eroticism and pathology lie at the basis of all this work, which reveals a great sense of theatrical effect. The originality of the music is not great, and at times Schreker appears merely as an elongation of the work of Strauss. Other atonal composers will be dealt with in the Neo-Classical chapter.

*Atonality*, *Bi-tonality* and *Polytonality* are the technical catch-words of the day. They have to do with the texture of music, which tends to become richer and richer, especially in the harmonic direction. Atonality means the abolition of all key or tonality whatsoever. The music is key-less, and accordingly no key-signature is used in its notation. It is this which makes the atonal music look so fearsome, with its barbed-wire entanglements of accidentals. A new system of notation is long overdue; for atonal music really sounds simpler than the older style. Bi-tonality is a richer kind of counterpoint (or harmony), produced by two melodies (or harmonic streams) which proceed simultaneously, each in its own key. Polytonality is the simultaneous use of more than two keys or tonalities. Just as we find that Atonality is no mere "thing

of yesterday," so we may trace the beginnings of bi-tonality far back. In the early English madrigals we find many contrapuntal passages where the two forms of the upper tetrachord of the "melodic minor" scale are used simultaneously. This kind of bi-tonality by two melodic lines is also found, though not so frequently, in the Italian madrigals, and numerous examples occur in Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. In the following canon by Bach we see a similar duality of keys, the upper part being in D-minor and the lower in A-minor:

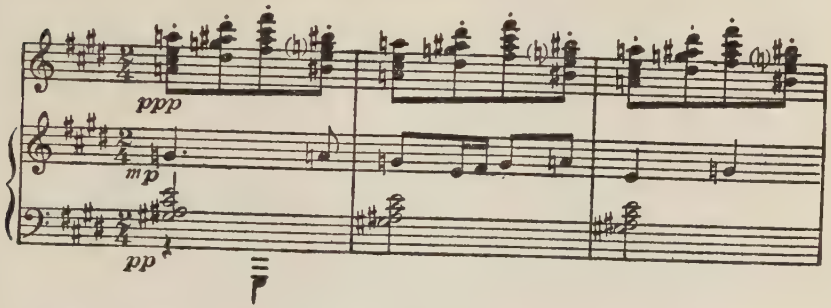



One of the simplest examples possible may be seen in the music example on page 226, from Stravinsky's ballet, *Petrushka*. Another very telling example of the use of bi-tonality occurs at the end of Debussy's piano prelude, *Feux d'artifice* (*Fireworks*); but this is more a case of a bi-tonal chord on the system explained by M. Louis Villermin in 1911. In Satie's *Parade* there is a valse in which the bass chords are in C-major and the melody is in F-sharp major. In Poulenc's *Mouvements Perpetuelles* for piano, there is a passage where the left-hand part is in B-flat major, whilst the right-hand part is in F-sharp major.

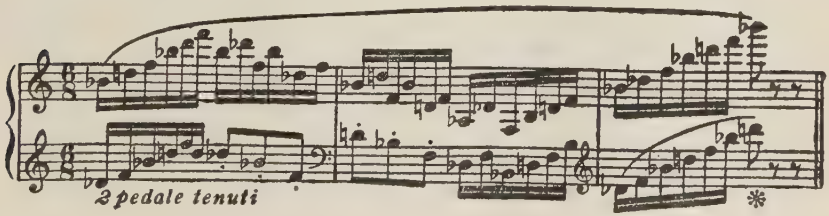
Bi-tonality in two harmonic streams arose from the isolated bi-tonal chords, so frequently found in the works of Strauss and the French Impressionists of the period 1900–10. The upper harmonics of these highly developed chords are so far removed from the lower tones, that they really produce the effect of two different keys. The carrying along of these two sections of a chord in opposite and reverse directions was an

easy and inevitable step. There are many admirable examples of this in Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*. Vaughan Williams has produced some astounding combinations of chords, as well as an altogether new atmosphere, by means of two simultaneous opposing streams of harmony in his *London Symphony*, and Holst has secured some of his most mystical effects in the choral *Hymn of Jesus* along these lines.

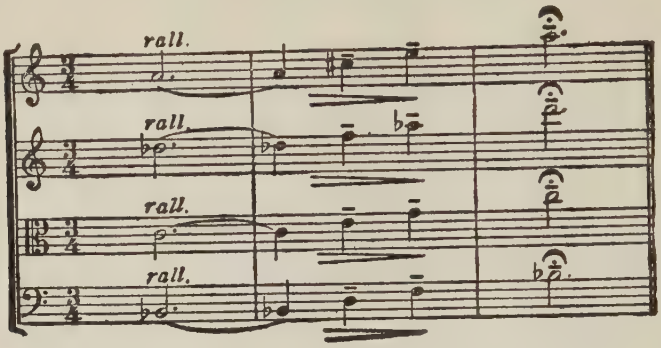
This method of listening to music in two (or more) planes at the same time is often aptly compared to the "cubism" of the painters, though the effect of increased richness and colour in the music is not comparable to that of the hard angularity of cubist pictures. The step from two harmonic streams to three was another simple matter. We are forced to listen to three planes when Strauss gives out his "fear of Herod" *motif* in *Salome*. It is only another way of securing "perspective" in music.




The effects of polytonality vary widely according to the way in which it is used. Polytonality by single melodic lines often produces a kind of "pointillism" comparable to the quivering squares and blobs of the "divisionist" painters, Seurat and Signac. Busoni combined major and minor common chords with a similar intention. The following passage occurs in *All' Italia* from his *Elegie*:



The following example from Milhaud's fifth string-quartet is only one step farther than the *Celeste* stop of three ranks, slightly out of tune with each other, of the modern concert-organ:




In a certain passage in his third symphony for chamber-orchestra, Milhaud has the flute playing in B-minor, the clarinet in F-major, the bassoon in E, the violin in F (and later in C-major), the viola in B-flat major, and the 'cello in D-major —all at the same time. Surely the ear can go no farther, if, indeed, so far.[1]

Though the addition of diaphony to a melodic line thickens and makes a parti-coloured thing of it, it still remains a *line*. *Free* harmony gives an impression of thickness and solidity—in a word, *body*. Only the best polytonal music, that which is really conceived in the artist's brain simultaneously as a whole, is really satisfying; the worst is like trying to look at the performances in the three separate rings of a mammoth circus.

Darius Milhaud was born at Aix, in Provence, and studied music at the Paris Conservatoire. He was an attaché at the French legation at Rio de Janeiro for a couple of years and has frequently played, conducted and lectured in America. In the dramatic field he has composed a lyric drama, *La Brebis égarée*, to a text of Francis Jammes, and music for Paul Claudel's *Protée*, and for his translations of the two dramas of Æschylus, *Agamemnon* and *The Choephori*. "In the humorous *Proteus*,"

[1] A real polyphony of the most modern type occurs in Mozart's *Dorfmusikanten* sextet (*A Musical Joke*), where the four stringed instruments play simultaneously in four different keys.

writes M. André Cœuroy,[1] "Milhaud's taste for music, violent and crude, highly coloured and noisy, has found substantial nourishment. Claudel has noted with exactness the music of which he has dreamed for his Aristophanean buffoonery. He prescribes a "polyphonic chorus" of Satyrs, Nouveau-Cirque music for the Seals' Banquet in the first act. The second act opens with a Nocturnal Bacchanale. The chief Satyr beats time and says: 'If we must make noise, there is no need of music. We must make the silence heard.' Here, notes Claudel, the orchestra plays on open strings—the violins turned about, the cymbals disconnected, the brass muted. 'Very good,' continues the Satyr, 'You understand me. That's the music I like.' And when he cries, 'The Night is to the Gods,' strokes gently struck on the bass drum are heard. The final and masterly grotesque chorus of sailors, sung by the Satyrs, closes this work of humour and vitality. Milhaud is at home in it. His ironic truculence has a precise object upon which it seizes in order to mimic the antics of a joyous being. The tumultuous music, composed as a symphonic suite for this comic drama, possesses a richness, a vigour, a concision and a solidity which explains the sympathy between the subject and the personality who amused himself by translating it into sounds."

Milhaud has also written several ballets, *L'Homme et son désir* (Paul Claudel), *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue* (André Gide), *Le Train bleu* and *Le Bœuf sur le toit* (paraphrased by its author as the *Nothing-Doing Bar*); and he has collaborated with the other members of "The Six" in *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel* to a scenario by Cocteau. For orchestra he has written a *Poème*, two suites, five symphonies for small orchestra and five *Études* for piano and orchestra. His chamber-music includes sonatas and six string-quartets. There are also piano-pieces, two books of *Saudades do Brazil* and more than a hundred songs, many of a startling type. This is not a bad list for a composer under forty years of age; indeed it points to a facility which is prone to over-production.

"All these works," writes M. Henry Prunières, "are of very unequal value, and Milhaud often pays the penalty of his facility by falling into vulgarity; but alongside of

[1] André Cœuroy, *La Musique française moderne* (Paris, 1924).

indifferent or poor compositions, are found works which give evidence of valuable qualities of vigour and boldness. We must mention especially the *Euménides*, *Protée*, the fourth quartet, the *Poèmes juifs*. He has undergone contradictory influences. He is connected to a certain degree with the contrapuntal tendency of the Schola Cantorum, especially with Albéric Magnard; but that he has not escaped the attraction of Debussy is shown in *Alissa*. Stravinsky, Schönberg, Béla Bartók, opened to him other paths. He sought new means of expression in the super-positions of melodic lines, each working in a different tonality. His 'polytonal' works have caused great offence to many people. In our opinion there is room for distinguishing between those which show signs of purely intellectual activity (like the fifth quartet), and those preserving the qualities of life, vigour, and spontaneity which form the real value of his best compositions, whatever system of writing he may adopt. The momentary influence exercised on him by the æsthetic theories of the poet, Jean Cocteau, must not deceive us as to the real nature of Milhaud's inspiration. He is a follower of the romantic tradition, and his music often expresses a serious and religious feeling which is likewise found in Honegger, but which is entirely foreign to the pre-occupations of the other musicians of the (once) so-called 'Group of Six.' "

# CHAPTER XVIII

## NEO-CLASSICISM AND THE NEW POLYPHONY

The Romantic movement, with its concomitant developments of Programme-music, Realism and Impressionism, has come and gone, and there are people who think it was a mistake, and that music would have been better had it followed a straight course and not turned aside into the great literary tract. A return to classical ideals is indeed very general, but the fertilisation of music by literature and all the other arts appears to have been necessary to its full development and has certainly enriched music enormously. For the good effects of Romanticism will remain and the bad will depart. Music as a custom is old, but as an art it is very young, and changes in youth appear more quickly. In its next incarnation, Romanticism will doubtless take a more subtle form, for there is the romance of sounds just as there is the romance of words; this is felt in what we call the "poetry of sound."

The Neo-Classical age of music has not yet come. Prophets there are in abundance foretelling the day, and some stand, as it were, at the very zero hour between one era and the next. Thus it is only natural that some of the art of the present time should hold no meaning. It neither looks backward nor forward. But it seems certain that we are in a similar period to that which lay between the two historical cycles of evolution, the Greek and the great musical psychology of the Christian era—"the zero hour between the singing of Homer and the singing of Holy Writ."[1]

Max Reger died during the great European War of 1914–18. Before the war he was a musical giant, the logical successor of Mendelssohn and Schumann as Professor of Composition at

[1] Arthur Farwell in the *Musical Quarterly*, January 1927.

the Leipzig Conservatoire, a worthy member of the triumvirate which ruled the musical destinies of Leipzig, with Nikisch at the head of the famous orchestra and the redoubtable Straube occupying the organ-seat of John Sebastian Bach at St. Thomas's Church. Since the war he has become merely a legend, a composer whose music-pages were blacker than any other's, who delighted in weaving interminable webs of intricate and muddy counterpoint, who revelled in noise and cacophony and could not bear the idea of a silent note if there were a finger free to put on it, who wrote music very difficult to play and often thick and lumpy to hear. His creative energy was prolific. He wrote so fast and feverishly that he had no time for selection, criticism or revision. Many of his pieces require the freest and most tolerant interpretation in order to get the proper sense out of them. His teacher and friend, Straube, re-issued several of them, arranged as they should be played. No one could have guessed the solution from the original copies. Dying at the age of forty-three, Reger left behind him a mass of works amounting in all to 147 opus numbers, and varying greatly in quality. There's the difficulty. Undoubtedly he over-wrote, pouring out symphonies, chamber-music, piano-duets, piano-solos, songs, arrangements, organ-music without end.[1]

Reger did not overthrow the tonal system. His music is founded on a free chromaticism, but it is always based on tonality. His polyphony is of the Bach type, consistent and continuous. Its logic comes from imitation and the canon. His work is a wonderful resuscitation of the old forms of prelude, fugue, suite, passacaglia, toccata, fantasia, etc. He could and did imitate other composers, such as Bach, Schubert and Brahms, "to the life." Amongst his songs the gems are not easily found, but they are worth finding. He makes Beethovenish demands on the singer. The organist is no better off. He is expected to be able to reduce his organ quickly from *ffff* to *pppp* and mount up again, whilst all the time his ten fingers and his two heels, as well as his two toes, are fully occupied in playing the printed notes. His contrapuntal technique was prodigious and there was no restraint in his

[1] An opus with him contains anything from three to fifty numbers. Op. 67 alone consists of fifty-two chorale-preludes.

complexity. You either see the wood as a dense black mass or, if you go into details, they are so overwhelming that you cannot see the wood for the trees.

His larger chorale-preludes, which are virtually tone-poems, are filled with every conceivable contrapuntal device and follow the chorale, almost word for word. Let us take the famous one on *Sleepers, awake*. In the Introduction, the world lies wrapt in deep slumber, only the spirits of darkness attempt to disturb the sleeper with their weird, nocturnal prowlings. A voice breaks in—"Sleepers, awake"; but still the nocturnal rustlings are heard. At the stanza which refers to the coming of the Bridegroom, there is an imitation on the pedals of distant bells. The voice now resounds more persistently and joyously. Day breaks. By the time the prelude reaches the second stanza, the world is awake. Happiness is expressed by the lively Bach-like "joy figures" in triplets, over the melody on the pedals. In sudden contrast follows a very tender and sustained tone-picture. Here is pictured the devotional atmosphere of the Last Supper and the longing for the peace of Heaven which passeth all understanding. Next comes a fugue in fiery tempo, expressive of the greatest joy and exultation which, by the later addition of the chorale-melody, leads up to a tremendous climax on the full organ. Most of the preludes will bear this careful elucidation. What shall we say of the *Passacaglia in D-minor*, the two sonatas, and the *Prelude and Fugue on the name BACH*? Organists have much lee-way to make up before we can hear these undeniably great works in their clearest tones and consequent fullest power.

Reger's influence in Germany is widely spread. It is very noticeable in the works of Paul Juon, Joseph Haas and Lothar Windsperger; and it is likely to increase in the future, for many of the composers of the so-called new "linear counterpoint," Hindemith, Kurt Weill and others, draw their inspiration from the work done in this direction by Reger, who is one of the greatest of all writers of "abstract" music.

One of the most interesting and most perplexing figures in twentieth-century music is Ferruccio Busoni, who died in 1924, better known to the world at large as a famous pianist than as a composer. Yet it was in the latter rôle that he wished

to count more seriously. As a youngster, though his playing powers were prodigious, it was still more his phenomenal skill in composition which created the deepest impression. In making him a Member of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, in recognition of his cantata, *Il Sabato del Villaggio*, a huge score of 300 pages written at the age of sixteen, the Chancellor reminded young Busoni that the last occasion on which a similar honour had been bestowed was on its presentation to the young Mozart. As a teacher for some time at the Helsingfors Conservatoire, Busoni assisted in the formation of the Finnish school, even himself composing a fantasia on Finnish airs. His second orchestral work, *Geharnischte Suite*, is dedicated to his Finnish friends, Jean Sibelius, and Armas and Eero Järnefelt. A brief period at the Moscow Conservatoire followed. He then taught at the New England Conservatoire, Boston, and from 1894 he made Berlin his centre, sweeping the world from time to time with his international tours as a pianist.

His development as an interpreter was regular enough. He confined himself largely to the early classics, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt and notably Bach, whose organ and clavier works he popularised by his renowned piano-arrangements and editions. He has probably done more to spread the knowledge of the Bach clavier works than any other pianist.

But from the age of thirty-five onwards, he turned more and more to composition. And the more deeply he became engaged in it, the more perplexing the problems of finding a personal and individual style became. Each new composition of his presented some startling novelty and was met by a strong opposition, which in time calmed down when the ideas were better grasped. The second string-quartet, with its austerity and avoidance of sensuous melody, stands somewhere between the styles of the later Beethoven and Brahms. His violin-concerto has the same kind of austere beauty. When the piano-concerto was first produced at Berlin the public were dumbfounded by its startling "ugliness," but ten years later the same public greeted it with enthusiasm. In the chord-playing, octaves, and the *martellato* element, which was always a distinguishing feature in his own playing, as well as in the

treatment of vertical and horizontal lines, his unique system of pedalling gave many effects which the notation did not show.

The second period began with the second violin-sonata, which reveals Busoni's peculiar mingling of Southern temperament with Northern mysticism. (It may be mentioned that his father was Italian and his mother of German descent.) Busoni reverted in this sonata to the older form of the "Italian concerto," in which the solo part does not assume the principal rôle in the ensemble.

His music for Gozzi's fantastic Chinese story *Turandot* (later converted into a suite) belongs to the type of exoticism represented by Balakiref's *Thamar*, Borodin's *In the Steppes* Rimsky-Korsakof's *Scheherazade* and Delius's *Appalachia*. Pentatonic *motifs*, whole-tone scales, and an abundance of gong-effects supply the requisite colour. He paid homage to Debussy in his *Nuit de Noël*, but followed it by two piano-sonatinas, which still remain amongst his most "problematic" music. They are of the same kind of linear counterpoint and abstraction as Schönberg's work of his last period. In the disdain for the common-chord tonality and regular barring, they belong to Busoni's later period. The zenith of this second period is the gigantic *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*, based on several fugues from Bach's *Art of Fugue*, notably that marvellous fragment on which Bach was working during the last days of his life. Busoni's piece is in the manner of Bach, with every kind of modern colour-effect added to it. A new kind of polyphonic harmony appears in the two small orchestral pieces, *Berceuse élégiaque* and *Nocturne symphonique*, which shows some parallelism with Schönberg. The *Indian Diary* and the *Indian Fantasy* for piano and orchestra represent further researches into the element of folk-lore. In the third period he reaches a Neo-Classical style. The atonal piano-sonatinas are continued, and there are *Three Album Leaves*, some *Divertimenti* for flute and orchestra and an *Élégie* for clarinet and piano.

Busoni was also a great thinker *on* music, as well as *in* music; and he did not hesitate to discuss its problems or to formulate his theories. Here are some eloquent words on feeling and emotion from his *Sketch of a New Æsthetic of Music*:

"In art, feeling is held to be the highest moral qualification. In music, however, feeling requires two consorts, taste and style. Now, in life, we encounter real taste as seldom as we meet deep and true feeling; as for style, it is a province of art. 'Feeling' is generally understood to mean tenderness, pathos, and extravagance of expression. But how much more does the marvellous flower 'Emotion' unfold! Restraint and forbearance, renunciation, power, activity, patience, magnanimity, joyousness, and that all-controlling intelligence from which feeling actually has its source. What the amateur and the mediocre artist attempt to express, is feeling in little, in detail, and for only a short stretch. Feeling on a grand scale is mistaken by the amateur, the semi-artist, the public (and the critics, too, unhappily), for a want of emotion, because they are all unable to hear the longer reaches as parts of a yet more extended whole. Feeling, therefore, is likewise economy. Hence, I distinguish feeling as Taste, Style and Economy. Each is a whole in itself, and yet each is a third of the whole. Within and over them rules a subjective trinity: Temperament, Intelligence and the Instinct of Equipoise. These six perform a dance of such subtilty in the choice of partners and the intertwining of figures, in the bearing and the being borne, in advancing and curtseying, in motion and repose, that no loftier height of artistry is conceivable."

Busoni's restless mind was occupied also with the problem of opera, which he approached in his own individual way. It was the supernatural and fantastic element which attracted him to Hoffmann's story for his first opera, *Die Brautwahl.* The scene is laid in the Berlin of 1820. Some of the portraiture is excellent, notably that of Manasseh, the mysterious Jew. The first act ends with the brilliant *Feuergaukelspiel*, descriptive of magic tricks. The libretto is taken, word for word, from the conversations in the original book. The composer never forgot that the stage form was but "a graceful fiction" and he seized every opportunity afforded by dances, masquerades and visions to preserve this view of the form. *Arlecchino* is a direct continuation of the old Italian *Commedia dell' Arte*. Harlequin speaks, but does not sing, whilst he is on the stage. His tenor singing phrases are sung from behind. Busoni's special char-

acteristic in all his operas is that he makes one feel that there is another world of opera going on behind the scenes.

Busoni had long been attracted to the Faust legend. His own continuous wrestlings with artistic and spiritual problems gave him a deep insight into its chief character. When he met d'Annunzio in Paris in 1911, he discussed with him the idea of an opera on Leonardo da Vinci, who has been called "the Italian Faust." But the poet discouraged him, on account of its lack of feminine interest. Busoni turned to the Faust of Goethe, but finally decided to go back to the Faust of the early puppet-plays, not only for his subject-matter but also for his constructive methods. And Busoni ends his prologue to *Doctor Faust* by reminding his hearers that his opera is frankly and undisguisedly a puppet-play in origin.[1] In the second stanza of the Prologue he even gives us his theory of opera: "The stage exhibits the gestures of life, but it shows plainly the mark of unreality, and if it is not to become a distorting mirror, it must act fairly and truly as a magic mirror. If it is granted that the stage only lowers the values of what is true, then it can do full justice to the incredible; and though you may laugh at drama when you judge it as reality, it will compel you to seriousness if you regard it as mere play." He continued the opera into the third act. During his last illness the work haunted him in the same way that the *Requiem* haunted Mozart. He identified Faust's death with his own and could not bring himself to compose the final scene. This was completed by his pupil, Philipp Jarnach, shortly after his death.

Kurt Weill, another pupil of Busoni's, adopts the atonal style whole-heartedly, and moves therein with the greatest assurance. He has written a *Passacaglia and Hymn* for orchestra, a cantata, *The New Orpheus*, a pantomime, *The Might of Magic*, a ballet, *Royal Palace*, and a one-act opera, *The Protagonist*.

Ernst Křenek, an Austrian trained in Berlin, is another non-sensuous and ascetic composer, who writes contrapuntally in the atonal style. He is abundantly fertile, and leans towards the chamber-music style.

[1] See article, "Busoni's *Doctor Faust*," by Edward Dent, in *Music and Letters*, July 1926.

One of the most honoured names in French music is that of Gabriel Fauré, pupil of Saint-Saëns. He rediscovered the secret of harmonic sensibility. In this he was no noisy revolutionary, but pointed out to the young composers of the 'nineties the quieter way. In *La Bonne Chanson* (a song-symphony in nine movements) and in his exquisite set, *L'Horizon chimérique*, the importance of the harmonic element is clearly felt, yet so perfect is his workmanship that the new harmony is all turned to the advantage of the melody, giving it greater freedom and suppleness. Never did he follow research for its own sake. With Fauré everything is spontaneous, expressive and original. Never once do we get the impression that his art is an epigonal one, a pale reproduction of any of his forerunners. His music has a perfume which is exquisitely Parisian in its taste—elegance would not be the wrong word.

Fauré is one of the greatest of all French song-writers. Together with Gounod, to whom he owes something, he recreated the modern French song, an aristocratic form of an altogether different type from the German *Lied*, which is popular in essence. No other French musician has succeeded so well in capturing the elusive music of the French language, a music far more delicate and therefore more precious than that of the Italian tongue. Fauré has done for the French language what Stanford did for the English tongue, by providing models —perfect models—of word-setting to music.

There is something of the classical flavour of Mozart's art in Fauré's music, but on the whole he is more Meridional and less Greek than the Salzburg master. His superiority is at once felt by comparing his song, *Le Secret*, one of the best of his early period, with Chabrier's setting of the same Verlaine poem. Chabrier's treatment is a kind of refined brutality. Fauré handles the subject with masterly aristocratic reserve. The titles of his piano-pieces recall the forms which stimulated the feverish inspiration of Chopin. There are *Nocturnes*, *Barcarolles*, *Impromptus*, *Valses Caprices*, and a piano-concerto (dedicated to Cortot).

In his *musique de chambre* (violin-sonatas, trios, piano-quartet and quintet, but no string-quartet), apart from a tendency to certain mannerisms in the earlier works, we have

a contribution of superfine quality. Always restrained, with some indefinable aristocratic atmosphere about him, the nearest parallel in England is found in the chamber- and piano-music of Arnold Bax. *Le Parfum impérissable* is the title of one of Fauré's loveliest songs, and one readily imagines that the exquisite perfume of his art—songs and chamber-music alike—will be imperishable.

There is another modern French composer who is a true Classicist—Paul Dukas, or "Dukas le Grand," as his colleagues fondly call him, to distinguish him from all others (or is it a comparison with "Couperin le Grand"?). Dukas has composed a symphony in C, a piano-sonata of gigantic proportions in E-flat, a dazzling symphonic *Scherzo* on Goethe's *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, and a lyrical drama, *Ariane et Barbe-Bleu*, which shares with Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* the honour of ranking as the masterpiece of contemporary French opera. But the methods of Dukas are very different from those of Debussy. There is no longer a perfect balance between music and poetry (as in Debussy); here music resolutely takes the first place. Each act is constructed symphonically, like a grand movement of Mozart's. The melodic ideas, of a rare plastic beauty, are developed as the drama progresses, according to that method of variations peculiar to Dukas, which is so well exemplified in his *Variations, Interlude et Finale* for piano on a theme by Rameau. In the words of Dr. Henry Prunières, "Dukas is indeed one of the noblest figures in contemporary music. Always discontented with what he has written, he only consents to give it to the public when he realises that he is incapable of making it more perfect. He lives a solitary life, surrounded by a small circle of affectionate and devoted friends, avoiding *salons*, coteries and concert-halls. He has never sought official honours or popularity. He has never begrudged either his advice or his services to those who may appeal to him. One can hardly judge the degree to which Albeniz is indebted to him—Dukas was certainly the mentor to his budding genius. Dukas's influence on the modern school is great, because his works have revealed to them the rarest secrets of instrumentation. His music is dazzling; the most delicate tones and the rarest shades are contrasted with

vigorous and warm brush-work—it is an irresistible wizardry of colour. But he is also a great artist who knows how to create in the hearts of his audience that delightful unrest, that total abandonment to music's sway, which is the hall-mark of real creative genius."

The work of Florent Schmitt stands midway between that of Ravel and of Honegger. He is more earnest but less brilliant, warmer in harmonic colour and less of an impressionist than Ravel. In his stage-works he was influenced by Chabrier. In *La Tragédie de Salomé* (not upon Oscar Wilde's poem, but on Robert d'Humières's), his contrapuntal mastery and harmonic luxuriance have produced one of the most graphic works in French music. It stands close to Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* by virtue of its unique qualities. In the piano-pieces (two sets of *Musiques intimes* and the *Nuits romaines*), the piano-quintet and the *Musiques de plein air* for orchestra, he adopts classical models, and a style slightly touched by Impressionism. Schmitt is undoubtedly one of the chief contemporary French composers, and it is strange that his music is not more widely known.

His follower, Arthur Honegger, has also a strong sense of the dramatic. His masterpiece, a "mimed symphony," *Horace Victorieux*, written for a ballet, is based upon the narrative of Livy. Milhaud describes him as one of the last musicians to have felt the spell of Wagner, and to have profitably assimilated it; but Honegger's firm and close contrapuntal writing comes more from a study of Bach. In him, as in Florent Schmitt, the best qualities of the French and German schools meet and blend. His chamber-works are always constructed on the same forms, and consist of three movements. There are sonatas for violin (Honegger was a pupil of Lucien Capet), for viola, for 'cello, and a string-quartet. His adoption of classical forms, and even of the fugue, does not serve to mollify the conservatives, who cannot appreciate his atonal style, which is based wholly on counterpoint, and sometimes seems needlessly harsh. There is no logic of pattern to atone for this dissonantism, as with Milhaud. With Honegger, each instrument has its own life, and each speaks its own language. All his strange chords are the result of his contrapuntal movement, the contour of which

depends entirely on the composer's will. He approaches nearer to the Expressionism of Schönberg than does any other French composer. But is he really French? His parents were Zurich merchants who settled in Normandy, and the son kept his Swiss nationality. He studied, however, under Gédalge and Widor at the Paris Conservatoire. But when his cantata, *King David*, was performed at Zurich (with a German reciter), the good people of that proud city welcomed the return of its son with municipal honours.

The Polish composer, Karol Szymanowski, is frequently called "the twentieth-century Chopin" by the Polish writers; but there is not much resemblance between the music of the two composers beyond the fact that both have an exquisite feeling for the poetry of sound and for pianoforte tone in particular. There is nothing of Polish folk-song found in Szymanowski's music after the early piano variations, Op. 10, but there are other traits about his music which are eminently Polish. It is very aristocratic and well fenced about with the barriers of a virtuosity which arises only out of the poetic thought. The French pianist, Gil-Marchex, plays it well; so, too, does the composer himself. When our native pianists can tear themselves away from gramophone-recording and find time to extend their sadly restricted repertoires, they will probably find that this music does not make extravagant demands upon them; but at present it is caviare to the general run of players.

To Szymanowski's early period belong two remarkable symphonies, both in three movements, a well-constructed sonata, a theme and variations, and then a great fugue on *five* subjects. To this period also belong another piano-sonata, some *Songs of Many Colours*, and a stanza or two from the Persian poet, Hafiz. The opera *Hagith* represents his transitional period, during which he was influenced by the style of Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra*. After this he passed on to his own individual style and idiom, an atonal one with pictorial and ornamental aims, in which is written his third symphony, a violin-concerto, *Myths* for violin and piano, three piano-sonatas and *Masques*. For these he uses both polytonality and atonality, but he owes nothing to either the French school or Schönberg,

and he has all the appearance of himself becoming a leader and a guide. There is about Szymanowski the same curious duality which we find in Scriabin, a continual swinging between refined grace and cosmic grandeur.

Alfredo Casella is both the d'Annunzio and the Mussolini of Italian music, without reaching either the high genius of the first or the extreme solidity of the second. He issues manifestoes from time to time, to inform the public exactly at what stage his art has arrived. Though born at Turin, he was trained at the Paris Conservatoire under Fauré for composition. He first toured as a pianist, and then conducted at the Trocadéro, Paris, for three years. From 1915 to 1923 he taught at the Royal Liceo Musicale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, and did a large amount of musical journalism. In 1923, he established a Society for Modern Italian Music.

Like most pianist-composers, he knows too many styles, and too much music. He has submitted successively to influences as contradictory as Debussy, Mahler, Ravel, Stravinsky and Schönberg. His early symphony, the ballet *Le Couvent sur l'eau*, and the tone-poem *Notte di Maggio* (*Night of May*), do not show a great originality. He is more characteristic in his realistic *Pagine di Guerra* (*War Films*), and his *Elegia Eroica* displays a fine orchestral virtuosity. His piano-concerto, entitled *A notte alta*, reveals a sombre and mysterious vein of feeling. With his *Sinfonia* of 1926 he issued a new manifesto. He tells us he has already reached a third style, "a new affirmation of that return, which to-day is so strongly marked in Italy, towards the spirit and classical forms of the earlier music." In other words, he has become a Neo-Classicist. As for the rest of Italy, Casella appears to take the will for the deed. But there are several bright outstanding figures who were before Casella in the field of Neo-Classicism, notably Francesco Malipiero and Ildebrando Pizzetti.

Francesco Malipiero founded his Neo-Classical style on a deep study of the early Italian classical composers, going back as far as Cavalli, Monteverdi and del Cavaliere. He has directed his attention chiefly to works for the stage. Already in the ballet, *The Masquerade of the Captive Princesses*, we feel a classical reserve in dealing with a scenario which would easily

have lent itself to a riot of colour and movement. In *Pantea*, a symphonic drama for a dancer, an invisible chorus and orchestra, we find he has taken a step further towards the complete unifying of music and the dance. Here the dance itself is part of the symphonic development. Malipiero's masterpiece is *L'Orfeide*, an opera in three parts—*La Morte della Maschere*, *Sette Canzoni* and *Orfeo*. In *The Death of the Masques*, which forms the prelude, the composer explains himself. The traditional figures of the old Italian comedy are shut up in a cupboard and consigned to oblivion by Orpheus, who invites the personages of the *Sette Canzoni* to come forward with songs, not of the conventional stage-type, but the real songs which the people sing in the houses, streets and churches. In the *Sette Canzoni*, the songs themselves are no longer substitutes for speech, but have become themselves the characteristic feature round which the drama revolves.

In *Baruffe Chiozzotte*, a modern transcription of a Goldoni comedy, the dialogue is set as a *recitativo parlato*, whose notes merely represent the natural inflections of speech and determine the length of the syllables, whilst the orchestra gives a background to the action. For his later stage-work, *San Francesco d'Assisi*, he reverts to an even earlier type than the Monteverdian drama—the "mystery play."

There are two very beautiful sets of pieces for the orchestra, *Impressioni dal Vero*, which contain the *Pause del Silenzio* and the impressive *Ditirambo tragico*. There are also a fascinating *Oriente immaginario* for small orchestra and a remarkable string-quartet, full of curious epigrams and aphorisms. He has set some very beautiful songs to poems by Politian and Shakespeare. The music of Malipiero inclines to the gloomy side of things, a common fault in the spring and early summer of life; but over all his art there lies an unusual classical restraint like a lovely veil. If Malipiero cannot be exactly a *persona grata* in his own country, his art is of the quality that should win admiration far and wide.

Ildebrando Pizzetti, one of the most remarkable of present-day Italian composers, is now the director of the Milan Conservatoire, and is a composer of classical aims. In his opera, *Debora e Jaéle*, he adapts the declamatory style of Debussy to a

Biblical drama, in a vigorous and somewhat violent manner, probably derived from d'Annunzio, for whose plays Pizzetti has written a considerable amount of music. He has also set d'Annunzio's *Fedra* as an opera. His symphonic work includes an *Ouverture per una farsa tragica*; and amongst his chamber-music are a string-quartet, sonatas for violin and for 'cello, and numerous songs.

Bernard van Dieren, a Dutch composer settled in London as the correspondent of the Dutch newspaper, *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, has produced a large body of music which may be classed as Neo-Classical. His style is not stable, and varies from the restrained and concise Expressionism of some songs to that of the first string-quartet written in the severe style of the period of J. S. Bach. The second string-quartet is more original in conception. In the first movement each instrument has its own subject and confines itself to it throughout. In the second movement the instruments are "thrummed" continuously like a lute. The last movement is an elaborate canon, crammed full of *stretti*, augmentation, diminution, *cancrizans* and so forth. Mr. Cecil Gray, in his *Survey of Contemporary Music*, says that all these devices are employed "so naturally and unobtrusively, however, that one would probably not notice their occurrence unless one were told to look for them." Then why have them?

There are also some interesting piano-pieces, a comic opera in three acts entitled *The Tailor* (to a libretto by Robert Nicholls), and a symphony for solo, chorus and orchestra, not yet published or performed. Van Dieren's melody is asymmetric; that is, it is not of the regular four-bar order. His art is of the severe and classical type of the later Busoni and the still later Schönberg. Like them, he seems to be revealing a kind of music which has something of the abstraction of mathematics about it; the style of music which came with the early English polyphonic schools and was carried to its full consummation along diatonic lines by the Flemings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

One of the most significant signs of a possible permanence in this new art is the return to the polyphonic side of music. This new music can only be understood by listening to it in

horizontal melodic lines. This was the style which the dramatic art of Monteverdi overturned at the beginning of the seventeenth century, which Bach reconciled to harmony in the eighteenth, and to which Beethoven turned during his last years. The revival of the interest in Bach's music, and the fresh attempt to appreciate the later works of Beethoven's third period more fully, augur well for the ultimate acceptance of this new "linear counterpoint," whenever a real temperament breaks through. Competent critics claim that both Hindemith and Honegger have such a temperament.

Between the years 1923 and 1927, there was a curious lull in composition on the part of British composers, although the encouragements had been greater than ever. The number of British manuscripts submitted to the jury of the International Society for Music has been small in comparison with other national sections. In 1923, Bliss's charming *Rhapsody* (for seven instruments and two voices), W. T. Walton's string-quartet, and Lord Berners's ironic *Valses Bourgeoises* for piano-duet, were performed at Salzburg. In 1924 and 1925, only older works were included, Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge* (for tenor voice, string-quartet and piano), Peter Warlock's *The Curlew* (for flute, cor anglais, string-quartet and tenor voice), and Bax's sonata in G for viola and piano at Salzburg; and Vaughan Williams's song-cycle *Merciless Beauty* at Venice. In 1926 at Zurich the only work by a British composer was Walton's witty orchestral overture *Portsmouth Point.* At Frankfort, in 1927, the selected works from the British section's list were Bernard van Dieren's fourth string-quartet (for two violins, viola and double-bass) and an unaccompanied choral work (provided an English choir be sent to sing it), Whittaker's *139th Psalm.* Neither the British music-publishers, nor the composers, are yet fully alive to the advantages of this international co-operation. Composition for full orchestra in Britain has of late years been quite dormant. A prize of £300 offered by the British Broadcasting Company for a full orchestral work was withheld, on the advice of the judges.

One of the most noticeable changes which has come over twentieth-century music is the turning away from the over-

developed "concert-orchestra" to the medium of the so-called "chamber-orchestra," a combination which stands midway between the actual chamber-music for a few instruments and the orchestra proper. In the chamber-orchestra, no part is doubled. The violin part is played by a single player, the viola part likewise, and so on.

The chief composers for this medium are Schönberg, Stravinsky, Arthur Honegger and Paul Hindemith. Stravinsky wrote *Les Noces* (*Russian Wedding*) for solo voice, chorus, four pianos and the percussion instruments; his *Pribaoutki* (*Song-Games*) require only eight instruments, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and four solo strings; his *Cat's Cradle-songs*, a voice and three clarinets; his *Ragtime*, eleven instruments, flute, clarinet, horn, cornet, trombone, two military drums, bass drum, two violins, viola, double-bass and no violincello. He and Schönberg are the great leaders in this disintegration of the old-fashioned concert orchestra, a disintegration which is really a return to the forms in use at the beginnings of the orchestra itself.

The most consistent contributor to music for the chamber-orchestra is the Frankfort composer, Paul Hindemith, who merely calls his compositions *Kammermusik*, and numbers them accordingly. No. 1 is written for a few wood-wind instruments, with strings, harmonium and piano; No. 2 is a concerto for piano with twelve other instruments; No. 3 is a 'cello-concerto; No. 4 a suite, and so on. A kind of healthy athletic vitality permeates all Hindemith's music, which has many flashes of humour, but little sentiment. His dissonant chords and his strong linear counterpoint which seems to swing along on its way caring for nothing, were probably derived from Busoni. He certainly owes nothing to France. He is serious in aim and follows classical forms. His lusty rhythmic feeling is the inheritance of his early experiences in the festive life of cabarets and dancing-halls. His music is always a machine, an aeroplane, never a chair. There is a primitive strength about it all, but a too easily earned fame has caused him to overwrite, and his works are not always carefully perfected. Like many other German composers, he knows not yet the value of brevity and clarity.

In 1925 the famous music-publishing firm of Messrs. Schott and Company of Mayence, offered very valuable prizes for a new kind of concerto, in which the solo instrument should be accompanied by a small chamber-orchestra, after the manner of the early Italian concertos. The judges, Lothar Windsperger, Joseph Haas and Paul Hindemith, awarded the prizes to Aarre Merikanto's *Konzert* for violin, clarinet, horn and string sextet, Ernst Toch's 'cello-concerto with chamber-orchestra, Alexander Tcherepnin's concerto for flute and violin, with small orchestra, Hermann Wunsch's piano-concerto with small orchestra, and Paul Dessau's concertino for solo violin, accompanied by flute, clarinet and horn.

This simplification of the orchestra has been carried to its furthest possible limit in the sonatas and other pieces recently written for a single melodic instrument without accompaniment. Here Bach was the great forerunner in his sonatas for violin alone. Reger, Hindemith, Windsperger and Jarnach have all followed him with sonatas and improvisations for this instrument. The last two composers have also written sonatas for a single 'cello; and so, too, has the Hungarian composer, Kodály, who has also written a *Sonatina* in canon throughout, for two flutes, while Cyril Scott, for the moods of his *Ecstatic Shepherd*, requires only a single flute.

In the return to the classical ideals of restraint and concision, there is no doubt that simplification has been carried too far. But the coincident returns to classicism in the various countries of Europe, reached as they are by very different ways, are very significant. Busoni arrived there by his restless searching, working his way successively through Nationalism, Impressionism and Expressionism. Fauré was, by nature as well as by nationality, a Classicist all the time. Szymanowsky was Classicist by birth, Casella by conversion, and Malipiero by nature. The Dutch composers, van Dieren and Willem Pijper, are Classicists through the force of their intellects; Weill and Krenek likewise. In Britain, Bliss, Bax, Walton, Eric Fogg, Gaze Cooper, Erik Chisholm, are merely following along the straight classical course from which England, unlike other European nations, has never departed. If more "conscious" thought is now being given everywhere to workmanship for

its own sake, the creator is much more "unconscious" of the effect of his music on the hearer, who is consequently left more free to put his own interpretation on what he hears. The fact that there are living composers, such as Elgar and Strauss, to whom the modern manifestations appear to mean very little, merely shows how extensive the powers of music are; and the fact that in all countries there has lately been this significant return to classical lines and "non-representational" music proves most abundantly the essential oneness of the art.

# CHAPTER XIX

## THE NEW CHORALISM

In England alone have the choral singers been able easily to ride on the crest of the wave of modernism. The advance in choral technique during the last twenty years or so has been enormous. From a state of almost sterile academicism the choral societies have advanced to a position in which the Yorkshire, Lancashire and Welsh male-choirs, and the competition choirs of a hundred, or mixed choirs of two hundred strong, are as fine in their way as the subsidised symphony orchestras of Germany. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, English choralism was entirely in the hands of the church and cathedral choirmasters, and the music performed was of a dull, respectable and academic order. Samuel Sebastian Wesley was a voice crying in the desert; and in him the wilderness did indeed "blossom like a rose." He derived some of his colour from Spohr, who brought the German Romanticism to England, but he had a strength, breadth and height, as lofty as the span of the Norman cathedral arches under which he moved almost every day of his life.

Into this arid desert stole the sweetness of Stainer and Barnby, who supplied the sentimentality which was missing in the more sedate music. They had caught that feeling from one side of Spohr's art, and from the music which the visits of Gounod, and later of Saint-Saëns, left behind them in England. The works of Gade and Dvořák had revealed the warmth of the romantic feeling on the national side. Otto Goldschmidt had started his Bach Choir, and shortly afterwards the Brahms works came to England—the *Song of Destiny*, *Triumphlied*, the *Alto Rhapsody* and the *Requiem*. But translations are always like watered wine, and the blow for English music was not struck until 1880, in which year was first

heard a cantata sounding again the real English note—Parry's *Prometheus Unbound*. Parry established a thoroughly English choral type, which, as he proceeded from work to work for the great choral festivals, owed less and less to Handel and Mendelssohn. His broad sweep, mastery of choral effect, and skill in building up huge climaxes are all seen at their best in his eight-part chorus, *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and in his oratorio, *Job*.

It must be remembered that the great choral festivals (Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, The Three Choirs, Norwich, etc.) then offered the only field open to British composers. All Stanford's choral works were written for these meetings: *The Revenge* and the *Stabat Mater* for Leeds, *Eden* for Birmingham, *Phaudrig Crohoore* for Norwich. Mackenzie wrote his *Rose of Sharon* for Norwich, his *Story of Sayid* for Leeds; and his cantata with recitation, *The Dream of Jubal*, which contains some of his best work, was produced at a Liverpool Philharmonic concert. Cowen's *St. John's Eve*, written for Melbourne in 1889, is made of stronger material than his *Rose Maiden*. It is most skilfully orchestrated. *The Veil* is also a charming work. Since Parry, the outstanding figure in choral work is Elgar. After several 'prentice works (*The Black Knight*, *The Light of Life*, *Caractacus*, etc.) came *Gerontius* (1902), produced in England and, shortly afterwards, in Germany. It was an epoch-making work in the sense that no one had ever made the complex mass of modern chorus and orchestra the vehicle for so strong an expression of personal faith and feeling. It was followed by *The Apostles*, *The Kingdom*, and in 1916 he produced his intensely felt *Spirit of England*, set to Laurence Binyon's war-poems.

Granville Bantock, more than any other composer, has shown the way of the new choralism. Not only has he written unaccompanied works in large moulds of symphonic and oratorio size, (*Atalanta in Calydon*, *Vanity of Vanities*, *A Pageant of Human Life*, but he has also upheld the standard of modern technique in a unique and voluminous contribution towards the smaller forms of descriptive and imaginative part-songs. Amongst those for mixed voices should be mentioned *On Himalay*, *The Leprechaun*, *Coronach*, *They that go down to the Sea in Ships*, *Awake, awake*, to select just a few out of scores

of fine pieces; and for male chorus, *The Lost Leader*, *Lucifer in Starlight*, *War Song of the Saracens*, *Kubla Khan*, *Villon Ballade*, *Lock the Door*, *Lariston* and *The Twilight Tombs of Ancient Kings*. In these and scores of other unaccompanied choral works, he had revealed an inexhaustible wealth of unsuspected colour, emotion and effect in the finely trained male-choirs and mixed choruses of the Midlands and the North. The complexities of some of Bantock's writing, and the ease and finish with which they are sung, continually astonish the visitor from other lands; there is nothing approaching this perfection of choral singing anywhere else in the world. Hence Bantock has shown the folly of the young English composers who continually lament the lack of orchestras, and have at their doors all the time more than efficient interpretative bodies capable of every shade of expression and power, every tint of tonal beauty, and every technical equipment which the imagination can desire.

In Germany and Austria very little advance has been made with choralism since the time of Bruckner and Mahler. The one great composer who has kept before him the blend of chorus and orchestra (or of the voice and a few instruments) as a problem still to be solved, is Schönberg. Busoni introduced a male chorus into his monumental piano-concerto. In England several works have made a bold bid for a complete fusion of chorus and orchestra, notably Delius's *Appalachia*, *Sea Drift*, *Song of the High Hills*, *A Mass of Life* and the *Requiem*, Holst's *Choral Symphony* to Keats's words, and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* and his *Sancta Civitas*. In France, Debussy's cantata, *La Demoiselle élue* (on D. G. Rossetti's poem), and Caplet's exquisitely finished rosary, *Les Miroirs de Jésus*, are not widely performed. The younger French composers use the chorus intermittently and with great caution, like Darius Milhaud in some passages of *L'Homme et son désir*. Arthur Honegger's *King David* is a striking work, with a rôle for a reciter. Stravinsky has used the chorus in his own original fashion, and Prokofief has a choral tone-poem entitled *They are Seven*.

The chief modern choral development is the use of the wordless chorus. In Scriabin's *Prometheus*, the chorus enters

near the close with *Ah*, *oh*, *o*, *é*, *a*, raising the music to a prodigious climax of sound. Albert Coates uses a similar device with great effect in his tone-poem, *The Eagle*. Debussy has employed female voices most effectively in *Sirènes*, the third of his orchestral *Nocturnes*. In Cyril Scott's *La Belle Dame sans Merci* some of the singers vocalise to *Ah* and *Oh*, whilst others continue with the words. Occasional spoken passages have been introduced into modern choral works, and if Schönberg's "Song-speech" becomes established, both conductors and singers will be well provided with work for some time to come.

# CHAPTER XX

## LIGHT OPERA, BALLET AND "JAZZ"

The German *Singspiel*, a comedy interpolated with songs of a popular type, was an imitation of the French *Vaudeville*; but whereas the latter was witty and satirical, the former was full of homely friendliness, and inclined to sentimentality. When the musical numbers became more numerous, the *Singspiel* became the light operetta. The first to cultivate the new form was Koch, the comedian and manager of the Leipzig theatre, in 1752. For his first light opera he borrowed from an English ballad-opera, *The Devil to Pay*. Later he translated several texts from the French *Vaudevilles*, and chose Johann Adam Hiller, the Leipzig theatre-conductor, to set them to music. As Koch's company were all actors, the music had perforce to be simple, and it was this element which made for success and which has continued to do so ever since. Hiller's pieces held the stage for many years, and the songs were on everybody's lips. It seems odd at first sight to find that a successor of Bach's at St. Thomas's, Leipzig, was the founder of the light opera; but it does not appear so strange when one remembers Bach's own homely little attempts in this direction. The success of the new form attracted many imitators. Neefe, young Beethoven's master at Bonn, wrote several light operas. Wenzel Müller wrote no less than 270. Even Liszt as a youth had his *Sancho* produced at the Paris Grand Opera. Flotow's *Martha* achieved success mainly through the introduction of the English song, *The Last Rose of Summer*; and many modern pieces still depend for their success on two or three special "catchy" ditties.

A change came in the 'seventies. In France, Offenbach became the founder of light opera. Mr. Louis Schneider, in the preface to his recent book on Offenbach, makes out a good

case for what he calls *le rire musical.* It has always existed. He observes that the fourth act of Lulli's *Isis* might well have been signed by Offenbach, and wonders why even the Bach-lover seems a little loth to acknowledge the *Coffee Cantata* or *The Contest of Phœbus and Pan.* He reminds us that Mozart and Haydn each wrote a burlesque symphony; that Beethoven wrote a whimsical rondo in a rage over a lost penny. Mr. Schneider might have gone farther and boldly said that Haydn and Mozart were the founders of the "laugh in music"; and certainly *Lilac Time* proves that Schubert had a good deal to do with the origin of the dance-music comedy.

But whoever invented *le rire musical*, Offenbach was the founder of the musical comedy or light opera of the present day. His is an interesting story. His real name was Levy. He was born at Cologne, son of a Jewish cantor (compiler of a *Jewish Children's Hymn-book*). When the boy was quite young the family removed to Paris and, with the exception of a single short tour in America, he never left the Gay City. Trained at the Conservatoire there as a 'cellist, he was soon to be found playing in the Opéra-Comique orchestra, during which time he set some parodies of La Fontaine's fables to music in the form of *chansonnettes*. (Honegger and Durey were by no means the first to do this kind of thing). Offenbach's parodies made quite a little sensation, though they were not so famous as his *Chanson de Fortunio*, written soon after he was appointed conductor of the Théâtre Français. In time he became an opera-manager himself, and opened his *Bouffes-Parisiens* theatre, where a large number of his works were produced. On his return from America in 1877, after a short tour, he devoted himself entirely to composition, bringing out his operettas on other stages besides his own. Among his best works are *Orphée aux enfers* (1858), *Tales of Hoffmann*, *La Vie parisienne*, *La Grande Duchesse* and *Madame Favart.*

In Vienna three Austrian masters took possession of the field—Franz von Suppé, Millöcher and Johann Strauss. Suppé was a Dalmatian, who conducted at the Theater in the Josefstadt. He wrote over two hundred short one-act operettas. The titles suggest the inheritance,—*Ten Girls and No Man*, *Merry Boys are We*, *Paragraph Three*, and so on. Already

he saw the strong appeal of "local colour." His *Boccaccio* is full of Italian feeling, his *Juanita* of Spanish colour.

But meanwhile Lanner and his famous band had been followed by Johann Strauss the Elder and the Younger (the Waltz King). The latter inserted his charming waltzes into all his operettas, in just the same delightfully irresponsible way that we are accustomed to meet them in our Daly and Adelphi productions. His best-known operettas are *Fledermaus* and *Zigeunerbaron*. The *Fledermaus* is still the most popular work on the light opera stage, and is likely to continue so as long as there is a Fritzi Massary to take the part of the Bat. Lehár, Kalman and Fall followed Strauss, and developed the songs and the *ensemble* pieces. Others (Eysler, Benatzy, Oscar Straus) prefer shorter songs and an approximation to the musical fun of the older Viennese musical farces, which were full of local touches. An important point (which the English composers have yet to grasp) is that all these composers were well-trained musicians, with a wide experience of the stage.

Leo Fall was educated at Vienna Conservatoire under Fuchs, and passed regularly through all his examinations. He conducted at theatres in Berlin, Cologne and Hamburg, and did not return to Vienna until 1904. It was then that he composed his best operas, *The Eternal Waltz*, *The Dull Girl*, *The Artificial Man* and *The Dollar Princess*, which reached over 600 performances in Vienna, and had long runs in Paris, London and New York.

Franz Lehár, born in Hungary, studied partly in Vienna and partly in Prague. He first became conductor of one of the fine military bands for which Austria and Bohemia are famous, and thus he caught the public ear. He then wrote a serious opera, *Kukuska* (performed at Leipzig), and conducted the Tonkünstler orchestra at Vienna, but resigned in order to devote himself entirely to the composition of operettas. He was the first to introduce special dancing episodes for the actors to follow after their solo songs and duets. The influence of the Southern Slav folk-song is felt in his work. Besides the famous *Merry Widow*, his best-known pieces are *The Count of Luxemburg*, *Gipsy Love*, *Where the Lark Sings*, *Frasquita* and *The Yellow Jacket*.

Edmund Eysler, a Viennese by birth, only studied for a short time at the Conservatoire. His operettas, though most successful in Vienna, have not been translated, possibly because he always emphasised the local and topical notes, in which he was well backed up by the great actor Girardi. Emerich Kalmán, another Hungarian composer, went through a regular musical course at Budapest Conservatoire under Kessler. His *Herbstmanöver*, *Zigeunerprimas*, *Czardasfürstin* and *Bajadere* emphasised the national elements, a quality which was also present in the pieces of Felix Albini, a Croatian composer.

The cabaret element, with its catchy couplets and more violent "rag-times," is both seen and felt in the works of Benatzky and Stolz. Benatzky wrote *Love in the Snow*, *The Dancing Mask*, *The Apaches* and *The Amorous One*. Stolz's best pieces are *Viennese Love* and *Love goes Round*.

A more charming type is that represented by Heinrich Berté's *Dreimäderlhaus* (produced in London as *Lilac Time*). The story of this is based on supposed incidents in the life of Schubert, who is the chief character, and whose songs are generously drawn upon. Other examples of the kind are Lafite's *Hannerl*, also on Schubert's tunes; and Josef Klein's *Die Siegerin*, on Tchaikovsky's melodies.

The Berlin type of operetta, though just as amusing and light, approaches very near to opera proper, as any who have heard Jean Gilbert's *Lady of the Rose* will pleasurably testify. The all-English *Maid of the Mountains* and *The Southern Maid* of recent years (composed by Fraser Simson) approximated more nearly to this type, but their real success was due chiefly to the artistic singing of José Collins.

The English light-opera composers of the present day seem to be following an *ignis fatuus*, instead of casting about to pick up the real English thread left by the *Beggar's Opera*, by Sullivan's brilliant galaxy of works, and by Edward German's *Merrie England* and *Tom Jones*, both scholarly contributions. These last two well-trained musicians, masters of orchestration, were sure of their way. Let others not feebly copy them (much less imitate the airy fancies of the dance-loving Viennese), but let them follow up the direction pointed out. Then there will be no reason why we should take things second-

hand from Vienna, Paris, Berlin or New York. Our composers complain that their grand operas are ignored. Let them turn to lighter musical thoughts, and write something which will be as good, as joyous and national in its way as our weekly charivari, *Punch*, is in the realm of literature; and let our future musical knighthoods again go to the composers who will supply the nation with humour without coarseness, gaiety without bad art.

The only perfect marriage of the arts is the union of the musical and the choreographic, known as Ballet. The dancing and the miming emphasise the rhythm of the music and give point to its graphic power; the costumes and scenery supply the colour and the visual appeal. The music in its turn gives warmth and meaning to the movements and gestures of the dancers. Here then is Wagner's long-sought union of the arts —and had he been born a Frenchman or a Russian instead of a German, he would surely have acknowledged the perfection of the mating. The spoken word and the evolution of dramatic events will always move too quickly for music, but the dance and the grace of gesture are its own created counterparts.

Predecessors of a sort the ballet had in the old Roman pantomimes and the Greek mysteries, but it was not evolved from them. As its first name, *Ballet de la Cour*, implies, it was essentially aristocratic in origin. We find the form raised to great honour by Catherine de' Medici and *Le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV., who not only delighted in these expensive entertainments, but also sang and danced in them himself. It was Noverre (called by Garrick "the Shakespeare of the Dance") who invented the *ballet d'action* and compelled composers to make their music conform to the situations; and in his time, Taglioni, Elssler, Grisi and Fanny Cerito brought to the French and English ballet-stages a brilliance which even surpassed that of opera.

The Russian Court imported the ballet from France, and in time made of it an art entirely their own. Tchaikovsky, in *The Sleeping Beauty*, was one of the first to write for the ballet as an independent form. But nearly all the modern Russian composers contributed to the art—Borodin, Arensky, Glazunof,

Rimsky-Korsakof, and many others. A new spirit entered the Russian Ballet when Serge Diaghilef organised it as an independent company. In doing so, he internationalised it, and wisely made Paris his headquarters. He engaged Fokin as his ballet-director, Tcherepnin as his conductor, and Bakst, Benois and, later, Roerich, as designers of his *décor*. By breaking away from the somewhat conservative spirit of the old Imperial Ballet, he created a new art of great beauty and significance. For not only did he organise a magnificent company of choreographic artists, but he also gathered round him a group of distinguished painters and musicians.

The most magnetic dancers were originally Russian or Polish—Pavlova, Lopokova, Karsavina, Danilova, Mordkin, Nijinsky, Massine, Woizikovsky, Lifar and Idzikovsky. Some of the older classical ballets were retained, such as *Les Sylphides* to Chopin's music, *Le Lac des Cygnes* to Tchaikovsky's, *Scheherazade* to Rimsky-Korsakof's, *Thamar* to Balakiref's; others were adapted, such as *La Boutique Fantasque* to Rossini's music, *The Good-humoured Ladies* to Scarlatti's, and *L'Après-midi d'un faune* to Debussy's; and various pieces were selected from the Russian operas, notably the *Polovtsian Dances* from Borodin's *Prince Igor*. Diaghilef also induced composers to write especially for the new art-form, and the results are seen and heard in Tcherepnin's classical *Narcisse* and *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, Stravinsky's delightful *Petrushka* (a Russian edition of Punch), his anthropological *Sacre du Printemps*, *Les Noces*, etc.; Satie's satirical *Parade*, Auric's quizzing *Les Matelots* and his amusing *La Pastorale*, which is interrupted by the arrival of a cinema company, Poulenc's *Les Biches* (*The House Party*) and the skittish ballet of Cocteau, *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, the music for which Honegger, Satie, Poulenc and Auric wrote in collaboration. Diaghilef himself is an artist, just as much as his composers, painters, choreographers and dancers. Whilst recognising and maintaining the variety of forms, the classical ballets, the romantic and the national, he has played his part in the creation of a post-impressionist ballet, which is a thing by itself, a thing as much of the age as is the American cocktail bar. Diaghilef's Ballet is no longer Russian in psychology, but French.

An attempt is now being made to break away from these influences. Both Holst and Vaughan Williams have written ballets on thoroughly English lines. The Northumbrian Sword-dances and the English Country-dances are exhibitions of perfect grace as well as of considerable complexity, and still await treatment by modern composers. Lambert's *Romeo and Juliet* music is thoroughly English, though Diaghilef's choreography could hardly be considered so. De Falla has given us a delightfully Spanish *Three-cornered Hat.* Soviet Russia has hardly yet found time to occupy itself with an art whose sole aim is beauty, though she will doubtless in time evolve her own forms. It is time that our dancers forgot the prosaic forms and technique of the so-called "classical" style, and developed for a time along more national lines.[1] There need be no fear of stifling individuality, for the human body creates its own technique, just as each nation creates its own distinctive forms.

Closely related to the art of ballet is the marionette play with music. Fidora and Podrecca have made a special study of this form, and it was for their Teatro dei Piccoli at Rome that Respighi wrote his lovely *Sleeping Beauty* music. Probably arising from the marionette music, as well as created by the desire to rule out emotion and conventional attitudinising, came several mechanical ballets, or ballets in which puppets formed some part. Lopokova and Massine turned themselves for the time being into wooden automatons, when they danced Stravinsky's *Rag-time* at a cinema-show at Covent Garden. They mimed the motionless, grimacing music in stiff, clock-like, exaggerated gestures. Bartók's *The Wooden Prince* is a notable example. *Petrushka* is a wooden puppet. De Falla wrote his *Master Pedro's Puppet Show* for the marionette theatre. Technically this work is the *Hamlet* of the doll-world, requiring a stage within a stage.

Is "Jazz" an international craze or a national music? We hardly care to say. If Jazz and the "negro spiritual" are not the American folk-music, then America has none. France has no musician of democracy (like Walt Whitman in American

[1] Soviet Russia has already created a new dance, called *Machine.*

poetry), and yet she has a magnificent music all her own. But there is no real American music apart from the Jazz. It is not every nation which is so generous as the French Six, who have been credited with saying, "If we have no national music of our own, let us at any rate assist at the birth of another's," and they act accordingly, and take the American Jazz to their bosoms. The Jazz of to-day was the "rag-time" of yesterday, and rag-time, which is a quarter of a century old at least, came from the "cake-walks" and "coon-songs" of the negro-music. Not only is the melody syncopated but, in a later development, the harmonic accompaniment also is dislocated. It must therefore work with clock-like precision; it is this mechanical rhythm which rules out emotion and makes it simply physical—physical well-being, many maintain.

In addition to an irresistible syncopation, "jazz" indicates a special method of orchestration. A "jazz band" consists of *two* bands, the melodic and harmonic instruments, and a large "percussion" group. In the former division, those instruments are preferred which can make one note *glide* to another, such as violins and trombones. And in addition to banjoes and guitars, there are others with imposing names and of mysterious origin—marimbaphones, vibraphones. The *Portamento*, which is a great feature, is always a slow *glissando*, and frequently a loud swell is made in it—a vulgarisation in ordinary music, but apparently very much in place here. The violins are kept playing high up in their steeliest register, so that anything like emotion should be completely barred. The "jazz-drum" is the chief instrument in a jazz orchestra. It is practically a "one-man-band." The player is surrounded by a large number of extra "traps," with perhaps a human assistant or two. No sooner has the drummer set the rhythm than he snatches up a whistle and blows a few notes, turns round instantly and smacks the triangle with his stick, gives a kind of smearing roll on the bass-drum, all the time banging away at half- and quarter-beats on the cymbals, which he works by "pedals." There are other fancy instruments of percussion, some with keyboards —xylophones, glockenspiels, tubular bells, etc.—which he is often expected to manipulate. The "jazz-drummer" is the hardest-worked man in his profession, and gets a thousand

dollars a week. Like many of the other jazz-players he cannot read a note of music—he is simply *rhythm-mad*.

But all this is the Jazz of the ball-room and the cabaret. Many musicians claim that there is an artistic side of Jazz, a side which has a negative and a positive value for music. They claim that Jazz music is the expression of physical well-being and of a contented frame of mind; so too was the Waltz. But Jazz they say is a reaction against the sentimentality of the Waltz; it rules out emotion. The subject is complex. Louis Gruenberg holds that when the negro Jazz passed on to the town, it caught a certain refinement and sophistication, and it is this refinement, a "psychical proposition," which he has taken over and developed in his piano-pieces called *Jazz-berries*, three violin-pieces in the same styles, and his *Daniel Jazz*, a setting of Vachel Lindsay's words for tenor and chamber-music orchestra.

It would appear that the negro race has a rare instinct for musical rhythm, of which the European may well be jealous. It has produced a new joy, the joy of pure rhythm. In this music, all is clear, precise, energetic, almost brutal. Already Jazz is civilising itself. It is endeavouring to cover up its angularities. The tunes are made to flow, the phrases are joined, there are no breaths, no breaks; it has become a kind of *vers libre*. If the melody stops, the charm is broken. This subtle asymmetry has caught the modern composer's fancy. The semi-quaver dislocation of the accented beat may well be its device, if it should ever obtain armorial bearings. It is certainly tending that way; for it has already been received into the best musical society. Stravinsky has done homage to it in his *Rag-time*, for eleven instruments, and he introduces Jazz music into his *L'Histoire du Soldat*. Ravel has done a *Five o'clock* for piano. Even the aristocratic Debussy condescended to rag-time in his *Golliwog's Cake-walk*.

Bruno Sturmer has written three *Zeitgeschichte Tanze*—a *Two-Step*, a *Valse Boston* and a *Shimmy*—for chamber-orchestra; and the Czech composer, Erwin Schulhoff, includes a *Tango* in his five pieces for string-quartet. Another Czech composer produced a Jazz-opera, *Jonny spielt auf* (*Johnny strikes up*), in Berlin in 1927. George Gershwin has written a

Jazz piano-concerto and he goes about playing it with Paul Whiteman's really wonderful band. He has also composed a Jazz-opera, *Lady, be Good*, and has now been commissioned to write a *New York Concerto* for the New York Symphony Orchestra. Jean Wiéner has written a *Syncopated Sonata*; Burlinghame Hill has an *Étude de Jazz* for two pianos. Auric has written an intriguing *Adieu, New York*, for the piano, and Milhaud in his ballet, *The Nothing-Doing Bar*, has used South American melodies with a background of syncopation not far removed from Jazz. Satie has also made use of Jazz in his preludes for Peladan's *Le Fils des Étoiles*. Jean Cocteau writes: "The music-hall, the circus, American negro orchestras, all fertilise an artist to a degree equal to that of life."

# CHAPTER XXI

## AMERICAN MUSIC

American music is a curious thing. It is very easy to say that America has so far been non-creative and merely a receiving nation—and that she has swallowed more music than she can properly digest. If she has no artistic tradition, it is no fault of her own, and may even prove in the long run to be an advantage. It is true that Beethoven would have been nowhere without tradition, for he was not an inventive genius; and Weissmann has neatly said that had Mozart been born on the Samoan Islands, he would at most have extended the native gamut from three or four tones to seven. He would have been as incapable of composing a symphony, as Archimedes would have been of inventing an electric dynamo. Russia and England during the mid-eighteenth centuries were also "receiver" nations—from Germany and Italy at the same time; but America has had to swallow the whole of the European volcanic eruption in art.

Was she really bound to swallow it? And has she really no traditions? Surely there is an American spirit, though it is hard to define. It is the spirit of the Pilgrims and Puritans who reached the new shores in 1620, the spirit which sent out those pioneers from every nation across this vast continent in the "covered wagon." To-day there is the same spirit of youthful enthusiasm, and dawning adventure. America is "the young Siegfried" of the world.

These early settlers, it is true, had little time and opportunity for music. But where opportunities occurred, they were readily seized. Mr. O. G. Sonneck, in his *Early Concert Life in America*, has shown us how excellent and significant these musical beginnings were. In Boston (New England) in

1770 (the year of Beethoven's birth), William Billings issued his *New Book of Psalm-tunes*. Already, in his Preface, we see the independent spirit of the first settlers. "Let Nature and not knowledge," he says, "be the inspirer. . . . It is best for every composer to be his own carver." His second book of songs was even more popular, and these ditties were sung round all the camp-fires of the Revolutionary Army. The *Messiah* and *Creation* had already been heard in Boston. The first American orchestra was started there in 1799 and it continued its good work for a quarter of a century. Another orchestra followed it, and George Henschel was called over in 1881 to inaugurate the now famous Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Philadelphia was a greater art-centre because it was freer from the Puritan laws. Francis Hopkinson, a cultured man and a lawyer, wrote over a hundred songs. He was the friend of Benjamin Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson. His musical style was formed on the model of Carey and Arne. The *Beggar's Opera*, which had been given in New York in 1750, was produced in Philadelphia in 1759. Weber's *Freischütz* was given in New York about 1820. The first American opera, *Leonora*, by William Fry, followed the style of Balfe and Donizetti, and was produced in Philadelphia in 1845.

From about the middle of the nineteenth century, the course of American music divided into two streams. One followed European models; the other made brave attempts at independence, or at least at national individuality. The means of obtaining the latter were varied and some were curious. Dvořák, the great Bohemian composer, was induced to settle in New York, but fortunately after five years' residence (1890–5) he resigned from sheer home-sickness and returned to Prague to carry on the true Bohemian music, inaugurated so splendidly by Smetana.

MacDowell, still the most famous American composer, we have already dealt with, in the chapter on the Late Romanticists. James Knowles Paine, of Harvard, is a mixture of Schumann and Mendelssohn. His *Island Fantasy*, supposed to be inspired by the Isle of Shoals, off Portsmouth, U.S.A., is "within easy sailing distance of Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture." Dudley

Buck, Arthur Foote and George Chadwick are also composers of German Romanticism; so too are four old pupils of Rheinberger in Munich—Henry Holden-Huss, the genial Arthur Whiting, the poetic Fred Converse and the prolific Horatio Parker, whose music has the least character of any of the composers mentioned. Stillman Kelley's *New England Symphony* is well made, but German to the backbone—"as German as *kraut.*"

Then there is a group which has followed the *ignis fatuus* of Debussy. Loeffler has already been discussed in the chapter on Impressionism. Edward Burlington Hill is a clever orchestrator, and a lover of clear harmony. John Alden Carpenter exercises a Gallic economy and an ironic wit in *The Adventures of a Perambulator* and the *Krazy-Kat* pantomime. Leo Ornstein pours out the Russian barbarisms too freely. Walter Damrosch is Beethoven watered down—the copy of a copy. Griffes—the most gifted of all—died at a lamentably early age. There are others who "reflect the Spanish mentality of Granados and Albeniz, such as Ernest Schelling, or copy Sibelius's northern wail, Elgar's aristocratic English drawl, or Stanford's Irish brogue." Howard Hanson has followed Scriabin in his third and most dissonant period. Slav elements have been tried by Samuel Gardner, "Russian folk-song bombinating in a matrix of vapid German sentiment." Brockway and Leo Sowerby have made attractive folk-song settings. Deems Taylor may do good work in time. The vivacious Percy Grainger is a tower of strength, and Mr. Mason thinks that what is wanted is "something between the incongruity of a Grainger-Wagner harmonisation of folk-songs and the rather barren monotony of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony.*"[1] More help seems likely to come from the group who imitate the higher musical mathematics of Reger and Schönberg and the spiritual refinements of Scriabin and Gunst, than from those who imitate the disillusioned "Dada-ists" of France or the impatient *Bruiteurs* of Italy. The recent acquisition of Ralph O. Morris in Philadelphia is all to the good, as he is an ardent unbeliever in the "figured bass" system of musical education.

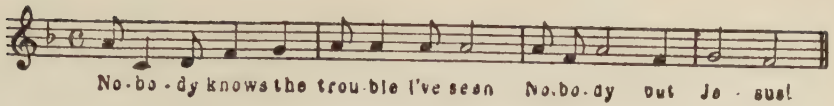
[1] The quotations are from an article on American Music by Daniel Gregory Mason in the *American Mercury.*

But there are more independent spirits than these. Emerson Whithorne, who proceeds along pictorial lines, has set forth in his *New York Days and Nights* his impressions of Times Square, the Hudson River ferry-boats, and the chiming of Trinity Church bells; and in the ballet *Sooner or Later*, has carried his mimetic art farther. Paul Varese has given us a mad kind of fantasy *à la* Schönberg, and Saminsky has imitated Stravinsky; and with the Chinese themes of Emerson Whithorne and the Japanese tone-pictures by Henry Eichheims of Boston, who derived his *Oriental Impressions* straight from their Eastern source, the wheel of nationalism (and quasi-nationalism) comes into full circle.

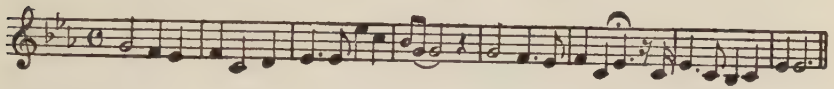
But we have left the deepest vein till last. The real American national music began with Stephen Collins Foster (1826–64), born in Pittsburg of parents who were Southerners. His cake-walks and coon-songs, his pathetic *Old Uncle Ned* and his *Old Folks at Home*, made him world-famous. He was the originator of the Christy Minstrel troupes. It is significant that he refused musical training, as he had a suspicion that it might corrupt his style; and (Stravinsky be blowed!) his first composition was a waltz for four flutes!

The pure negro music is the Spiritual and not the Jazz-dance. Cake-walks and Jazz are the result of the influences of the street and of the city on the pure negro dance-rhythm. Henry Burleigh's simple arrangements of such spirituals as *The Deep River* and *Go down, Moses*, have become world-famous. The art of Nathaniel Jetts is founded on the accumulated experience of the untrained extemporising of polyphonic and rhythmic work which (so Percy Grainger says) is the true root of "community-singing."

The line of the negro-music is a double one. We have the secular Jazz, both vocal and instrumental, and the folk-songs known as Spirituals, which are religious. These latter are of the very essence of folk-lore. To hear a Roland Hayes in *Deep River Jordan* to the accompaniment of a Henry Burleigh is a deep-searching and moving experience, the strength of which can only be equalled by a Rosing singing a peasant-song notated by a Mussorgsky:




Some of these negro spirituals show a pentatonic formation that in nearly every instance avoids the leading (seventh) note of the scale, a scale common to all the older races of the world—Hebridean, Celts, Japanese and Java-Chinese.



The harmonisations of Arthur Farwell gain much by the recognition of this fact.

John Powell, on the other hand, has treated negro themes with a Lisztian technique in his *Rhapsodie Nègre* and other pieces; and he has also, in his *Sonata Virginianesque* and his orchestral overture *In Old Virginia*, produced works which are as Anglo-American as Vaughan Williams is English-English.

After the Negro comes the Red Man; and the chief figure here is Henry Franklin GILBERT, co-founder with Arthur Farwell of the Wa-Wan Press, which is devoted to Red Indian literature and music. Gilbert has boldly assayed the value of this element in music, and has also frankly and avowedly adopted "ragtime" rhythm as a medium of art-expression, in his ballet-pantomime, *The Dance in Place Congo* (New Orleans), *Six Indian Sketches*, *Uncle Remus* for piano and orchestra, *Comedy Overture on Negro Themes*, *Negro Dances* for piano, etc. Charles

Cadman has followed in his steps with a Redskin opera, *Shanewis* (*The Robin-Woman*), and some song-cycles, the best being *The Wigwam and the Tepee*. Other workers in the fruitful field are Carlos Troyer, and Harvey Loomis, and the highly-gifted Natalie Curtis, whose life was so tragically cut short in 1916 by a motor accident in Paris.

A further development of national themes lies in the direction of assimilating the spirit without the letter of the negro music. The cake-dances of the negro were an expression of "physical well-being," and it is this underlying feeling which is the *raison d'être* of the Jazz, a blend of civilisation with the negro elements. Jazz is not the real negro music, any more than Stravinsky's dances are the real primitivity. The white man's Jazz is a separate species from that of the coloured races. It is primitivity seen through the eyes of culture, and expressed through modern feeling. Irving Berlin's American songs are world-famous, and so are George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, a Jazz-concerto for piano (played with Paul Whiteman's band), and his Jazz-opera, *Lady, be Good*.

Louis Gruenberg has carried this spirit into more exalted channels in his *Jazzberries*, *Polychromatics*, etc. More than any other American composer, he has proved that nationality, though disastrous as a dogma, is an excellent ingredient. The world of folk-song is too narrow and the national thread seems incapable of leading far. The primitive folk-song idiom can never be natural to a twentieth-century musician, who should not forget that originality is a capacity to survive and surmount experience, after having met and assimilated it. Let the young American composer look straight into the future, instead of backwards to the past or even sideways to the present. Let him be sincere and see and feel the life around him as a novelist or a painter does, and then he will write American music, even if he has never heard a folk-song; and America will then change its polyglot musical tongue for something more cosmopolitan; and in time there is no reason why this internationalism should not produce a universal style, such as America has already achieved in its architecture.

# CHAPTER XXII

## THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

THERE always will be a large proportion of people who decry contemporary progressive art; but it is not through huge majorities that art moves on. Indeed, it appears to be a natural law that people must necessarily condemn what they cannot understand. In the early days of the Christian Church our very commonplace C-major scale was called the *modus lascivus* and was severely discountenanced. Nearer to our own times, modern dancing has received the same condemnation as that which was bestowed on the Viennese Waltz on its introduction into Victorian England. Most of the misunderstanding arises from either too narrow a view of art or too rigid a position, obviously adopted for personal convenience. There is, of course, something to be said for the latter position, since everyone knows where the classical masters stand, for they have proved themselves to be enduring, if not, indeed, permanent; but modern art, for all one can tell, may depart at any moment. Akin to this is the curious fact that when the majority of people cultivate any special master, it is usually the works of his middle period which they affect, since in them they find a much safer and more comfortable ground. It is again a species of mental indolence which hinders the understanding of modern art by the average man. In the case of the classical masters, criticism has been tested by time and its truth has been determined. On the other hand, the values of modern art must be worked out and its good and bad qualities appraised.

But good art of any period may easily be distinguished from bad, by the *quality* of the emotions which are evoked. Emotions are of two kinds, the one stronger than ourselves, the other weaker; and the emotions aroused by good art are those

which are the stronger. Bad art is that which "arouses only a placid affection for children and kittens in ribbons, a watery sentiment for last year's roses, a casual nature-worship roused by a libellous view of mountains at sunset."[1]

People are inclined to think that there are no giants nowadays; but there is no sure means of knowing. Although some of the great masters were much appreciated in their time, it took generations before their full stature was at all adequately realised. During their lives, Bach was chiefly known as an organist and Beethoven as an extemporiser. The Romantic composers were great egoists; Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt were all fully possessed with the idea of their own greatness, but the Byronic gesture is now worn out. Nowadays it may be that there are different kinds of giants, and that the greatest of these are the giants of the intellect.

Evolution would appear to be a matter of ascending spiral curves. Romanticism spent itself in decadence, and the union between music and external and literary influences seems likely to be abandoned for the present. But experimental art does good service as a disintegrating force, which is as necessary a force as the creative one itself. The possible association of music and mathematics was developed by Serge Tanéief of Moscow, who discovered some mathematical laws which would produce musical subjects capable of every conceivable treatment and combination. Scriabin has added a contribution of Theosophy to to music, as well of the relationship between Light and Sound in his *Prometheus*, which contains a part for a colour-organ which has not yet been invented. The musical Impressionists have worked out the scientific laws of harmony along lines similar to the Impressionist painters' analysis of Light.

The metaphysical realm of music has already been deeply penetrated by Beethoven in his later quartets and sonatas, a *point d'appui* from which so many of the bolder spirits in twentieth-century music take their beginning. And with Schönberg's latest works we reach the purely Abstract art of the early English and Belgian mathematical counterpoint again.

There is a considerable amount of truth in the saying that the new music of to-day is in a different language. (There is

[1] See *Art as we Endure it*, C. Stuart-Wortley (Methuen, 1927).

nothing that dates Anatole France so much as his remark that in the works of a genius, ninety-nine out of a hundred parts belong to his predecessors.) And what makes the new music still more difficult for some people is that this new language is founded on a *new musical alphabet*. For about two hundred years (1700–1900) people used a musical alphabet of seven sounds —C D E F G A B—transposed into different keys. Slight inflections were made in this alphabet from time to time, called chromatic alteration. The revival of the older scales which took place in the later part of the nineteenth century gave people a different series to learn—A B C D E F G, etc.; but they learnt it without difficulty merely by hearing enough of the older music. For centuries, most of the black notes or semitones were little used, and then only as temporary variations of the white or diatonic ones. Then Debussy came with the scale of whole-tones, and Scriabin with the dodecuple scale, which democratised the lot; but the octave remained as the chief relationship. And now Stravinsky and Schönberg have demanded another new alphabet (or scale, which is the same thing) of eighty-odd sounds with no initial A or C, unless it be the one at the bottom of the piano.

The only solution of the problem is to accept the pianoforte scale frankly and whole-heartedly, and teach singing and ear-training from it in equal twelfths of the octave. For this purpose it is better to abolish for a time the usual alphabetical names of the notes, and the ordinary Sol-fa syllables, and adopt, in their place, any other letters or names that commend themselves. The old notation should also be thrown aside, at least for a time, and some other system invented in its place. By such experiments we shall soon discover the most suitable *new notation*; for one is overdue and bound to come soon. This much may safely be said; it will certainly be a much simpler system, and far easier to learn than the old. It will consist of twelve signs for twelve sounds, instead of the present unnecessarily complex notation with thirty-nine signs for twelve sounds. Many practical new systems have already been put forward, and we now await the time when publishers will realise that it is worth while to make the move.

The chief features of the new language are the suppression

of clichés, and of all traditional harmonic behaviour and chordal construction. The logic of rhythm and pattern remains, but the notes are not allowed to blend into any of the usual chords or indulge in any kind of passage-work. The art of to-day is non-associational and non-representational. As Abstraction is its main concern, the widespread revival of interest in Bach's music is easily understood, for is he not the greatest of all weavers of "patterns in sound"? Further, it is not generally known that Bach, in his *Art of Fugue*, wrote some music for the mind only, music never intended to be played. One feature of the work of Schönberg's latest period is that his music is sometimes more pleasing and convincing to read through mentally from the music-copy than to hear actually performed. Indeed, there are many professional musicians who prefer to put their feet on the hob in the evening and to go with their inner mental hearing through a work, score in hand, making their own ideal rendering, rather than to go out-of-doors to hear a less perfect one. But these two methods of "hearing" constitute two totally distinct pleasures.

The greater problems of music still remain unsolved. The chief one is the form itself. Then there are those of the union of the voice and orchestra, and the coincidence of music and verse. There is, too, a continual clash between music and science, between equal temperament and a possible perfect one. Busoni regarded this musical problem as quite unsolvable. There is also the great balance to be struck between Romantic and Classical ideals. The Romantics are all for "heart" and the Classicists all for "head." Only the greatest of masters, such as Bach and Beethoven, can apparently combine both in a perfect balance.

With the Post-Impressionists an altogether different view of art came about. In place of the continual increase of means, and the worship of megalomania, a rigid economy of notes set in, and in consequence, greater attention was given to melodic line and to the horizontal listening to music as exercised in the older contrapuntal periods. And this spareness of means brought about a search for new and significant combinations of instruments, for a novel exploitation of the wind-

instruments and for the development of the chamber-orchestra. This tendency was even carried as far as the reduction of instruments to two only, as in Ravel's sonata for violin and 'cello, to a different scale also in Holst's songs with violin accompaniment, and, still further, to experiments with only a single instrument or an entirely unaccompanied vocal melody, often without words. Thus we can see that constant and excessive simplification may easily become *reductio ad absurdum.*

The change in music in the twentieth century has been so extraordinary that one naturally looks around to see if there are any guides or parallels in the other arts, or even in social evolution. Curiously enough in the latter we find something almost amounting to prophecy. Sir Michael Sadler, in delivering a lecture at Leeds University in 1916 on "Premonitions of War in Modern Painting," stated that he had been so much impressed by Kandinsky's pictures that he had asked the artist whether he had had any clear vision of the imminence of war in Europe when he painted them. The artist replied that he had not actually foreseen the outbreak of hostilities, but he had been "conscious of an immense conflict of forces in the spiritual world." Yet although all that the artist had had in his mind, when he painted his picture entitled "Composition," was "a conflict of spiritual forces," it is not difficult to discover that the pattern is based on an artillery gun, puffs of smoke, and houses falling to pieces.

An exact parallel can be found in the piano-sonatas and other pieces of the Expressionist composer, Scriabin, written in 1912–13. All the sudden outbreak of cacophony and disturbance in this composer's music is quite compatible with the opinions so emphatically expressed by him immediately on the outbreak of war. But this is not the place to pursue the subject.[1]

In the sister art of painting we find the closest parallels to the recent musical manifestations; and these do not occur only in the choice of subject, the bend of men's minds and the angle of their vision, but the parallel may also be followed even in matters of texture, handling and technical methods.

That the movements which adopted "Back to the land" and "The simple life" for their mottoes, in short, the movements

[1] See *Scriabin, A Great Russian Tone-Poet.* A. Eaglefield Hull (Kegan Paul, 1914).

towards extreme simplicity and directness, are almost equivalent in painting and music is easily understood, when we find that painting itself has been turning more and more towards the abstraction which is music's highest quality. Gauguin's self-imposed mission to Tahiti is of the same order as Mussorgsky's retirement to the country, with its life, ways, manners and folk-songs. Gauguin the painter and Mussorgsky the composer were both out-and-out realists. These two Fathers of Post-Impressionism both aimed at weight, solidity and enduring power. Cézanne, by his squares and straight lines, made painting three-dimensional. Mussorgsky, by his comparatively isolated and disconnected treatment of simple common chords, made music three-dimensional also. With him, melody stood for line, harmony for thickness, and his common chords for weight and bulk. Van Gogh's cry, too, "I aim at painting humanity, humanity, humanity," has the equivalent in its fierceness of Mussorgsky's "The peasant is the true man; I must go to him." And go he did. He lived henceforth as a peasant and died in the common hospital.

The economy and the thickened outlines of Matisse's pictures are matched by the same force and spareness of melodic line in Mussorgsky's folk-operas and songs. Matisse's rhythm and equilibrium of linear pattern are equalled by the austere economy of Ravel, especially in his sonata for violin and 'cello. In fact, from the time of Debussy, who by his own admission was influenced by the painter Whistler (who in his turn owed part of his art to the Nocturnes of Chopin), right on to the present day, all the tendencies of the modern French music find their corollaries in modern French painting. Thus, the primitivism of Gauguin, with his passion for the tropics, is reflected in the orchestral ballets of Stravinsky. The "shock-tactics" of Matisse are equalled by the screaming dissonances of Prokofief. Schönberg, in his desire to escape from emotion and representation, is the exact equivalent of Georges Bracque. The isolated chords of the whole-tone scale are surely the equivalent of the cubes, cones and cylinders of Matisse and Pablo Picasso.

There is no new thing under the sun. Just as Albrecht Dürer in the fifteenth century used cubic forms in his pictures

to give solidity to a head, so we find Glinka, a century before Debussy, using the whole-tone scale in the bass to express barbaric strength and crude power. The polytonality of Milhaud, which consists in the superposition of several different tonalities, is exactly similar to Picasso's simultaneous sectional representation of diverse aspects of different objects. Auric's and Durey's arbitrarily selected fragments have their counterparts in the queer dislocations of Bracque's pictorial designs. If Bracque's pictures are not "rag-time in paint" they certainly approximate very closely to it. Again, Bracque's tendency to introduce words into his pictures is analogous to the absurdly over-annotated musical pieces of Satie. Both, if rather absurd, are good fun. Even Honegger's musical study of an up-to-date locomotive finds its companion in the sculptures of Jacob Epstein, especially in the one entitled "The Rock Drill." Gleize gives the recognition of the flat surface of the canvas as the rule which corrects emotion; and the consequent elimination of aerial perspective, as the first objective reality of painting, very much in the same way that Busoni boldly recognises the conventions of opera. The Impressionist painter, Monet, put all his parts equally out of focus, very much in the same way that Debussy lifted his harmony into those higher harmonics which are slightly untrue in our musical system.

In literature the parallelism with music is not so complete as in painting; but it is nevertheless sufficiently remarkable. There is a revolt against Romanticism in literature as well as in music. Again we find the invention of new forms corresponding with the recent musical manifestations. The *vers libre* of Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter is analogous to the free musical rhythms which entered music with Mussorgsky in Russia, Cyril Scott in England and Zanella in Italy; and Thomas Hardy in his *Dynasts* and his later poetry also created new forms more suited to his purpose. Francis Thompson revived mediæval metres, and William Henry Davies has deliberately simplified, with great advantage. Edith Sitwell and Dorothy Richardson have made interesting experiments, and Vachel Lindsay in America has done some remarkable things in his *Daniel Jazz*.

The strictest economy and the use of silence in music by

the Impressionist school have their corollary in the stage technique of Maeterlinck's *Les Aveugles*, Tchekof's *The Cherry Orchard*, in Pitoief's *L'Âme en peine*; and of the art of the unexpressed in Jean Jacques Bernard's *Le Printemps des Autres*. The Expressionist plays of the author of *The Adding Machine*, etc., have their equal in the operas of Schönberg and Alban Berg. Both, in ruling out personality in acting, seem to depend too much on lighting and mere stage mechanism. Cubist art played its part in the production of Čapek's *Robots*, just as Busoni's whole-tone scale music helped vastly in the productions of Gozzi's *Turandot*.

Schönberg may have come, after his terrible struggles, into the peace that passeth all understanding, but at what a terrible cost! And he hardly takes his hearers there with him. It is more likely that his true rôle is that of the iconoclast, the revealer of shams and falsehoods, and that his position in the future will be analogous to that of Bernard Shaw, both supreme representatives of the spirit of denial, neither in themselves being actually constructive.

The present age is one of disruption, disintegration, transition. In the midst of the hideous materialistic débâcle of the first quarter of the twentieth century, the dregs and scum of some of the past effete civilisations have been thrown up, and this ugly side of the upheaval must always be taken into account. But it does indeed appear that this phase is passing. Already the new language is appearing, and we shall soon have an entirely new body into which the spirit may freely enter. Perfection of workmanship is not everything. The marvellous equations, combinations of figures, symmetry and intellectual beauty of Schönberg's later compositions are not in themselves all-sufficing. They are mere illustrations of truth. When the new spirit has entered in, it will assuredly carry some new vision, a new truth, a new beauty, something superphysical—in other words, real illumination. Schönberg, with all the austerity with which he has confronted the sensuousness and the shame of this materialistic age, seems to be but a preparer, a kind of St. John the Baptist. With his return to Abstraction, the wheel of evolution is complete, but instead of curving inwards, it assuredly turns upwards towards a higher plane.

# APPENDICES

# APPENDIX I

## (A.) TECHNICAL TERMS

Every musical listener is expected to know the meaning of the following terms:

*Arpeggio.* Chord of which the notes are not played together but successively.

*Atonal, Atonality.* The harmonic method which dispenses with all hold on a definite tonality.

*Bass.* The deepest of human voices. The lowest note of any chord.

*Cadenza.* A display passage of the virtuoso order, in free time.

*Chord.* Three or more notes sounded together.

*Chromatic.* Proceeding by semitones.

*Common Chord.* A chord with its bass-note, its third and its fifth.

*Counterpoint.* A combination of two or more melodies. To appreciate counterpoint, we must listen, as it were, horizontally; whereas with chords and harmony we listen, as it were, perpendicularly.

*Cyclic Form.* A piece in several movements.

*Diatonic.* Tones and semitones, but mostly tones. Entirely in the major, minor or old scales—without chromatic notes.

*Dominant.* See *Tonic.*

*Dominant Seventh.* A common chord on the Dominant with a minor seventh added.

*Harmony.* Notes sounded together in chords. Blocks of notes.

*Interval.* The distance between any two notes. For example, F to A is a third; F to D is a sixth:

*Key.* The key of a piece bears the same name as the scale which is used. If the piece is composed to begin and end in C (major or minor) it is in the *Key* of C (major or minor).

*Melody.* A string of single notes in succession, in some recognisable scale and rhythm.

*Mode.* The way in which we agree to divide the octave into steps. In the major mode, the two semitones come between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth steps. In the older modes, the position of the two semitones varies.

*Octave.* Any sound's nearest relative. An upper octave is produced by exactly twice as many vibrations as the first sound. The lower octave, by half as many vibrations as the first.

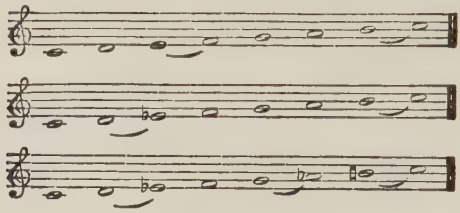
The male voice is an octave below the female voice. It is only by the whole-hearted acceptance of this mystery of the octave that our music is possible.

*Rhythm.* (*a*) The grouping of notes and beats into intelligible time-patterns, or time-divisions.

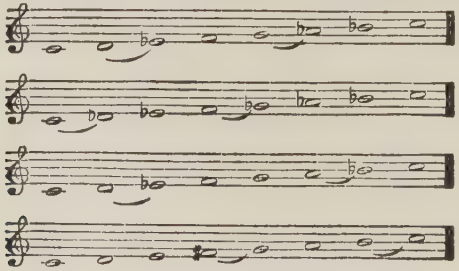
(*b*) The grouping of the bars into musical sentences.

(*c*) The general swing of a composition.

*Scale.* The statement of the set of musical relationships to a given Tonic, or Key-note. A kind of Table of Affinity. Here are those used entirely for the Classical harmonic and Romantic periods:

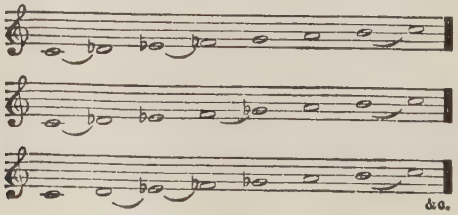


Here are some older (mediæval) modes, now coming into great use again:

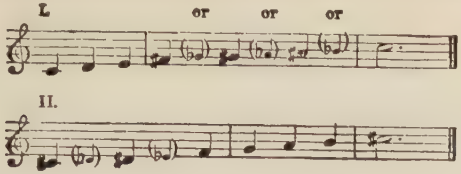


See also the table on p. 284 in Chapter XV.

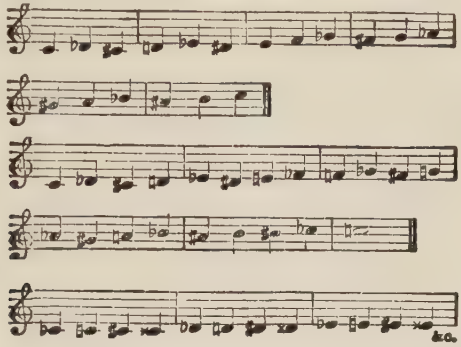
Here are some scales which contain an augmented second:



Here is the Whole-tone scale, used occasionally by modern composers:




Here are some of the newer scales now largely in use:



The Pentatonic scale consists of three whole tones and two leaps of a third. There are two forms, such as C-D-E-G-A-C and C-D-F-G-A-C.

The Dodecuple is the present keyboard scale.

*Tempo.* The speed-rate at which a piece is played or sung.

*Time.* The duration of sounds in relation to one another.

*Tonic.* The keynote or chief note of whichever scale is adopted for the piece. The following names are used by teachers:

First note of scale, *Tonic*; second note, *Supertonic*; third, *Mediant*; fourth, *Subdominant*; fifth, *Dominant*; sixth, *Submediant*; seventh, *Leading-note*; and the eight, *Tonic* again.

The Sol-fa names are: *Doh*, *Ray*, *Me*, *Fah*, *Soh*, *Lah*, *Te*, *Doh*.

*Transposition.* The alteration of the pitch, and consequently the key, of a passage, putting it higher or lower as the case may be.

*Unison.* The doubling in unison or octaves, with no accompanying harmony.

## (B.) MUSICAL FORMS, ETC.

*Absolute Music.* Music which makes no claim to represent or describe anything. As opposed to Programme Music (q.v.).

*Allemande.* A piece of fairly lively character in four-beat time. Generally the opening movement of a suite.

*Aria.* Air or Song.

*Ballade.* A poetical piece of a romantic nature, often in a folk-song spirit.

*Bourrée.* A French dance in two-beat time, of moderate rate.

*Cadence.* A point of rest. Certain successions of chords. It gives the feeling of punctuation in music.

*Cembalo.* A harpsichord (q.v.).

*Chamber-Music.* Music for small groups of single instruments. The *Duo* or Duet is a piece for two instruments playing different parts. The *Trio*, the same for three instruments. *Quartet*, four (generally four strings—2 violins, viola and 'cello). *Quintet*, five. *Sextet*, six. *Septet*, seven. *Octet*, eight. *Nonet*, nine.

*Chamber-Orchestra.* A small orchestra in which no part is played by more than one player, as distinct from the full orchestra, where the violins are multiplied *ad libitum.*

*Clavecin.* A harpsichord (q.v.).

*Clavichord.* A predecessor of the pianoforte. It had metal wedges, instead of hammers. These both struck and held the strings. The tone was very soft.

*Concerto.* A sonata (q.v.) for one solo instrument and an orchestra; generally in three movements, moderate—slow—fast. A *Double Concerto* has two chief solo instruments.

*Courante.* An old dance in three-beat time, of moderate rate.

*Dance-Forms.* See *Allemande*, *Bourrée*, *Gigue*, *Mazurka*, *Minuet*, *Sarabande*, etc.

*Fugue.* An imitational composition in two or more contrapuntal parts, founded strictly on a short subject given out in the first two or three bars by a single part.

*Gavotte.* A dance of French origin in two-beat or four-beat time, beginning at the half-bar.

*Gigue.* A Jig. A very lively dance-movement, generally in 6–8 or 12–8 time.

*Harpsichord.* The predecessor of the pianoforte. The tone is caused by a "jack" plucking the string.

*Leit-motif, Leit-motiv* (Ger.). Term invented by Wagner for the leading motive, guiding theme.

*Mazurka.* A Polish dance in three-beat time.

*Minuet.* A Court dance of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in three-beat time.

*Monodic Music.* Music with one predominating melody, generally in the highest part.

*Motet.* An antique unaccompanied anthem, to Latin words.

*Music-Drama.* Wagner's name for his new form of opera.

*Octet.* A piece for eight solo instruments.

*Oratorio.* A long sacred work for chorus, solos and orchestra.

*Orchestra.* A large group of instruments of various families, many of which are strengthened by multiplication. An orchestra of the German classical pattern consists of about 14 first violins (all playing the same part), 14 second violins, 8 violas, 10 'cellos, 7 double-basses, 1 piccolo, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 1 cor anglais, 2 clarinets, 1 bass-clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 double-bassoon, 2 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, tuba and drums. Extra instruments are often added, such as the harp, xylophone, triangle, etc.

*Pibroch.* A stirring bagpipe-tune.

*Polonaise.* A stately Polish Court dance.

*Polyphonic Music.* The same as Counterpoint (q.v. List A) in principle. Many simultaneous melodies. The term *Polyphonic* is generally preferred for the modern and contemporary music.

*Programme-Music.* Music which describes something outside the music itself and requires a synopsis or programme in words to explain its significance.

*Pure Music.* See *Absolute Music.*

*Quartet.* A piece for four solo instruments; often a string-quartet for 2 violins, viola and 'cello; or a piano-quartet, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello.

*Quintet.* A piece for five solo instruments.

*Sarabande.* One of the slowest of all dances. Sometimes a Death Dance.

*Scherzo.* A piece of light and playful character. Generally the third movement of a symphony, sonata or quartet. Sometimes a separate piece.

*Septet.* A piece for seven solo instruments.

*Sextet.* A piece for six solo instruments.

*Sonata.* The classical sonata is a piece in three or four movements, moderate—slow—playful—fast. Sometimes it has only two. The term can also imply any solo piece. Domenico Scarlatti's had only one movement.

*Subject.* One of the chief passages at the opening of a piece, which

will be developed and assume more importance later on in the movement. In a fugue, the subject is the short phrase of a few notes given out by a single part at the opening.

*Suite.* A set of old dance-forms, all founded on the same tonic. The usual sets contained an Allemande, a Courante, a Sarabande, a Bourrée, a Minuet and a Gigue.

*Symphonic Poem.* An orchestral piece which follows out some poetical idea or romantic story. As opposed to Absolute Music (q.v.).

*Symphony.* A sonata (q.v.) for orchestra.

*Tambourin.* A gay French dance in quick two-beat time, with a kind of drone bass to represent the tambourine taps.

*Toccata.* A keyboard-piece of a showy nature, to display technique of fingering.

*Tone-Poem.* An orchestral piece in which the form and material is governed by a dramatic or romantic story. See *Programme-Music.*

*Trio.* A piece for three solo instruments.

*Virginals.* A predecessor of the pianoforte, much weaker in tone.

# APPENDIX II

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES TO COMPOSERS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

**AKIMENKO, Feodor Stepanovitch.** Born Kharkof, Russia, Feb. 20th, 1876. Studied in Petersburg under Balakiref, then under Rimsky-Korsakof. Has held various academical appointments at Tiflis, Nice, Kharkof and Petersburg, where he now lives. Has composed orchestral and chamber-music and a large number of piano-pieces.

**ALALEONA, Domenico.** Born Montegiorgio, Italy, Nov. 16th, 1881. Studied at Liceo Sta. Cecilia, Rome. Has written several works on modern harmony, composed a 2-act melodrama, *Mirra*, and a large number of songs.

**ALBENIZ, Isaac.** Born Camprodon, Spain, May 29th, 1860, died Cambo-les-Bains, June 16th, 1909. Appeared at the age of four as pianist in Madrid; at six, studied in Paris under Marmontel; from eleven to sixteen, played at concerts in America; then studied for a time at Leipzig and Brussels Conservatoires; followed Liszt to Weimar; and later on tried operatic ventures. Composed operas, *Henry Clifford* (1895), *Pepita Jiménez* (1897), *Merlin* and *Lancelotte*; operettas (*Magic Opal*, etc.); piano-pieces (*Iberia* suite, etc); many songs.

**d'ALBERT, Eugène.** Born Glasgow, Scotland, April 10th, 1864. Studied in London under Sullivan and Prout, in Vienna under Richter, and in Weimar under Liszt. Operas (*The Ruby*, *Ghismond*, *Gernot*, *The Departure*, *Cain*, *The Improviser*, *Tiefland*, etc.), a symphony, chamber-works, numerous pieces and songs.

**ANDREAE, Volkmar.** Born Berne, Switzerland, July 5th, 1879. Principal of the Zurich Conservatoire. Symphonies, chamber-music and songs.

**ARENSKY, Antony.** Born Novgorod, Russia, Aug. 11th, 1861; died Terioky, March 11th, 1906. Operas, symphonies, a set of variations for string orch. on theme of Tchaikovsky, chamber-music, piano-pieces, songs

**ARNE, Thomas Augustine.** Born London, March 12, 1710; died there, March 5th, 1778. Composer of *Rule Britannia*; many oratorios and song-operas, including well-known settings to Shakespeare's songs; a large amount of music for orchestra, organ, piano, etc. His songs are published

by all the chief English firms; the sonatas are in the Augener Edition; the organ works, Novello and Hammond.

**AUBERT, Louis.** Born Paramé, France, Feb. 19th, 1877. Studied under Fauré. 3-act fairy-play, *La Forêt bleue* (1910), orch. suite, and *Habanera*, songs and piano-pieces.

**AURIC, Georges.** Born Lodève, France, 1899. Studied in Paris under d'Indy. Ballets (*Les Fâcheux*, etc.), orch. works and songs.

**AUSTIN, Ernest.** Born London, Dec. 31st, 1874. Self-taught. Orch. and piano works.

**AUSTIN, Frederic.** Born London, 1872. Orch. and stage works. Arranged *The Beggar's Opera*.

**BACH, John Sebastian.** Born Eisenach, March 21st, 1685; died Leipzig, July 28th, 1750. At age of nine, when his father died, he was removed to Ohrdruf under care of his eldest brother. 1700, choir-boy at St. Michael's Convent, Lüneburg, whence he used to walk to Hamburg to hear the organists Reinken and Buxtehude at Lübeck, and to Celle to hear the Court band. 1703 (for six months), violinist in Court band of Johann Ernst of Weimar. Organist of New Church, Arnstadt; visited Buxtehude at Lübeck. 1707, organist, St. Blasius, Mühlhausen. Married his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach. 1708, Court-organist and conductor to Duke Wilhelm of Weimar. 1717, Capellmeister to Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. 1721, on death of first wife, married Anna Magdalena Wülkens. 1723, Cantor of St. Thomas's School, Leipzig, and conductor at both St. Thomas's and St. Nicolas's at the same time. Choral works: *Magnificat* (1723); *St. John Passion* (1724); *St. Matthew Passion* (1729); *Christmas Oratorio* (1734); *B-minor Mass* (1738); 229 church-cantatas; 21 secular cantatas; *Phœbus and Pan* (1731); 6 *concerti grossi* for orch.; 3 overtures or suites for orch.; chamber-works; over 200 organ-pieces, clavier-works. *Well-tempered Clavichord* (48 preludes and fugues), Book I. (1717–22), Book II. (1730–40); *English Suites* (1726); *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*, partitas, suites, etc.

**BACH, Carl Philip Emmanuel.** Born Weimar, 1714; died Hamburg, 1788. Third son of John Sebastian. Court Chamber-Musician to Frederick the Great, 1746–57. Succeeded Telemann as music-director of a church at Hamburg, 1767. A brilliant harpsichord performer. Wrote a *Method of Clavichord Playing*; over 200 solo pieces for the clavichord; 52 concertos; 2 oratorios; 22 *Passions*; etc. His clavichord-pieces are published by various firms, Augener, Breitkopf, Litolff, Peters, Schott, etc.

**BAINES, William.** Born Horbury, England, 1899; died York, Nov. 6th, 1922. Self-taught. Piano-pieces (*Paradise Gardens*, *Milestones*, *Silverpoints*, *Tides*, *Poems*, etc.).

**BALAKIREF, Mily.** Born Novgorod, Russia, Jan. 2nd, 1837; died

Petersburg, May 29th, 1910. Self-taught. In 1862 founded with Lomakin the Petersburg Free School of Music. Orch. works, *Thamar*, symphonies; piano-concerto; sonatas; *Islamey* (fantasie for piano); songs.

**BANTOCK, Granville.** Born London, Aug. 7th, 1868. From 1900 Principal of the Midland School of Music, Birmingham. Choral works, *Omar Khayyám*, *The Great God Pan*, *Sea-Wanderers*, *The Song of Songs*, *Atalanta in Calydon*, *Vanity of Vanities*; folk-opera, *The Seal-Woman*; orch. works (*Hebridean Symphony*, *Pagan Symphony*, *Pierrot of the Minute*, *Fifine at the Fair*, etc.); chamber-music, songs, part-songs, folk-song arrangements, etc.

**BARTÓK, Béla.** Born Nagyszentmiklós, Hungary, March 25th, 1881. Studied at Budapest Conservatoire. Stage works (*Duke Bluebeard's Castle*, *The Wooden Prince*). Dance-suites for orch., 2 string 4tets, 2 sonatas for piano and violin; many piano-pieces. Collected an immense number of folk-songs, Hungarian, Rumanian, etc.

**BAX, Arnold.** Born London, Nov. 6th, 1883. Studied under Corder. Orch. tone-poems (*The Garden of Fand*, *November Woods*, *Tintagel*, etc.); choral works; many chamber-works, piano-pieces and songs.

**BEETHOVEN, Ludwig van.** Born Bonn, Dec. 16th, 1770; died Vienna, March 26th, 1827. Studied under Neefe, the Court organist at Bonn. 1783, cembalist in orch. 1787, first visited Vienna, visiting Mozart. 1789 and 1792, visited by Haydn on his way to and from London. 1793, settled in Vienna. 1798, first signs of deafness. 1815, undertook care of nephew Carl. 1816, obliged to use ear-trumpet. 1824, conducted Choral symphony for last time. Choral works: *Mass in D*, *Mass in C*, *Mount of Olives*. Orch. works: symphonies, No. I. in C., op. 21; II. in D., op. 36; III. in E-flat, *Eroica* op. 35; IV. in B-flat, op. 60; V. in C-minor, op. 67; VI. in F (*Pastoral*), op. 68; VII. in A., op. 92; VIII. in F (the *Little One*), op. 93; IX. in D-minor (*Choral*); overtures; concertos; chamber-music (including 16 string-quartets, 10 sonatas for violin and piano, 5 sonatas for 'cello and piano, etc.); 35 piano-sonatas, etc.

**BERG, Alban.** Born Vienna, Feb. 7th, 1885. Studied under Schönberg. Piano-sonatas, string-4tets, songs and pieces.

**BERLIOZ, Hector.** Born near Grenoble, France, Dec. 11th, 1803; died Paris, March 8th, 1869. Self-taught. Wrote his famous treatise on the orchestra in 1839. Orch. works: *Waverley*, *Symphonie Fantastique* (1830), *Roméo et Juliette* (1839). Opera, *Les Troyens*. Choral works (*Messe des Morts*. *Te Deum*, etc.); songs with orch.

**BERNERS, Lord.** Born Bridgnorth, England, Sept. 18th, 1883. Self-taught. Studied orchestration for a time under Stravinsky and Casella. Short opera, *La Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement* (1923); *Fantaisie Espagnole* for orch.; songs and piano-pieces.

**BISHOP, Sir Henry Rowley.** Born London. Nov. 18th, 1786; died there, April 30th, 1855. For twenty years, conductor and composer at Covent Garden and Drury Lane (1810–30); then musical director at Vauxhall, 1830. Professor of Music, Edinburgh, 1841–3; Professor of Music, Oxford, 1848. Over 80 song-operas, in addition to a large number of popular songs and glees. He published four volumes of national melodies.

**BITTNER, Julius.** Born Vienna, April 4th, 1874. Studied under Bruno Walter. Operas: *Die rote Gred*, *Der Musikant*, *Der Bergsee*, *Das höllisch Gold*, *Die Kohlhaymerin*, *Das Rosengärtlein*, etc.

**BLISS, Arthur.** Born London, Aug. 2nd, 1891. Studied under Stanford and Vaughan Williams. Orch. works (*Colour Symphony*, *Mêlée Fantasque*, *Rout*, *Rhapsody*); chamber-works; songs and piano-pieces.

**BLOCH, Ernest.** Born Geneva, Switzerland, July 24th, 1880. Studied at Geneva, Brussels and Frankfort. Settled in America in 1917. Opera, *Macbeth*; Orch. works (*Printemps-Hiver*; 3 *Poèmes Juifs*); *Schelomo* ('cello and orch.); string-4tets; suites, psalms, etc.

**BORDES, Charles.** Born La Roche Corbon, France, May 12th, 1863; died Toulon, Nov. 8th, 1909. Studied in Paris under César Franck. In 1894 founded (with Guilmant and d'Indy) the Schola Cantorum in Paris. *Rapsodie Basque* for piano and orch.; songs and piano-pieces.

**BORODIN, Alexander.** Born Petersburg, Nov. 12th, 1834; died there, Feb. 28th, 1887. Studied under Balakiref. Opera, *Prince Igor*; 2 symphonies; opera-ballet, *Mlada*; chamber-music, songs, etc.

**BOUGHTON, Rutland.** Born Aylesbury, England, Jan. 23rd, 1878. Studied under Stanford and Walford Davies. Operas: *Birth of Arthur* (1908), *Immortal Hour* (1912), *Bethlehem* (1915), *Alkestis* (1920). Choral works, songs and pieces. Founded the Glastonbury School and Festival in 1914.

**BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY, Louis.** Born Nantes, France, Feb. 2nd, 1840; died Vernouillet, July 4th, 1910. Operas (*Michel Columb* and *Bretagne*); church-works and songs. Inaugurated important research-work in French folk-songs.

**BOWEN, York.** Born London, Feb. 22nd, 1884. Studied under Corder. Symphonies, chamber-works, songs and piano-pieces.

**BRAHMS, Johannes.** Born Hamburg, May 7th, 1833; died Vienna, April 3rd, 1897. Studied under Marxsen. Orch. works, 4 symphonies (C-minor, D, F, E-minor), *Academic Overture*, *Tragic Overture*; 2 piano-concertos; violin-concerto; violin and 'cello-concerto; choral works (*Requiem*, *Song of Destiny*, *Rhapsody*, etc.); 3 piano-sonatas and pieces, many chamber-works, a large number of songs.

**BRAUNFELS, Walter.** Born Frankfort, Dec. 19th, 1882. Studied under

Kwast. Operas (*Don Gil with the Green Stockings*, etc.); orch. pieces; songs and piano-pieces.

**BRIAN, Havergal.** Born near Stafford, England, Jan. 29th, 1877. Orch. pieces (3 *English Suites*, *Dr. Merryheart*, etc.); chamber-works, piano-pieces and songs.

**BRIDGE, Frank.** Born Brighton, England, Feb. 26th, 1879. Orch. pieces (*Summer*, *Two Poems*, etc.); much chamber-music; numerous songs and piano-pieces.

**BRUCH, Max.** Born Cologne, Germany, Jan. 6th, 1838; died Berlin, Oct. 2nd, 1920. Operas, 3 symphonies, chamber-music, choral works, violin-pieces, songs, etc.

**BRUCKNER, Anton.** Born Ansfelden, Upper Austria, Sept. 4th, 1824; died Vienna, Oct. 11th, 1896. Studied in Vienna under Sechter. Symphonies; string-5tet, 3 Masses, *Te Deum*, and other choral works, etc.

**BRUNEAU, Alfred.** Born Paris, March 1st, 1857. Operas (*Le Rêve*, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, etc,); tone-poem, *La Belle au Bois Dormant*; *Penthésilée* for violin and orch., etc.

**BULL, John.** Born in Somersetshire, 1563; died Antwerp, 1628. Organist of Hereford Cathedral, 1582. Created Doctor of Music at Oxford University, 1592; Gresham Professor, 1596. Organist, Notre-Dame Cathedral, Antwerp, 1617 till death. A large number of remarkably difficult virginal and organ pieces; some church-music.

**BUNGERT, August.** Born Mühlheim, Germany, March 14th, 1846; died Leutesdorf-on-Rhine, Oct. 26th, 1915. Wrote and composed a tetralogy of Homeric operas on Wagnerian lines (*Circe*, *Nausicaa*, *Odysseus's Home-coming*, *Odysseus's Death*).

**BUSONI, Ferrucio.** Born near Florence, April 1st, 1866; died Berlin, July 27th, 1924. Self-taught. Toured constantly as a pianist from an early age. Operas (*Die Brautwahl*, *Turandot*, *Arlecchino*, *Dr. Faust*); tone-poems and pieces for orch.; chamber and piano pieces; many Bach arrangements.

**BYRD, William.** Born near Lincoln, 1543; died Standon Place, near London, 1623. Pupil of Tallis. Organist of Lincoln Cathedral, 1563. Gentleman, Chapel Royal, 1569. *Cantiones Sacræ*, *Psalms*, *Sonets and Songs*; madrigals, services, graduals and anthems; a Mass in D-minor; much music for the "virginals," in *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* and in *Lady Nevill's Book* (Curwen, 1926). His complete church-music is published by the Oxford University Press (Carnegie Trust); and the complete Madrigals by Stainer and Bell (Dr. Fellowes).

**CAPLET, André.** Born Le Havre, France, Nov. 27th, 1879. Studied at Paris under Leroux and Lenepveu. *Legend* for harp and small orch.; *Suite Persane* for wind; 7tet; 5tet; violin-sonata; 'cello-sonata;

female chorus and orch., *Le Miroir de Jésus*; Mass for female chorus and orch.

**CARPENTER, John Alden.** Born Chicago, U.S.A., Feb. 28th, 1876. Studied under J. K. Paine. Orch. works (*Adventures in a Perambulator, Concertino, Krazy Kat, Sky-scrapers*, etc.); sonatas; piano-pieces; songs.

**CASELLA, Alfredo.** Born Turin, Italy, July 25th, 1883. Studied in Paris under Fauré. Opera, *Le Couvent sur l'Eau*; orch. *Concertino*; chamber-music; piano-pieces; songs.

**CHABRIER, Emmanuel.** Born Ambert, France, Jan. 18th, 1841; died Paris, Sept. 13th, 1894. Came into contact with César Franck's circle. Operas (*Gwendoline*, 1886; *Le Roi malgré lui*, 1887); orch. rhapsody, *España*; piano-pieces, etc.

**CHADWICK, George.** Born Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., Nov. 13th, 1854. Studied at Leipzig under Reinecke and Jadassohn. Director of New England Conservatoire, Boston, U.S.A. Symphonies and other orch. works; choral works, songs, etc.

**CHAPÍ, Ruperto.** Born Villena, Spain, March 23rd, 1851; died March 25th, 1919. Studied at Madrid. Numerous one-act operas; symphonies; string-4tets; choral works; band-pieces, etc.

**CHARPENTIER, Gustave.** Born Dieuze, Lorraine, France, June 25th, 1860. Studied at Paris Conservatoire. Operas (*Louise*, 1900; *Julien*, 1913); orch. pieces; songs.

**CHAUSSON, Ernest.** Born Paris, Jan. 21st, 1855; died Limay, June 16th, 1899. Symphonies; dramatic music; chamber-works; songs (*Le Colibri, La Caravane*, etc.).

**CHOPIN, François Frédéric.** Born Zelazowa Wola, about twenty-eight English miles from Warsaw, Feb. 22nd, 1810; died Paris, Oct. 17th, 1849. Appeared as a pianist in public at the age of nine. First appearance in Vienna, 1829. Settled in Paris, 1831. Visited London, 1848–9. All his compositions are for piano: concertos; *Allegro de Concert*, op. 46; 4 *Ballades*; *Barcarolle*, op. 60; *Berceuse*, op. 57; *Boléro*, op. 19; 3 *Écossaises*; 27 *Études*; 3 *Fantaisies*; 3 *Impromptus*; 52 mazurkas, 19 nocturnes, 11 polonaises, 25 preludes, 15 valses, variations, rondos, scherzos, sonatas, etc. His *Marche Funèbre* is in the sonata, op. 35.

**COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, Samuel.** Born London, Aug. 15th, 1875; died Croydon, Sept. 1st, 1912. Studied at R.C.M. under Stanford. Oratorio, *The Atonement*; cantatas (*Hiawatha, Tales of Old Japan, Blind Girl of Castél Cuillé*, etc.); orch. works; violin-pieces; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**COUPERIN, François.** Born Paris, 1668; died there, 1733. "Claveciniste de la Chambre du Roi," 1701. 4 volumes of pieces for clavecin; a Clavecin Method; triosfor 2 violins and bass; *Pièces de Viole*, etc. His

complete clavecin-pieces, edited by Chrysander and Brahms, are published by Augener.

**COWEN, Frederic.** Born Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 29th, 1852. Studied in London under Goss and in Leipzig under Reinecke. Operas (*Pauline*, 1876; *Thorgrim*, 1890; *Signa*, 1894; *Harold*, 1895); oratorios (*Ruth*, *The Veil*); cantatas (*Rose-Maiden*, *St. John's Eve*); 6 symphonies; suites; piano-pieces, songs, etc.

**CUI, César.** Born Vilna, Lithuania, Jan. 18th, 1835; died Petersburg, March 14th, 1918. Studied under Balakiref. Operas (*Captive of the Caucasus*, *The Filibuster*, *Mam'selle Fifi*, etc.); piano-pieces, etc.

**DALE, Benjamin.** Born London, July 17th, 1885. Studied under Corder. Orch. and choral pieces; piano-sonata; chamber-works; songs.

**DAVIES, Walford.** Born Oswestry, England, Sept. 6th, 1869. Studied in London under Parry and Stanford. From 1919, Director of Music for Wales. Orch. pieces; choral and orch. works (*The Temple*, *Everyman*, *Noble Numbers*, *St. Francis*, *Heaven's Gate*, etc.); chamber-music; piano-pieces; choral pieces of all kinds, etc.

**DEBUSSY, Claude.** Born St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, Aug. 22nd, 1862; died Paris, March 26th, 1918. Studied under Massenet. Operas (*L'Enfant Prodigue*, 1884; *Pelléas et Mélisande*, 1902); stage-music for d'Annunzio's *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien* (1911). Orch. works: *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune* (1892); 3 nocturnes (*Nuages*, *Fêtes*, *Sirènes*) (1899); *La Mer* (1905); cantata, *La Demoiselle Élue* (1887); chamber-music and sonatas; piano-music (*Estampes*, *Masques*, *Images*, *Études*, *Suites*, *Préludes*, *Children's Corner*, etc.).

**DELIBES, Léo.** Born St. Germain-du-Val, France, Feb. 21st, 1836; died Paris, Jan. 16th, 1891. Operas (*Le Roi l'a dit*, *Lakmé*, etc.); ballets (*La Source*, *Coppélia*, *Sylvia*, etc.).

**DELIUS, Frederick.** Born Bradford, England, Jan. 29th, 1863. Practically self-taught. Has lived successively in Bradford, Florida, Leipzig and Paris; now living at Grez-sur-Loing. Operas (*Koanga*, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, *Fennimore*); choral works (*Appalachia*, *Sea-drift*, *A Mass of Life*. *Song of the High Hills*); orch. works (*Paris*, *Brigg Fair*, *In a Summer Garden*, 2 *Dance Rhapsodies*, *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring*, *North Country Sketches*, *Eventyr*, etc.); concertos for piano, for violin, for 'cello, for violin and 'cello; stage-music to *Hassan*; songs, etc.

**DIEREN, Bernard van.** Born in Rotterdam, Holland, Dec. 27th, 1884. Resides in England. Pieces for chamber-orch.; piano-pieces; songs.

**DOHNÁNYI, Ernst.** Born Pozsony, Hungary, July 27th, 1877. Opera, *The Castle of Woiwoden* (1922); orch. works; chamber-music; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**DUKAS, Paul.** Born Paris, Oct. 1st, 1865. Studied under Guiraud.

Opera, *Ariane et Barbe-bleue* (1907); orch. ballad, *L'Apprenti Sorcier* (1897); piano-pieces (*Variations, Interlude et Finale*, etc.).

**DUPARC, Henri.** Born Paris, Jan. 21st, 1848. Studied under César Franck. Had to abandon composition at the age of thirty for reasons of health. Chiefly songs.

**DVOŘÁK, Antonin.** Born Nelahozeves, Bohemia, Sept. 8th, 1841; died Prague, May 1st, 1904. Studied at the Prague Organ School. Orch. works: 7 symphonies (No. 7 is *From the New World*); overtures (*Carnival*, etc.); symphonic poems. Concertos; chamber-music; piano-pieces; choral works (*Stabat Mater, Spectre's Bride, St. Ludmila, Requiem*, etc.); songs, etc.

**ELGAR, Edward.** Born Broadheath, near Worcester, England, June 2nd, 1857. Self-taught. Choral works: *Banner of St. George* (1897), *Caractacus* (1898,) *King Olaf* (1896), *Light of Life* (1896), *Gerontius* (1900), *Coronation Ode* (1902), *The Apostles* (1903), *The Kingdom* (1906), *Spirit of England* (1915). Orch. works: *Froissart* (1890), *Enigma Variations* (1899), *Pomp and Circumstance* (1901), *Cockaigne* (1901), *In the South* (1904), *Falstaff* (1913). Symphonies: No. 1, A-flat (1908), No. 2, E-flat (1911). Violin-concerto (1910); 'cello-concerto (1919). A very large number of songs and part-songs; some chamber-music (1919); a few light piano-pieces, etc.

**ESLAVA, Hilarion.** Born Burlada, Spain, Oct. 21st, 1807; died Madrid, July 23rd, 1878. Self-taught. Operas; church-music; collections of early Spanish polyphonic works; wrote several text-books.

**FALLA, Manuel de.** Born Cadiz, Spain, Nov. 23rd, 1876. Studied at Madrid Conservatoire. Operas (*La Vida Breve, Master Pedro's Puppet-show*); ballets (*The Three-cornered Hat, Love the Magician* (*El Amor Brujo*)); orch. works (*Nights in the Gardens of Spain*); concerto for clavicembalo with violin, 'cello, flute, oboe and clarinet; some piano-pieces.

**FARNABY, Giles.** Born Truro about 1560; died about 1600. Canzonets, madrigals, fancies and other romantic pieces in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. Clavier-pieces published by Augener, Novello, etc. The madrigals are edited by Dr. Fellowes (Stainer and Bell).

**FAURÉ, Gabriel.** Born Pamiers, France, May 13th, 1845; died Paris, Nov. 3rd, 1924. Studied under Saint-Saëns. Operas (*Prométhée, Pénélope*); *Requiem* (1887); orch. suite, *Pelléas et Mélisande*; much chamber-music; songs; piano-pieces, etc.

**FIELD, John.** Born Dublin, 1782; died Moscow, 1837. Celebrated pianist and inventor of the nocturne. Studied under Giordani in Dublin. Visited Paris with Clementi in 1802, and St. Petersburg in 1804, where he stayed as teacher and concert-player; later on, settled in Moscow. Concertos, sonatas, rondos, romances, fantasias, etc. Various publishers.

**FOOTE, Arthur.** Born Salem, Mass., U.S.A., March 5th, 1853. Studied under J. K. Paine. Orch. overtures; suites; chamber-works; over 100 songs.

**FOULDS, John.** Born Manchester, Nov. 2nd, 1880. Self-taught. Orch. works: *Music Pictures* (using some quarter-tones); *Mood Pictures*. Much stage-music; *A World Requiem* (1923) and other choral works; 'cello-concerto; chamber-works; songs, etc.

**FRANCK, César.** Born Liège, Belgium, Dec. 10th, 1822; died Paris, Nov. 8th, 1890. Studied at Liège Conservatoire and then at Paris. Organist at Ste. Clotilde Church, Paris. Oratorios: *The Redemption* (1872), *The Beatitudes* (1879). Operas: *Hulda*, *Ghiselle*. Symphony in D (1888); string-4tet; violin-sonata; organ-works; piano-pieces, etc.

**GARDINER, H. Balfour.** Born London, Nov. 7th, 1877. Studied in Frankfort. For a short time, music-master at Winchester College. In 1912 he gave a series of orch. concerts devoted to the works of British composers. Orch. and chamber-works; *Shepherd Fennel's Dance* for orch.; *Noël* for piano; *Cargoes*, mixed voices, etc.

**GATTY, Nicholas.** Born near Sheffield, Sept. 13th, 1874. Studied under Stanford and Wood at R.C.M. Operas: *Macbeth* (1904), *Greysteel* (1906), *Duke or Devil* (1909), *Tempest* (1920), *Prince Ferelon* (1921).

**GERMAN, Edward.** Born Whitchurch, England, Feb. 17th, 1862. Studied under Steggall. Operas (*Merrie England*, *A Princess of Kensington*, *Tom Jones*, etc.); much stage and orch. music; songs, etc.

**GIBBONS, Orlando.** Born Cambridge, 1583; died Canterbury, 1625. Organist Chapel Royal, 1604; Westminster Abbey, 1623. *Fantasies for Viols* (the earliest engraved English music); church services and anthems; harpsichord-pieces; madrigals, etc. The church-works are published by Novello; the madrigals by Stainer and Bell; the harpsichord-works by Augener.

**GLAZUNOF, Alexander.** Born Petersburg, Aug. 10th, 1865. Studied under Rimsky-Korsakof. 8 symphonies; tone-poems (*Stenka Razin*); 3 ballets (*Raymonda*, *Ruse of Love*); string-4tets; piano-pieces, etc.

**GLUCK, Christoph Willibald.** Born Erasbach, Franconia, July 2nd, 1714; died Vienna, Nov. 25th, 1787. Son of a woodman. In 1736 entered the service of Count Melsi (Vienna), who sent him to Milan to complete his studies under Sammartini. Visited London in 1745 and wrote 2 operas for the Haymarket. Director of Court Opera, Vienna, from 1754 to 1764. In 1774 visited Paris, where the great Piccini-Gluck contest for the supremacy took place. Retired to Vienna in 1780. Operas: 1741, *Artaserse*; 1742, *Demofoonte*, *Demetrio* (*Cleonice*), *Ipermnestra*; 1743, *Siface*, *Artamene*; 1744, *Fedra*; 1745, *Alessandro nell' Indie* (*Il Ré Poro*); 1746, *La caduta de' Giganti*, *Piramo e Tisbe*; 1747, *Le nozze d'Ercole e d'Ebe*; 1748, *La Semiramide riconosciuta*; 1749, *Tetide*, *Telemacco*; 1751, *La clemenza di*

*Tito*; 1754, *Le Cinesi*, *L'orfano della China*, *Il trionfo di Camillo*, *Antigono*; 1755, *La danza*, *L'innocenza giustificata*, *Les amours champêtres*; 1756, *Il Re Pastore*, *Le Chinois poli en France*, *Le déguisement pastoral*; 1758, *L'île de Merlin*, *La fausse esclave*; 1759, *Cythère assiégée*; 1760, *L'ivrogne corrigé*; 1761, *Don Juan*, *Le cadi dupé*; 1762, *Orfeo*, *On ne s'avise jamais de tout* (Vienna, 1762); 1763, *Ezio*; 1764, *La rencontre imprévue*; 1765, *Il Parnasso confuso*, *La corona*; 1767, *Alceste* (Vienna, 1767; Paris, 1777); 1769, *Paride ed Elena*, *Prologo delle Feste d'Apollo*, *Bauci e Filemone*, *Aristeo*; 1774, *Iphigénie en Aulide* (Paris, 1774); 1777, *Armide* (Paris, 1777); 1779, *Iphigénie en Tauride*, *Écho et Narcisse* (both at Paris, 1779).

**GOOSSENS, Eugène.** Born London, May 26th, 1893. Studied under Stanford at R.C.M. Orch. works (*Tam o' Shanter*, *The Eternal Rhythm*, *Sinfonietta*, *etc.*); string-4tets (*By the Tarn*, *Jack o' Lantern*, etc.); piano-pieces; songs.

**GOUNOD, Charles.** Born Paris, June 17th, 1818; died there, Oct. 18th, 1893. Studied at Paris Conservatoire under Halévy and Lesueur. Operas (*Faust*, 1859; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1867); oratorios (*Redemption*, 1882, etc.).

**GRAINGER, Percy.** Born Brighton, Victoria, Australia, July 8th, 1882. Studied in Berlin under Kwast and Busoni. Orch. suites and other pieces; chamber-music; choruses; piano-pieces; songs.

**GRANADOS, Enrique.** Born Lerida, Spain, July 29th, 1867; drowned on the torpedoed *Essex*, March 24th, 1916. Studied under Pedrell in Madrid. Operas; piano-pieces (*Goyescas* set is the best-known).

**GRETCHANINOF, Alexander.** Born Moscow, Oct. 25th, 1864. Studied in Petersburg under Rimsky-Korsakof. Operas, symphonies, and chiefly songs.

**GRIEG, Edvard.** Born Bergen, June 15th, 1843; died there, Sept. 4th, 1907. Stage-music to Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*; piano-concerto in A; sonatas for piano, for violin; choral pieces; piano-pieces; songs.

**GRIFFES, Charles.** Born Elmira, New York, Sept. 17th, 1884; died New York, April 8th, 1920. Studied in Berlin under Humperdinck. Symphonic poem, *The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan*; string-4tet on Indian themes; piano-sonata and other pieces; songs.

**GROVLEZ, Gabriel.** Born Lille, France, April 4th, 1879. Studied under Fauré in Paris. Symphonic works; ballets; sonatas and piano-pieces (*L'Almanach aux Images*).

**HÁBA, Alois.** Born Vyzovice, Moravia, 1893. Studied at Prague under Novák and at Berlin under Schreker. 2 string-4tets (on quarter-tone system); symphonic music for chamber-orch. (on quarter-tone system); pieces for quarter-tone harmonium.

**HANDEL, George Frederick.** German-born, naturalised Englishman.

Born Halle, Saxony, Feb. 23rd, 1685; died London, April 14th, 1759. Studied under Zachau at Halle; went to Hamburg as violinist in 1703; spent three years in Italy; visited England in 1710; again in 1712, when he settled, composing and organising operas, oratorios, etc., there, until his blindness and death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. 50 operas: first one *Almira* (Hamburg, 1705); first opera in England, *Rinaldo* (London, 1715; new version, 1751). 11 pasticcios. 23 oratorios: *Esther* (Canons, 1720), *Deborah* (1733), *Athaliah* (Oxford, 1733), *Saul* (London, 1739), *Israel in Egypt* (1739), *Messiah* (Dublin, 1742), *Samson* (1743), *Judas Maccabæus* (1747), *Joshua* (1748), *Solomon* (1749), *Jephtha* (1752), etc. A large amount of church-music and chamber-music of all kinds; several suites for harpsichord; concertos for organ, etc.

**HAYDN, Joseph.** Born Rohrau, Croatia, March 31st, 1732; died Vienna, May 31st, 1809. At age of eight, chorister St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. Wrote a Mass at thirteen; accompanist for Porpora, a fashionable singing-master. In 1758, music-director to Count Morzin at Lukavec, near Pilsen. In 1760, Capellmeister to Prince Paul Esterhazy at Eisenstadt. Visited England in 1791–2 and again in 1794. Last appeared in public at a performance of *The Creation* in 1808. Oratorios (*The Creation*, *The Seasons*, etc); 14 Masses, 125 symphonies (including overtures), concertos, 77 string-quartets, a large amount of other chamber- and piano-music, church-music, songs, etc.)

**HEGAR, Friedrich.** Born Basle, Oct. 11th, 1841. Overture; 'cello-concerto; string-4tets; choruses; songs, etc.

**HINDEMITH, Paul.** Born Hanau, Germany, Nov. 16th, 1895. Studied under Arnold Mendelssohn and Sekles at Frankfort, where he is leading viola-player in the Opera House Orchestra. 3 1-act operas (*Murder, the Hope of Women*, *The Nusch-Nuschi*, *Santa Susanna*); much chamber-music; a work for chamber-orch.; sonatas; song-cycles, etc.

**HOLBROOKE, Josef.** Born Croydon, England, July 5th, 1878. Mainly self-taught. Operas (*The Children of Don*, *Dylan*, *Bronwen*, *The Wizard*, *The Snob*); tone-poems (*Byron*, *Queen Mab*, *The Bells*, *Apollo and the Seaman*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Raven*, *The Viking*, *Ulalume*, *Les Hommages*); piano-concerto; violin-concerto; orch. variations on *Three Blind Mice*, on *The Girl I left behind me*, *Auld Lang Syne*; many chamber-works, piano-pieces and songs.

**HOLST, Gustav.** Born Cheltenham, England, Sept. 21st, 1874. Studied under Stanford at R.C.M., London. Operas (*The Perfect Fool*, 1921; *Savitri*, 1908); choral works (*The Hymn of Jesus*, *Ode to Death*, *Keats Choral Symphony*); orch. works (*The Planets*, *Beni Mora Suite*, *Fugal Concerto*); *St. Paul's Suite* for strings; choruses; songs, etc.

**HONEGGER, Arthur.** Born Le Havre, France, 1892. Studied under

Widor in Paris. Oratorio, *King David*; mimed symphony, *Horace Victorious*; orch. *Pastorale d'Été*; string-4tet; works for wind-instruments; sonatas; songs, etc.

**HOWELLS, Herbert.** Born Lydney, England, Oct. 17th, 1892. Studied under Stanford at R.C.M. Orch. and chamber-music; piano-concertos; cantatas; piano-music; songs.

**HUBER, Hans.** Born Schönenwerd, Switzerland, June 28th, 1852; died Locarno, Dec. 25th, 1921. 7 symphonies (1, *Tell*; 2, *Böcklin*; 3, *Heroic*; 4, *Der Geiger von Gmünd*; 5, *Academic*; 6, in A; 7, *Swiss*); overtures; oratorios; 4 piano-concertos; 2 piano-4tets; 2 piano-5tets; 11 violin-sonatas; 4 'cello-sonatas; choruses; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**HUGHES, Herbert.** Born Belfast, Ireland, March 16th, 1882. *Songs from Connacht*, *Rhymed Parodies*, *Shock-headed Peter*, and many other songs.

**HUMPERDINCK, Engelbert.** Born Siegburg, Germany, Sept. 1st, 1854; died Neustrelitz, Sept. 27th, 1921. Operas: *Hänsel and Gretel*, *The King's Children*, etc.

**HURLSTONE, William.** Born London, Jan. 7th, 1876; died there, May 30th, 1906. Orch. Fairy suite, *The Magic Mirror*; piano-concerto; 5tet piano and wind; 4tet piano and strings; string-4tet; piano-trio; violin-sonata; other chamber-music.

**d'INDY, Vincent.** Born Paris, March 27th, 1851. Studied under César Franck in Paris. Principal of the Schola Cantorum, Paris. Dramatic works: *Fervaal*, *L'Étranger*, *Légende de Saint Christophe*. Orch.: 3 symphonies (*Symphonie cévenole*), *Wallenstein* (a trilogy), *Istar* (symphonic variations), *Jour d'été à la montagne*, etc. Many chamber-works; sonatas; church-music; songs, etc.

**IPPOLITOF-IVANOF, Michael.** Born Gatchina, Russia, Nov. 19th, 1859. Studied under Rimsky-Korsakof. Director of the Tiflis School of Music. Operas (*Ruth*, *Asia*, *Asra*, *Treachery*, *The Spy*, etc.); orch. works (*Armenian Rhapsody*, etc.); string-4tets and other chamber-music; *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*; songs, etc.

**IRELAND, John.** Born Bowdon, Cheshire, England, Aug. 13th, 1879. Studied under Stanford at R.C.M., London. Orch. works (*Symphonic Rhapsody*, *The Forgotten Rite*, etc.); 2 piano-trios; 2 sonatas for violin and piano; sonata for 'cello and piano; sonata and other pieces for piano; songs.

**JANACHEK, Leosh** (pronounced Yanátcheck). Born Hukvaldy, Moravia, 1854. Studied for a short time in Prague, Leipzig and Vienna. Director of Brno (Brünn) Conservatoire. Operas: *The Beginning of a Romance*, *Her Stepdaughter*, *Mr. Bruchek's Excursion to the Moon*, *Excursions into the Fifteenth Century*, *Cunning Little Fox*, *The Macropulos Affair* (1926), etc. A symphonic poem, *The Musician's Child*. Many choral works.

**JARNACH, Philipp.** Born Noisy, France, July 26th, 1892. Of Spanish descent. Self-taught. Teacher in Zurich, then in Berlin, where he now lives. Orch. works (*Sinfonia Brevis*, *Sinfonietta*, etc.); string-4tet; sonatas and other piano-pieces; sonata for violin alone.

**JÄRNEFELT, Edvard.** Born Viborg, Finland, Aug. 14th, 1869. Director of Stockholm Opera. Orch. works (*Präludium*, *Korsholm*, *Heimatklang*, etc.); choral works (*Åbo's Castle*, etc.); choruses; piano-pieces; songs.

**JONGEN, Joseph.** Born Liège, Belgium, Dec. 14th, 1873. Orch. symphony and fantasias; chamber-works; organ-music; pieces for 'cello and orch.; songs, etc.

**KELLEY, Edgar Stillman.** Born Sparta, Wis., U.S.A., April 14th, 1857. Orch. works (*Chinese Suite*, *New England Symphony*, Oratorio: *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Ben Hur*); string-4tets, etc.

**KLOSE, Friedrich.** Born Carlsruhe, Germany, of Swiss parentage, Nov. 29th, 1862. Oratorios (*The Sun Spirit*, *Pilgrimage to Kevelaar*, *Nero's Festal Song*); orch. works (*Ilsebill*, *Life a Dream*, etc.).

**KODÁLY, Zoltán.** Born Kecskemét, Hungary, Dec. 16th, 1882. Studied under Koessler in Budapest. Choral works (*Psalm lv.*, etc.); chamber-music; folk-song collections.

**KŒCHLIN, Charles.** Born Paris, Nov. 27th, 1867. Studied under Massenet and Fauré at Paris Conservatoire. String-4tets; violin-sonata; 'cello-sonata; flute-sonata; one for 2 flutes; piano-pieces; songs.

**KORNGOLD, Erich.** Born Brünn, May 29th, 1897. Studied at Prague under Zemlinsky. Operas (*The Ring of Polycrates*, *Violanta*, *The Dead City*); pantomime, *The Snowman*; symphonic overtures; chamber-music; piano-pieces.

**KRASA, Hans.** Born Prague, 1895. Studied under Zemlinsky. Symphony for wind-orch; *Pastorale* and *March*; songs with orchestra. Atonal composer.

**KŘENEK, Ernest.** Born Vienna, 1900. Studied in Berlin under Schreker and in Vienna. 3 symphonies; 2 string-4tets; symphonic music for 9 solo-instruments; *Concerto Grosso* for strings; piano-sonatas; violin-sonatas. Atonal composer.

**LALO, Éduard.** Born Lille, France, Jan. 17th, 1823; died Paris, April 22nd, 1892. Self-taught. Operas (*Le Roi d'Ys*, *Namouna*); orch. works (*Symphonie Espagnole*, *Divertissement*, etc.); symphony in G-minor; *Russian Concerto*, etc.

**LE FLEM, Paul.** Born Lézardieux, France, 1881. Studied at Schola Cantorum, Paris. A symphony; symphonic poem, *Les Voix du Large*; song-fable, *Aucassin et Nicolette*; violin-sonata; piano-pieces, etc.

**LEKEU, Guillaume.** Born Heusy, Belgium, Jan. 20th, 1870; died

Anger, France, Jan. 21st, 1894. Orch. works (2 symphonies, fantasias, etc.); many chamber-works; piano-sonata; songs.

**LEONCAVALLO, Ruggero.** Born Naples, March 8th, 1858; died Montecatini, Aug. 9th, 1919. Operas: *Pagliacci*, *Zazà*, *Zingari*, etc.

**LIADOF, Anatol.** Born Petersburg, May 10th, 1855; died there, Aug. 1914. Orch. tone-poems (*Kikimora*, *Baba Yaga*, *From the Book of Revelation*); piano-pieces, etc.

**LIE, Sigurd.** Born Drammen, Norway, May 23rd, 1871; died Bergen, Sept. 30th, 1904. Symphony; suites; choral works; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**LISZT, Franz.** Born Raiding, Hungary, Oct. 22nd, 1811; died Bayreuth, July 21st, 1886. Self-taught. Orch. tone-poems (*Héroïde funèbre*, *Tasso*, *Les Préludes*, *Hungaria*, *Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne*, *Mazeppa*, *Prometheus*, *Festal Sounds*, *Orpheus*, *Battle of the Huns*, *The Ideal*); *A Faust Symphony*; *Dante Symphony*; *Gran Mass*; oratorios (*Christus*, *St. Elizabeth*); piano-sonata; many piano-pieces and arrangements; organ-works, etc.

**LOEFFLER, Charles.** Born Mühlhausen, Alsace, Jan. 30th, 1861. Studied in Paris under Guiraud and in Berlin under Kiel. In 1881 settled in America. Orch. works (*La Mort de Tintagiles*, *La Villanelle du Diable*, *A Pagan Poem*); 2 rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano; Psalm for female chorus; string-4tets, etc.

**LULLI, Jean Baptiste.** Born Florence, 1633; died Paris, March 22nd, 1687. At thirteen, entered service of Mlle. de Montpensier as page. Head of the famous "band of 24 violins" for Louis XIV. Organised a second band of 16, "les petits violons," which became under his directorship the finest orchestra in France. Court Composer, 1653. Wrote masques, etc., in many of which Louis XIV. took part. The King preferred his music to all other, and in 1672 granted him Letters Patent for an *Académie royale de musique*, now the Grand Opera.

**MACDOWELL, Edward.** Born New York, Dec. 18th, 1861; died there, Jan. 23rd, 1908. Studied under Savard at Paris Conservatoire and in Germany under Raff. Returned to America in 1888 and settled in Boston. In 1896 Director of Music in Columbia University, New York. Orch. suites and tone-poems; 2 piano-concertos; 4 sonatas; many poetical pieces for piano; songs, etc.

**MACKENZIE, Alexander.** Born Edinburgh, Aug. 22nd, 1847. Studied under Stein in Germany. Principal R.A.M., London, from 1888 to 1924. Operas (*Colomba*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*); cantatas (*Dream of Jubal*, *Rose of Sharon*, *Story of Sayid*, etc.); orch. works (*Britannia*, *Coronation March*, *London Day by Day*, 3 Scottish Rhapsodies, etc.); Scottish piano-concerto; piano-pieces; part-songs; songs, etc.

**McEWEN, John.** Born Hawick, Scotland, April 13th, 1868. Studied

at R.C.M., London. Appointed Principal R.A.M., London, 1924. Orch. works (5 symphonies, 2 overtures, 2 suites, etc.); 14 string-4tets and other chamber-works; cantatas; piano-sonatas; songs, etc.

**MAHLER, Gustav.** Born Kalischt, Austria, July 7th, 1860; died Vienna, May 18th, 1911. Studied at Vienna under Fuchs. Director Vienna Opera-House 1897 to 1907. 8 symphonies and *Song of the Earth*; song-cycles, etc.

**MALIPIERO, Gian Francesco.** Born Venice, March 18th, 1882. Studied at Bologna under Bossi and in Germany under Max Bruch. Operas: *L' Orfeide* (*Part I. La Morte della Maschere*; *Part II. Sette Canzoni*; *Part III. Orfeo*); *Baruffe Chiozzote*; orch. works (*Sinfonie del silenzio e della morte*, *Impressioni dal vero*, *Oriente immaginario*, *Ditirambo tragico*, *Grotesque* for small orch., etc.); piano-pieces; songs and *stornelli*.

**MASCAGNI, Pietro.** Born Leghorn, Italy, Dec. 7th, 1863. Studied at Milan under Ponchielli. Operas: *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *L'Amico Fritz*, *Iris*, etc.

**MASSENET, Jules.** Born near St.-Étienne, France, May 12th, 1842; died Paris, Aug. 13th, 1912. Operas (*Hérodiade*, *Le Cid*, *Werther*, *Thaïs*, *Sapho*, *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, etc.); orch. works (*Scénes pittoresques*, etc.).

**MENDELSSOHN, Felix.** Born Hamburg, Feb. 3rd, 1809; died Leipzig, Nov. 4th, 1847. Son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker. Studied under Berger. Wrote the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the age of seventeen. Largely instrumental in reviving Bach's music, especially the *St. Matthew Passion* in 1829. First visit to England, 1829, returning frequently. First performance of *Elijah*, Birmingham, 1846. Oratorios: *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, *Christus* (unfinished); Cantatas: *Hymn of Praise*, *The First Walpurgis Night*. *Lauda Sion*; *Hear my Prayer*; Psalms; fragments of an opera, *Lorelei*; 28 4tets for male voices; 28 4tets for mixed voices; 13 duets; 83 songs. Orch.: 4 symphonies (including *Scotch*, *Italian*, *Reformation*); 6 concert-overtures (*Fingal's Cave*, *The Fair Melusina*, *Ruy Blas*, etc.); 2 piano-concertos, 2 capriccios, and a *Rondo Brillante* for piano and orchestra; violin-concerto in E-minor. Chamber-music: 8tet; 2 5tets; piano-6tet; 7 string-4tets; 3 piano-4tets; 2 piano-trios; 2 trios for clarinet, basset-horn, and oboe; 2 sonatas for 'cello and piano, etc. Piano-music: 3 sonatas; *Rondo Capriccioso*; 8 books of *Songs without Words* (*Lieder ohne Worte*); fantasias, caprices, preludes and fugues, variations, etc. Organ-music: 3 preludes and fugues, and 6 sonatas.

**MERIKANTO, Oskar.** Born Helsingfors, Finland, Aug. 5th, 1868; died there, Feb. 17th, 1924. Studied in Leipzig and Berlin. Operas (*Daughter of Pohja*, *Death of Elina*, *Queen of Emmeritz*); pieces for organ; for piano; for violin; songs.

**MESSAGER, André.** Born Montluçon, France, Dec. 30th, 1853. Director of the Paris Opera from 1914. Studied under Saint-Saëns. Operettas: *Véronique*, *Les P'tites Michu*, etc.

**METNER, Nicolas.** Born Moscow in 1879. Self-taught. A large number of piano-works, concerto, sonata, *Sonata-Triad*, *Sonata-Ballade*, etc.

**MIASKOVSKY, Nicolas.** Born Novogeorgievsk (now in Poland), April 20th, 1881. Studied under Rimsky-Korsakof and Liadof in Petersburg Conservatoire. Orch. works (7 symphonies, *The Silence*, *Alastor*); 'cello-sonata; 4 piano-sonatas; many songs.

**MILHAUD, Darius.** Born Aix, Provence, France, Sept. 4th, 1892. Studied under Gédalge at Paris Conservatoire. Ballets (*La Création du Monde*, *Le Train Bleu*, etc.); orch. works (*Eumenides*, *Protée*, *Saudades de Brazil*, *Suite Symphonique*, etc.); 5 string-4tets; pieces for violin, for piano, for wind-instruments; songs (*Poémes Juifs*, etc.).

**MOERAN, Ernest.** Born London, Dec. 31st, 1894. Studied under John Ireland. Orch. (*Cushinsheean*, *Rhapsody*); 4 string-4tets; trio; violin-sonata; piano-pieces, etc.

**MONTEMEZZI, Italo.** Born Vigasio, near Verona, Italy, May 31st, 1875. Studied at Milan Conservatoire. Operas: *Giovanni Gallurese* (1905), *Hellera* (1910), *Love of the Three Kings* (1913).

**MOÓR, Emanuel.** Born Hungary, 1862. Studied in Budapest and Vienna. Inventor of the Duplex-Coupler piano. Operas (*Andreas Hofer*, etc.); 7 symphonies; rhapsody; piano-concerto; chamber-music; piano-pieces, etc.

**MOZART, Wolfgang Amadeus.** Born Salzburg, Jan. 27th, 1756; died Vienna, Dec. 5th, 1791. In 1762 (aged 6) his father took him and his sister "Nannerl" (aged 10½) on a concert-tour to Munich and Vienna. In 1763, the two children were taken to Paris, and visited England in the following year. Appointed Concertmeister to the Archbishop of Salzburg in 1768; officially resigned in 1781 and settled in Vienna. Operas: *Il Seraglio* (Vienna, 1781), *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Vienna, 1785), *Don Giovanni* (Prague, 1787), *Idomeneo* (1790), *Così fan tutte* (Vienna, 1790), *La Clemenza di Tito* (Prague, 1791), *Die Zauberflöte* (Vienna, 1791), and 14 others. Vocal: church-music, Masses 44 arias, 2 duets, 6 terzets, 1 4tet, 35 songs, 20 canons, etc. Orchestral: 41 symphonies, including the C-major ("Jupiter"), G-minor ("Venus") and E-flat; 31 *divertimenti* and about 45 other orchestral pieces; 6 violin-concertos; 2 flute-concertos; 25 piano-concertos; 4 horn-concertos; clarinet-concerto; 11 5tets; 30 4tets; 32 violin-sonatas; a large amount of piano-music, including 4 well-known fantasias, 17 solo-sonatas, etc.

**MUSSORGSKY, Modest.** Born Karevo, Russia, March 28th, 1839; died Petersburg, March 28th, 1881. Operas: *Mlada*, *Boris Godunof* (1875),

*The Marriage Broker* (1868), *Khovanshtchina*, *The Fair at Sorotchinsi* (unfinished). *A Night on the Bare Mountain* for orch. *Pictures from an Exhibition* for piano; a large number of songs.

**NIGGLI, Friedrich.** Born Aarburg, Switzerland, Dec. 15th, 1875. Swiss folk-song play; violin-sonata; 'cello-sonata, etc.

**NOVÁK, Vitězslav.** Born Kamenice, Bohemia, 1870. Studied at Prague under Dvořák. Operas (*The Castle Rogue*, *Carlstein*, *Lucerna*); tone-poems (*Eternal Longing*, *Toman and the Wood-Fairy*, *Godiva*, etc.); piano-pieces; choruses and songs.

**PALMGREN, Selim.** Born Pori, Finland, Feb. 16th, 1878. Studied in Berlin under Busoni. Opera, *Daniel Hjort*; 2 piano-concertos; numerous piano-pieces, etc.

**PARRY, Hubert.** Born Bournemouth, England, Feb. 27th, 1848; died Rustington, Oct. 7th, 1918. Studied in London under Dannreuther. Oratorios (*Prometheus Unbound*, 1880; *Blest Pair of Sirens*, 1887; *Judith*, 1888; *King Saul*, 1894); *Job*; Cantatas: (*The Love that casteth out Fear*; *Beyond these voices*), 1908; symphonies and variations for orch.; 12 sets of *English Lyrics*; organ-pieces; unison songs (*Jerusalem*, etc.); piano-pieces (*Shulebrede Tunes*, etc.), etc.

**PEDRELL, Felipe.** Born Tortosa, Spain, 1841; died there in 1922. A large number of Spanish operas (*Los Pirineos*, etc.); church-music; orch. and piano-works; songs.

**PFITZNER, Hans.** Born Moscow, May 5th, 1869, of German parents. Studied in Frankfort under Knorr. Bavarian general musical director, Munich, from 1920. Operas (*Poor Henry*, *Rose in the Garden of Love*, *Palestrina*, etc.); orch. pieces; chamber-music; songs, etc.

**PITT, Percy.** Born London, Jan. 4th, 1870. Studied at Leipzig under Jadassohn. Musical adviser to British Broadcasting Co. from 1924. Symphony; *Coronation March* and other orch. works; clarinet-concerto; ballets; stage-music; choruses; piano-pieces and songs.

**POULENC, Francis.** Born Paris, 1899. Ballets (*Les Biches*, *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*); *Rapsodie nègre* for orch.; piano-pieces, etc.

**PROKOFIEF, Serge.** Born Solnzevo, Russia, April 23rd, 1891. Operas (*Madalena*, *The Gambler*, *The Loves of the Three Oranges*); ballet, *Chout*; orch. works (*Sinfonietta*, *Scythian Suite*); tone-poems; 3 piano-concertos; violin-concerto; 4 piano-sonatas, etc.

**PUCCINI, Giacomo.** Born Lucca, Italy, Dec. 23rd, 1858; died Brussels, Nov. 29th, 1924. Studied in Milan under Ponchielli. Operas: *Le Villi* (1884); *Edgar* (1889); *Manon Lescaut* (1893); *La Bohème* (1896); *Tosca* (1904), *Madama Butterfly* (1904), *Girl of the Golden West* (1910), *La Rondine* (1917), a triptych of 1-act operas (*The Cloak*, *Sister Angelica*, *Gianni Schicchi*) (1918), *Turandot* (1924, finished by Alfano).

**PURCELL, Henry.** Born Westminster, London, end of 1658; died there, Nov. 21st, 1695. Buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1664 chorister of the Chapel Royal. 1680, organist of Westminster Abbey. 1683, Court-Composer to the King. Music for over 50 dramas (*Timon of Athens*, 1678; *Macbeth*, 1689; *Dioclesian*, 1690; *King Arthur*, 1691; *Tempest*, 1695; *Fairy Queen*, 1692); over 100 anthems, etc.; *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in D; complete service in B-flat; evening service in G-minor; 12 sonatas for 2 violins and harpsichord, 10 for strings and harpsichord (1696); fantasias for strings; over 200 songs, duets, catches, etc.

**QUILTER, Roger.** Born Brighton, Nov. 1st, 1877. Studied in Leipzig under Knorr. Fairy-play, *Where the Rainbow ends*; orch., *Children's Overture*, etc.; large number of song-cycles and songs.

**RACHMANINOF, Serge.** Born Onega, Russia, April 1st, 1873. Studied at Petersburg Conservatoire and then at Moscow under Tanéief and Arensky. Operas (*Aleko*, 1892; *The Miser Knight*, 1900; *Francesca da Rimini*, 1906); *Bells* for chorus and orch.; 2 symphonies; 2 piano-concertos; *Capriccio*; chamber-music; piano-duets and solos; over 80 songs (*Harvest of Sorrow*, *Spring Waters*, *The Soldier's Wife*, *Cherry Tree*, *Fate*, etc.).

**RAMEAU, Jean Philippe.** Born Dijon, Sept. 1683; died Paris, Sept. 1764. Published his *New System of Musical Theory* in 1726. His opera, *Hippolyte et Aricie*, was given at the Paris Opéra, 1733, and his masterpiece, *Castor and Pollux*, in 1737. His clavichord pieces are published by Augener, Choudens, Heugel, Novello and others.

**RAVEL, Maurice.** Born Ciboure, Pyrenees, France, March 7th, 1875. Studied at Paris Conservatoire under Pessard. 1-act musical comedy, *Spanish Time*; ballet, *Daphnis et Chloé*; orch. (*Schéhérazade*, *Rapsodie Espagnole*, *La Valse*, *Valses nobles et sentimentales*); string-4tet (1903); sonata for 'cello and violin (1922); *Histoires naturelles* for voice and piano; *Vocalise en forme d'une Habanera*; piano-works (*Jeux d'Eau*, *Miroirs*, *Pavane*, etc.).

**RÉBIKOF, Vladimir.** Born Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, June 1st, 1866; died Yalta, Crimea, Dec. 1920. Studied in Berlin under Mühler. Operas (*The Christmas Tree*, *The Abyss*, *Alpha and Omega*); a large number of piano-pieces, *mélomimiques*, etc.

**REGER, Max.** Born Brand, Bavaria, March 19th, 1873; died Leipzig, May 11th, 1916. Studied under Riemann. Held various academical appointments. A large number of orch. works; chamber-works; organ-pieces; piano-pieces; duets; choruses; church-music; songs, etc.

**RESPHIGI, Ottorino.** Born Bologna, Italy, July 9th, 1879. Studied in Bologna under Martucci, in Russia under Rimsky-Korsakof and in Berlin under Max Bruch. Operas: *Ré Enzo*, *Semirâma*, *Belfagor*, *Sleeping*

*Beauty* (for Teatro dei Piccoli), etc. Orch. works: *Aretusa*, *Sinfonia Drammatica*, *Fountains of Rome*, *Pines of Rome*, *Gregorian Concerto* for vn. and orch., etc. String-4tets (*Gregorian*, *Dorian*, etc.); sonatas, etc.

**RIMSKY-KORSAKOF, Nicolas.** Born Tikhvin, Russia, March 18th, 1844; died Liubensk, June 21st, 1908. Studied under Balakiref. Head of Free Music School, Petersburg, 1874 to 1881. Operas (*Maid of Pskof*, *Night in May*, *Snow-Maiden*, *Mlada*, *Sadko*, *Tsar's Bride*, *Kitesh*, etc.); orch.: 3 symphonies; tone-poems (*Antar*, *Scheherazade*); suite; piano-concerto; over 100 songs.

**ROSSINI, Gioacchino Antonio.** Born Pesaro, Feb. 29, 1792; died near Paris, Nov. 13, 1868. Studied at Bologna Conservatoire, 1807. First great success *Tancredi*, Venice, 1813; *Barber of Seville*, 1815. From 1815 to 1823 he composed 20 operas, travelling from town to town in Italy to superintend their production. Visited London, 1823. Afterwards, settled in Paris as manager of the Théâtre Italien, "Premier compositeur du Roi," and "Inspecteur-général du chant en France." His masterpiece, *William Tell*, was produced at the Paris Opera in 1829. In 1837, at the age of forty-five, he retired from all active work, and wrote nothing of consequence during the last thirty years of his life. The Diaghilef ballet, *La Boutique fantasque*, is founded on airs by Rossini.

**ROUSSEL, Albert.** Born Tourcoing, France, 1869. Studied in Paris under Gigout and d'Indy. Opera-ballet, *Padmavati*; symphony; ballet, *Feast of the Spider*; *Divertissement* for piano and wood-wind; *Poème de la Forêt*; *Évocations*.

**RÓŻYCKI, Ludomir.** Born Warsaw, 1884. Studied in Warsaw under Noskowski and in Berlin under Humperdinck. Operas; symphonic poems; chamber-works; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**RUYNEMAN, Daniel.** Born Amsterdam, Aug. 18th, 1886. Symphony for small orch.; *Hieroglyphics* for 3 flutes, harp, cup-bells, celesta, piano, 2 mandolines and 2 guitars; sonatina; songs, etc.

**SAINT-SAËNS, Charles Camille.** Born Paris, Oct. 9th, 1835; died Algiers, Dec. 16th, 1921. Studied at Paris Conservatoire under Halévy and Reber and privately under Gounod. At various times, pianist, organist and touring conductor. Wrote his first symphony when sixteen years of age. 11 operas (*Samson and Delilah*, 1877); 4 orch. tone-poems (*Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Danse Macabre*, etc.); 5 piano-concertos; 3 for violin; 2 for 'cello; oratorios, chamber- and piano-works, etc.

**SATIE, Erik Leslie.** Born Honfleur (father French, mother Scotch) May 17th, 1866; died July 1925. One of the most original characters in modern music. Studied at Paris Conservatoire. *Socrates* for voice and orch; ballet, *Parade*; piano-pieces, etc.

**SCARLATTI, Alessandro.** Born Trapani, Sicily, 1659; died Naples,

1725. Founder of the Neapolitan School of opera. *Maestro* to the Queen of Sweden in Rome, 1680. *Maestro* to the Viceroy, Naples, 1694, and to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, Rome, 1703. Had many famous pupils, Durante, Leo, Feo, Hasse and Porpora. 115 operas; 8 oratorios; 200 masses and much church-music; many madrigals and serenatas.

**SCARLATTI, Domenico.** Son of Alessandro. Born Naples, 1685; died 1757. Played in a friendly contest with Handel at Rome in 1709. *Maestro* St. Peter's, Rome, 1715. Cembalist Italian Opera, London, 1719. Court cembalist, Lisbon, 1721. Taught in Naples, 1725–9; and Madrid, 1729–54. Over 300 pieces for the harpsichord, known as harpsichord lessons or sonatas. He has been called the founder of modern pianoforte technique. The complete keyboard works are published by Ricordi, in 13 vols. edited by Longo. Breitkopf's issue a collection of 80 sonatas, and Augener's 50, under the title of *Harpsichord Lessons.*

**SCHMITT, Florent.** Born Blamant, France, Sept. 28th, 1870. Studied at Paris Conservatoire under Dubois, Massenet and Fauré. From 1922 Director of Lyons Conservatoire. Choral and orch. works; violin-sonata; part-songs and piano-pieces, songs, etc.

**SCHOECK, Othmar.** Born Brunnen, Switzerland, Sept. 1st, 1886. Studied at Zurich Conservatoire under Niggli and Leipzig under Reger. Orch. and choral works; chamber-music; songs, etc.

**SCHÖNBERG, Arnold.** Born Vienna, Sept. 13th, 1874. Self-taught. Monodrama, *Erwartung*; drama with music, *The Lucky Hand*; *Pierrot Lunaire*, voice and 8 instruments; *Pelleas und Melisande*, tone-poem for orch.; *Serenade*, op. 24, for 7 insts. and baritone voice; 6tet, *Verklärte Nacht*; 5tet for wind-instruments; 2 string-4tets; songs (*Gurrelieder*, etc.); 15 Stefan George songs, etc.

**SCHREKER, Franz.** Born Monaco of German parents, March 23rd, 1878. Studied under Robert Fuchs, Vienna. 1911, teacher of composition at Vienna Academy. 1920, Director of Berlin Academy. Operas: *Flammen*, *Der ferne Klang*, *Das Spielwerk und die Prinzessin*, *Die Gezeichneten* (*The Branded*), *Der Schatzgräber* (*The Treasure-Seeker*), *Irrelohe* (*Fitful Flames*), etc.

**SCHUBERT, Franz.** Born near Vienna, Jan. 1st, 1797; died there, Nov. 19th, 1828. Symphony in C; unfinished symphony in B-minor (2 movements complete); chamber-music; piano- and violin-works; piano-sonatas, etc.; over 600 songs.

**SCHUMANN, Robert.** Born Zwickau, Saxony, June 8th, 1810; died Endenich, near Bonn, July 29th, 1856. Studied under Wieck in Leipzig as a pianist; injured his finger permanently and devoted himself to composition and literature. Founded the musical journal, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* in 1834. Married Clara Wieck, the famous pianist, in 1840.

Town musical director of Düsseldorf, 1850. Became insane and died in an asylum. 4 symphonies (B-flat, C, E-flat and D-minor); *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*; 4 concert-overtures; piano-concerto; 'cello-concerto; piano-5tet; piano-4tet; 3 string-4tets; trios; pieces for violin, for 'cello, and other chamber-music; 6 studies, 4 sketches, 6 fugues on B-A-C-H for organ; a large number of piano-pieces in cycles (*Davidsbündler Tänze, Carnaval, Fantaisiestücke, Études symphoniques, Kinderscenen, Kreisleriana, Novelletten, Nachtstücke, Album for the Young, Waldscenen, Bunte Blätter*, etc.); songs in cycles (*Myrthen, Liederkreis, Frauenliebe, Dichterliebe, Song Album for the Young*, etc.).

**SCOTT, Cyril.** Born Oxton, Cheshire, England, Sept. 27th, 1879. Studied at Frankfort under Ivan Knorr and Uzielli. Has lived chiefly in London. Operas, *The Alchemist*; *The Shrine*; orch. works (*Christmas Overture with Nativity Hymn*; two Passacaglias on Irish themes); piano-concerto; piano-5tet and 4tet; string-4tet; violin-sonata; piano-sonata; a large number of piano-pieces and songs.

**SCRIABIN, Alexander.** Born Moscow, Dec. 25th, 1871 (o.s.); died there, April 14th, 1915. Studied at Moscow Conservatoire under Tanéief, Arensky and Safonof. Toured Europe as a pianist, chiefly of his own works. In 1898, professor of piano at Moscow Conservatoire. In 1904, went to live abroad, Switzerland, Brussels, Paris, returning to Moscow in 1910, devoting himself entirely to composition. 3 symphonies and 2 tone-poems (*L'Extase* and *Prometheus*) for orchestra; and early piano-concerto; 10 piano-sonatas and a very large number of other piano-pieces: Preludes, Poems, Polonaises, *Études*, *Scherzi*, Valses, etc.

**SIBELIUS, Jean.** Born Tavastehus, Finland, Dec. 6th, 1865. Studied at Helsingfors Institute, and later at Berlin and Vienna. 6 symphonies; 8 symphonic poems (*Finlandia, Oceanides*, etc.); overtures; suites; stage-music; violin-concerto; 2 violin-sonatas; a large number of piano-pieces, songs and choruses.

**SINDING, Christian.** Born Kongsberg, Norway, Jan. 11th, 1856. Studied at Christiania and Leipzig. Opera, *The Holy Mount*; symphonies; chamber-music; violin-pieces; piano-pieces; songs.

**SMETANA, Bedřich.** Born Litomyšl, Bohemia, April 2nd, 1824; died Prague, May 12th, 1884. Studied in Prague, where he founded a private music-school of his own. Operas (*The Bartered Bride, Dalibor*, etc.); orch. tone-poems (*My Country*, etc.); 2 string-4tets (*From my Life*, etc.); works for chorus; piano-pieces, etc.

**SMYTH, Ethel.** Born Frimley, Surrey, England, April 23rd, 1858. Studied at Leipzig Conservatoire; became friendly with Brahms. Operas: *Fantasio* (1898), *Der Wald* (1901), *The Wreckers* (1906), *The Boatswain's Mate* (1918), *Fête Galante* (1923), *Entente Cordiale* (1925).

Mass in D; concerto for horn, 'cello and orch.; chamber-music; songs, etc.

**STANFORD, Charles.** Born Dublin, Sept. 30th, 1852; died London, March 29th, 1924. Studied in Dublin under Arthur O'Leary and Sir Robert Stewart, and also in Leipzig. In 1870 went to Cambridge, being successively organist of Trinity College, conductor of University Musical Society, and the Professor of Music and teacher of composition at the Royal College of Music, London. 8 operas (*Shamus O'Brien*, *The Critic*, etc.); stage-music for Greek plays; choral works (*Revenge*, *Battle of the Baltic*, *Eden*, *Stabat Mater*, *Requiem*, *The Last Post*, *Wellington*); orchestral works (symphonies and *Irish Rhapsodies*); concertos; chamber-music; organ- and piano-pieces; songs.

**STRAUSS, Richard.** Born Munich, Germany, June 11th, 1864. Studied under Meyer in Munich; conductor at Meiningen, Weimar, Munich, Berlin. In 1919, Director of the Vienna Opera (until 1924). Operas: *Guntram* (1894), *Feuersnot* (1901), *Salome* (1909), *Elektra* (1909), *The Rose-Cavalier* (1911), *Ariadne* (1912), *Woman without a Shadow* (1919), *Intermezzo* (1924). *Helen of Egypt* (1927). Ballets: *The Joseph Legend* (1914), *Schlagobers* (*Whipped Cream*) (1924). Symphonies. Orch. tone-poems: *Don Juan* (1889), *Death and Transfiguration* (1890), *Macbeth* (1891), *Till Eulenspiegel* (1895), *Thus spake Zarathustra* (1896), *Don Quixote* (1898), *A Hero's Life* (1899), *Aus Italien*, *Domestic Symphony* (1904), *Alpine Symphony* (1915). 4tets; sonatas; many songs.

**STRAVINSKY, Igor.** Born Oranienbaum, Russia, June 17th, 1882. Studied privately under Rimsky-Korsakof. Operas: *The Nightingale* (1912), *Renard* (1915), *L'Histoire du Soldat* (1917), *Mavra* (1921). Ballets: *The Fire-Bird* (1910), *Petrushka* (1912), *The Spring Rite* (1913), *Pulcinella* (after Pergolesi), *Les Noces* (1923). Symphony for wind-instruments; *Concertino*; *Rag-time* for 11 instruments; 8tet for wind; string-4tets; piano-concerto; piano-sonata, etc.

**SULLIVAN, Arthur.** Born London, May 13th, 1842; died there, Nov. 22nd, 1900. Light operas: *Cox and Box*, *The Contrabandists*, *Thespis*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Sorcerer*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, *Princess Ida*, *Mikado*, *Ruddigore*, *Yeomen of the Guard*, *Gondoliers*, *The Grand Duke*, *The Beauty Stone*, *Utopia Limited*, *Haddon Hall*. Grand opera: *Ivanhoe*. Oratorios; cantatas; symphony; overtures; anthems; songs, etc.

**TAILLEFERRE, Germaine.** Born Pau St.-Maur, near Paris, April 19th, 1892. Studied at Paris Conservatoire. Ballade for piano and orch.; ballet, *Le Marchand d'Oiseaux*; string-4tet; sonata for violin and piano, etc.

**TCHAIKOVSKY, Peter.** Born Kamsko-Votinsk, Russia, May 7th, 1840; died Petersburg, Nov. 7th, 1893. Studied at Petersburg Conser-

vatoire under Zaremba and Anton Rubinstein. 10 operas (*Eugene Onegin*, *The Queen of Spades*, etc.); ballets (*The Nutcracker*, *The Swan's Lake*, etc.); orch. works; 6 symphonies; tone-poems (*Francesca da Rimini*, etc.); overture, "1812"; 3 piano-concertos; 3 string-4tets; 6tet; trio; piano-pieces; songs, etc.

**TCHÉREPNIN, Alexander.** Born Petersburg, 1899. Settled in Paris, 1921. Orch. overture; piano-concerto; violin-sonata; piano-pieces.

**TOCH, Ernst.** Born Vienna, Dec. 7th, 1887. Self-taught. Chamber-symphony; 12 string-4tets; piano-concerto; sonata; piano-pieces; 'cello-concerto; dance-suite for chamber orch.; songs, etc.

**TOVEY, Donald.** Born Eton, England, July 17th, 1875. Studied under Parry. Professor of Music, Edinburgh University, from 1914. Opera, *The Bride of Dionysus*; symphony; concerto; piano-concerto; chamber-music; sonatas; songs; rounds, etc.

**TURINA, Joaquin.** Born Seville, Spain, Dec. 9th, 1882. Studied under d'Indy in Paris. Spanish operas; orch. works (*La Procesión del Rocio*, *Sinfonia Sevillana*, *Danzas Fantásticas*, etc.); chamber-music; songs, etc.

**VERDI, Giuseppe.** Born Le Roncole, near Busseto, Parma, Oct. 10th, 1813; died, Milan, Jan. 27th, 1901. Refused admission to Milan Conservatoire in 1831 on the score of lack of musical talent. Organist at Busseto, 1833. The operas, *Oberto* (*Hubert*), 1839, *Nabucco* (*Nebuchadnezzar*), 1842, and *I Lombardi* (*The Lombards*) established his fame. *Rigoletto* (1851), *Il Trovatore* (1853), *La Traviata* (1853), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1859), *La Forza del Destino* (1862), *Aïda* (1871), *Otello* (1887), *Falstaff* (1893). Also a fine *Requiem Mass*; church-music; instrumental pieces, etc. Verdi's original publishers are Sonzogno and Ricordi.

**WAGNER, Richard.** Born Leipzig, Germany, May 22nd, 1813; died Venice, Feb. 13th, 1883. Spent his childhood in Dresden and received from Weber his first impressions of opera. In 1827 the family settled in Leipzig, where young Wagner attended the St. Thomas School and the University for a time. There for the first time he received regular musical instruction (from Weinlig, the Cantor of St. Thomas's). He occupied various posts as opera-conductor: Würzburg, Königsberg, Riga, Dresden. Fled in the Revolution from Weimar to Zurich, where he remained in exile nine years. A deep love-affair with Mathilde Wesendonck occurred about the time of the composition of *Tristan* (1857–9). On the general amnesty he went to Stuttgart, whence he was called to Munich by the young King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. In 1871 he settled definitely at Bayreuth, Bavaria, and the Festival House was built and the *Ring* first performed there in 1876. Operas: *Die Feen* (1834), *Das Liebesverbot* (1836), *Rienzi* (1840, produced 1842); *The Dutchman* (produced 1843), *Tannhäuser* (produced 1845), *Lohengrin* (produced 1850), *Tristan*

(completed 1859, produced 1865), *The Ring* (text published 1863), *The Mastersingers* (produced 1868), *The Ring* first performed in its entirety at Bayreuth (1876, under Richter), *Parsifal* (produced 1882).

**WALKER, Ernest.** Born Bombay, India, July 15th, 1870. Self-taught. Lecturer in Harmony at University of Oxford. Orch. and choral works: chamber-music; songs; part-songs, etc.

**WALLACE, William.** Born Greenock, Scotland, July 3rd, 1860. Trained as an ophthalmist; self-taught in music. Orch. tone-poems (*The Passing of Beatrice*, *Anvil or Hammer*, *Sister Helen*, *To the New Century*, *Wallace*, *Villon*, etc.); suites; choral works; songs, etc.

**WEBER, Carl Maria.** Born Eutin, Holstein, Dec. 18th, 1786; died London, June 5, 1826, after the performances of *Oberon*. As a young man, he led a wandering life with his father. Was taught composition gratuitously by Michael Haydn at Salzburg. After many tours, was appointed Capellmeister of National Theatre, Prague, in 1813, for a few years; then settled at Dresden. Operas: 1. *Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins* (*The Power of Love and Wine*), opera written at age of twelve. Accidentally burnt. 2. *Das Waldmädchen* (*The Dumb Girl of the Forest*). Written at the age of 14. Performed at Freiburg and Chemitz, 1800. 3. *Peter Schmoll*, comic opera, Augsburg, 1803. 4. *Rubezühl* (*The Demon of the Giant Mountains*), unfinished opera, belonging to year 1806. He judged it severely and destroyed all except the overture, the chorus of spirits, No. 3, and the air for bass and chorus, No 7. The overture is published under the title of *The Ruler of the Spirits*. 5. *Sylvana*, romantic opera, Frankfort, 1810. 6. *Abu Hassan*, operetta, Munich, 1811. 7. *Der Freischütz*, romantic opera, Berlin, 1821. 8. *Der drei Pintos*, unfinished 3-act comic opera, 1821. 9. *Preciosa*, 4-act musical drama, Berlin, 1820. 10. *Euryanthe*, 5-act heroic romantic opera, like *Lohengrin*, Vienna, 1823. 11. *Oberon*, 5-act romantic opera, Covent Garden, London, 1826. Other works: 2 symphonies; a *Jubilee* overture; concertos; chamber-music; much piano-music (including 2 concertos and the well-known *Concertstück* for piano and orch.); a concerto and other pieces for clarinet; cantatas (*Kampf und Sieg*, 1815); masses; part-songs; *scenas*; songs, etc.

**WEBERN, Anton von.** Born Vienna, Dec. 3rd, 1883. The first disciple of Schönberg. Passacaglia for large orch.; pieces for chamber-orch. and for various groups of unusual instruments; 2 string-4tets; 5 'cello-pieces; songs with unusual accompaniments.

**WEIGL, Karl.** Born Vienna, Feb. 6th, 1881. Studied under Mahler. 2 symphonies; string-6tet; 3 string-4tets; orch. songs; cantata; choruses, etc.

**WEILL, Kurt.** Born Dessau, Germany, March 2nd, 1900. Studied in Berlin under Busoni. 1-act opera, *The Protagonist*; pantomime, *The Might*

*of Magic*; orch. works (*Passacaglia, Quodlibet, Rilke-Lieder, Divertiment*); cantata, *The New Orpheus*; *Frauen Tanz* for soprano and 5 instruments, etc.

**WELLESZ, Egon.** Born Vienna, Oct. 21st, 1885. Studied under Schönberg and Bruno Walter. Operas (*Princess Girnara, Alkestis*); ballets (*Diana, Persian Ballet, Achilles at Scyros*); orch., *Early Spring*; 4 string-4tets, songs, etc.

**WHITE, Felix.** Born London, April 27th, 1884. Self-taught. Orch. (*The Mermaid Tavern, The Deserted Village, Astarte*, suite); chamber-music (4 *Japanese Proverbs, Dawn, Arietta, Nymph's Complaint*, etc.); part-songs; songs; etc.

**WILLIAMS, Ralph Vaughan.** Born Down Ampney, near Cirencester, England, Oct. 12th, 1872. Studied under Parry, Stanford and Ravel. Operas (*Hugh the Drover, Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*); ballet, *Old King Cole*; orch. works (*A London Symphony, Pastoral Symphony, The Lark Ascending*, etc.); works for chorus and orch. (*Towards the Unknown Region, A Sea Symphony, Sancta Civitas*, 1926, *Mystical Songs*); chamber-music; organ-pieces; song-cycles (*Wenlock Edge*, etc.); unaccompanied Mass; choruses, etc.

**WINDSPERGER, Lothar.** Born Ampfing, Bavaria, Oct. 22nd, 1885. Studied at Munich under Rheinberger. Symphony in A; symphonic fantasia; concert-overture; sonata for piano, for violin, for 'cello alone, for violin and organ, for 'cello and organ; songs, etc.

**WOLF, Hugo.** Born Windischgräz, March 13th, 1860; died Vienna, Feb. 22nd, 1903. Opera, *Der Corregidor*; overture, *Penthesilea* (1883); *Italian Serenade* for string-4tet; song-cycles (*Michael Angelo Lieder, Goethe Lieder, Mörike Lieder, Eichendorff Lieder, Spanish Song-book*, etc.).

**WOLF-FERRARI, Ermanno.** Born Venice, Jan 12th, 1876. Studied at Munich under Rheinberger. Operas: *Le Donne Curiose, I Quattro Rusteghi, Susan's Secret, Jewels of the Madonna, Amore Medico*, etc. Cantata, *La Vita Nuova*.

**WOOD, Charles.** Born Armagh, Ireland, June 15th, 1866; died Cambridge, July 20th, 1926. Symphonic variations on *Patrick Sarsfield*; cantatas (*Ode to West Wind, On Time, Dirge for Two Veterans*, etc.); Music to Euripides' *Ion*; to *Iphigenia in Tauris*; string-4tets; part-songs; songs; Irish folk-songs; church-music, etc.

**ZANDONAI, Riccardo.** Born Sacco, Italy, May 28th, 1883. Studied under Mascagni. Operas: *Cricket on the Hearth, Conchita, Francesca da Rimini*, etc. *Requiem*; songs, etc.

**ZANELLA, Amilcare.** Born Monticelli d'Ongina, Italy, Sept. 26th, 1873. Opera, *Aura*; 2 symphonies; symphonic poem; nonet; 5tet; 4tet; trio; piano-music; songs.

**ZEMLINSKY, Alexander.** Born Vienna, Oct. 4th, 1872. Studied at Vienna Conservatoire. Director Prague Opera-House. Operas (*Sarema*, *The Dwarf*, *Birthday of the Infanta*, etc.); 3 symphonies; symphonic poem, *Die Seejungfrau*; 2 string-4tets, etc.

**ZOLOTAREF, Vassily.** Born Taganrog, Russia, March 7th, 1873. Studied under Rimsky-Korsakof. Opera, *The Decabrists* (Moscow, 1925); symphony; overture, *The Country Feast*; Hebrew Rhapsody; string-5tet; string-4tets; piano-4tet; piano-trio; piano-sonata; pieces; songs, etc.

**ZSOLT, Nándor.** Born Esztergom, Hungary, 1887. Studied at Budapest Conservatoire under Koessler. Piano-5tet; pieces for violin and piano, etc.

# APPENDIX III

## BRITISH FOLK-SONGS

Britain taken as a whole is as rich in folk-music as any other country. The corpus of English folk-song is enormous and naturally varies much in quality. Many authorities say that the old English dance-tunes are even finer than the folk-songs. The following list is the result of a plebiscite by a large number of leading British composers and singers. List A received an overwhelming number of votes in the order given. List B represents those mentioned by various musicians of standing as their favourites. There is a fine racial element of beauty in all of these.

### List A

O waly, O waly (collected by Cecil Sharp).
Barbara Allen.
Searching for Lambs (*Somerset Songs*, collected by Vaughan Williams).
The Willow Song.
Bushes and Briars (collected in Essex by Vaughan Williams).
Londonderry Air (Emer's Lament).
Sumer is icumen in.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Spanish Ladies.
Lord Rendal.
Lord Bateman.

### List B

These authorities were asked to mention a few of the best:

MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN

The Hunt is up.
The Three Ravens.
Greensleeves.
Brigg Fair.
Hunt the Squirrel.
On board a Ninety-eight.

PROFESSOR GRANVILLE BANTOCK

*English*

The Carman's Whistle.
The Oak and the Ash.
The Three Ravens.
Greensleeves.
Lord Rendal.
O mistress mine
Early one morning.

*Scottish*

Ye banks and braes.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Robin Adair.
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.
The Flowers o' the Forest.

*Hebridean*

Kishmul's Galley.
The Seal-Woman's Croon.
Eriskay Love-Lilt.
The Seagull of the Land under the Waves.
The Harris Love-Lament.
Sea Reivers' Song.

*Irish*

Emer's Lament.
Silent, O Moyle.
Avenging and bright.
The Glories of Brian the Brave.
The Little Red Fox.
The Cruisheen Lawn.

*Welsh*

Morva Rhuddlan.
Men of Harlech.
Ar hyd y nos.
David of the White Rock.
The Ash Grove.
The Rising of the Lark.

MR. RUTLAND BOUGHTON

thinks the Irish folk-tunes are the best; but mentions:

The Little Poosie (*Folk-Carols*, Cecil Sharp).
The Golden Vanity (Lucy Broadwood—Fuller Maitland).
High Barbary (Cecil Sharp).

SIR HERBERT BREWER

The Carman's Whistle (English).
Westron Wynde (English).
Lord Rendal (English).
The Flowers of the Forest (Scottish).
Ye Banks and Braes (Scottish).
Auld Lang Syne (Scottish).
The Little Red Lark (Irish).
Emer's Lament (Londonderry Air).
Molly McAlpin (Irish).

MR. JOHN COATES

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.
Early one morning.
O mistress mine.
Greensleeves.
By a bancke as I lay.
All in a garden green.
Come lasses and lads.
Come live with me.

MADAME ASTRA DESMOND

How should I your true love know?
Come lasses and lads.
D'ye ken John Peel?
The Willow Song.
The Three Ravens.
It was a maid of my country (tune *Dargason*).
Spanish Ladies.

MR. EDWIN EVANS

Searching for Lambs.
The Cruel Mother.
Lord Rendal.
March of the Men of Harlech (which he calls the finest march ever written).

MR. PERCIVAL GARRATT

All through the night (Welsh).
The Snowy-breasted Pearl (Irish).
Jock o' Hazeldean (Scotch).
Barbara Allen (Scotch).
Light o' Love (English).
Greensleeves (English).

MR. C. ARMSTRONG GIBBS

On Christmas Night the Angels sing (Herefordshire ?).
A bold young farmer (East Anglian).
Flowers in the Valley.

MR. JOHN GOSS

Bushes and Briars.
Spanish Ladies.

MR. H. PLUNKET GREENE

I'm seventeen come Sunday.
The Keeper.
Bedlam.
Searching for Lambs.
The Little Turtle-dove.
The Sprig of Thyme.
John Barleycorn.
The trees they do grow high.
The Unquiet Grave.
Bridgewater Fair.
Death and the Lady.
Poor Old Horse.
The Crystal Spring.
A bold young farmer.
Tarry Trousers.
Captain Ward the Pirate.

SIR HENRY HADOW, C.B.E.

*English*

The Waters of Tyne (Northumberland).
I sowed the seeds of love.
Come lasses and lads.

*Scottish*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Twine the Plaiden.
Eleloro.

*Irish*

The flight of the Earls.
The Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill.
The Little Red Lark.

*Welsh*

David of the White Rock.
The Ash Grove.
Deryn Pur.

*Manx*

Myle Charaine

SIR HAMILTON HARTY

Let Erin remember (Irish).
The West's awake (Irish).
The Lark in the clear air (Irish).

MR. PHILIP HESELTINE (PETER WARLOCK)

The Captain's Apprentice.
The Fowler.
Down by the Riverside.
Sheep-shearing Song.
The trees they do grow high.
Fanny Blair.
Barbara Allen.
The Sprig of Thyme.
The Sign of the Bonny Blue Bell.
In Breton Town.
Searching for Lambs.

MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE

Sumer is icumen in.
Barbara Allen.
Bailiff's Daughter.
Begone, dull Care.

Banks of Allan Water.
Hearts of Oak.
Home, Sweet Home.
Leather Bottèl.
Down among the Dead Men!
Girl I left behind me.
Lass of Richmond Hill.

MR. GUSTAV HOLST

Bushes and Briars.
I sowed the seeds of love.
My Boy Billy.

MR. HERBERT HOWELLS

O waly, waly.
I will give my love an apple.
The Triumph.

MR. FRANK KIDSON

Bushes and Briars (Vaughan Williams).
Seeds of Love (Cecil Sharp).
My bonny bonny boy (Miss Broadwood).
Henry Martin (F. Kidson).

DR. H. G. LEY

O waly, waly.
The Little Turtle-dove (arranged by Cecil Sharp).
Lord Rendal.

MR. STEWART MACPHERSON

Flowers of the Forest.
The holly and the ivy.
Near London town.

MR. FRANK MERRICK

The Bonny Blue Bell (Somerset).
The Wraggle-taggle Gypsies (Somerset).
The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.
Hares on the Mountains (Somerset).
The Keel Row.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN

Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Sumer is icumen in.

MR. ROGER QUILTER

Early one morning.
The Sprig of Thyme.
Barbara Allen.

MR. CYRIL SCOTT

Sumer is icumen in.
Drink to me only.
The Gentle Maiden.

DR. ARTHUR SOMERVELL

Bushes and Briars.
O waly, waly.
High Coast of Barbary (Cecil Sharp).
I will give my love an apple (Cecil Sharp).

COL. J. C. SOMERVILLE, C.M.G., C.B.E.

Londonderry Air.
Avenging and Bright (Moore's *Melodies*).
The Little Red Lark.
The Sally Gardens
Along the Shore.
The Twisting of the Rope (from O'Donnell's *Celtic Fantasy*).
The Gentle Maiden (from Somervell's *Songs of the Four Nations*).
The Tree in the Wood (from Somervell's *Songs of the Four Nations*).
The Minstrel Boy.

MR. A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS

The Boatmen (Folk-dance).
Sellinger's Round (Folk-dance).
Brighton (Folk-dance).
The Twenty-ninth of May (Folk-dance).
Mr. Beveridge's Magot (Folk-dance).
Newcastle (Folk-dance).

In Breton Town (Folk-tune).
Little Geordie (Folk-tune).
Barbara Allen.
Lord Bateman.

DR. ERNEST WALKER

*English*

Admiral Benbow.
As I lay upon a night.
Now the spring is come.
Bonny sweet Robin.
Pretty Polly Olwen.
The Ship in Distress (*Somerset Folk-songs*, vol. iii.).
Farewell, Nancy (*Somerset Folk-songs*, vol. iii.).
The Bob-tailed Mare (*Folk-song Society Journal*, vol. iv ).
Where be going (Cornish).
The Sheep under the Snow (Isle of Man).

*Welsh*

The Red Piper.
Morva Rhuddlan.
David of the White Rocks.
Ton-y-Botel.
Gwenith Gwyn.
All through the night.
The Blackbird.

*Scottish Lowlands*

The Brume o' the Cowdenknowes.
Wae's me for Prince Charlie.
Katherine Ogie.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes.
Aye waking, O.

*Scottish Highlands*

Och o ro u.
Mo chailin dileas donn.
A chuachag naw craobh (O cuckoo of the grove).

*Irish*

It is not the tear (The Sixpence).
If all the sea were ink (Lay his sword).
Emer's Farewell to Cucullain (Londonderry Air).
The Flight of the Earls.

DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Searching for Lambs (Somerset).
A Sailor from the Sea (Somerset).
O waly, waly (Somerset).
Spanish Ladies (Somerset).
The Springtime of the Year.
Lazarus.
My Bonny Boy.
A Virgin unspotted (carol).

## LIST OF BOOKS CONTAINING FOLK-SONGS

which have been taken down directly from the lips of folk-singers.

16 *Sussex Songs.* Collected and printed for private circulation by Rev. John Broadwood, 1843.

26 *Sussex Songs.* Reprint of above with additions, collected by Lucy Broadwood. Stanley Lucas (now Leonard and Co.), 1889.

58 *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs.* Collected by M. S. Mason, 1877 (Metzler, 1877).

*Northumbrian Minstrelsy.* 130 ballads, melodies and small-pipe tunes of Northumbria, edited by J. Collingwood Bruce and John Stokoe. Published by Society of Antiquarians of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1882.

92 *Songs and Ballads of Northern England.* Collected by John Stokoe and arranged by Samuel Reay, Mus.Bac. Chiefly from *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (Walter Scott Ltd.).

*The Besom-Maker*, and 8 other country folk-songs, collected by Heywood Sumner (Longmans, Green, 1888).

110 *Songs and Ballads of the West.* Collected in Devon and Cornwall by Rev. S. Baring-Gould and Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard. Four parts (Methuen, 1889–91).

122 *Songs of the West.* A new and revised edition of the above in one volume, under musical editorship of Cecil J. Sharp, 1905.

109 *Traditional Tunes.* A collection of ballad airs, chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the South of Scotland by Frank Kidson (Taphouse and Son, Oxford, 1891).

54 *English Folk-songs.* Collected and arranged by W. Alex. Barrett (Novello, 1891).

95 *English County Songs.* Collected by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller-Maitland (Leadenhall Press; Cramer, etc., 1893).

*A Garland of Country Song.* 54 songs, collected by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard (Methuen, 1895).

9 *Wiltshire Folk-songs and Carols.* Collected and edited by the Rev. Geoffrey Hill, Bournemouth, 1904.

79 *Folk-songs from Somerset.* Gathered by Cecil J. Sharp and Rev. Charles L. Marson. Vol. I., 1904; Vol. II., 1905; Vol. III., 1906 (Schott).

52 *English Folk-songs for Schools.* Collected by Rev. S. Baring-Gould and Cecil J. Sharp (Curwen, 1906).

16 *Folk-songs.* Edited by Cecil J. Sharp (Novello). Book I. *Folk-songs collected in Dorsetshire* by H. E. D. Hammond, arranged by Cecil J. Sharp, 1907; Book II. *Folk-songs collected in East Anglia*, arranged by Dr. Vaughan Williams.

*Journal of the Folk-song Society.* 497 tunes without accompaniment. Vol. I., 1899–1904; Vol. II., 1905–7; Vol. III. (one part only), 1907. From the Honorary Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood.

# APPENDIX IV

## LIST OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS BY COMPOSERS MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK

### *ABBREVIATIONS*

| | |
|---|---|
| C | Columbia Co. |
| HMV | His Master's Voice (Gramophone Co.) |
| NGS | National Gramophone Society |
| V | Vocalion Co. |
| Æ.O. | Aeolian Orchestra |
| B.B.C.S.O. | British Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra |
| B.S.O. | Beecham Symphony Orchestra |
| B.S.Q. | Budapest String Quartet |
| C.S.Q. | Catterall String Quartet |
| E.Q. | Elman String Quartet |
| E.S.Q. | English String Quartet |
| F.S.Q. | Flonzaley String Quartet |
| H.O. | Hallé Orchestra |
| L.Q. | Léner String Quartet |
| L.S.O. | London Symphony Orchestra |
| L.S.Q. | London String Quartet |
| Q.H.L.O. | Queen's Hall Light Orchestra |
| Q.H.O. | New Queen's Hall Orchestra (Wood) |
| R.A.H.O. | Royal Albert Hall Orchestra |
| R.P.O. | Royal Philharmonic Orchestra |
| S.D.S.Q. | Spencer Dyke String Quartet |
| S.O. | Symphony Orchestra |
| S.Q. | String Quartet |
| V.S.Q. | Virtuoso String Quartet |

*N.B. The more important works are placed first in each section.*

ALBENIZ

| | |
|---|---|
| El Puerto, piano | Murdoch (C) |

ARENSKY

| | |
|---|---|
| Scherzo from Piano Trio in D-minor, Op. 32 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

ARNE

| | |
|---|---|
| Where the bee sucks | Dora Labbette (C) |
| When daisies pied | Dora Labbette (C) |
| The Lass with the Delicate Air | Dora Labbette (C) |
| Now Phœbus sinketh in the west | Dora Labbette (C) |

BACH

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Brandenberg Concerto in G | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Concerto in D-minor, 2 vns. & orch. | Catterall, J. S. Bridge and orch. (Harty) (C) |
| Concerto in C-minor, 2 violins and orchestra (3rd movement) | J. d'Aranyi and A. Fachiri (V) |
| Concerto in E, violin and orchestra | Thibaud (HMV) |
| Concerto No. 1 in D-minor, pianoforte and strings | Harriet Cohen and orchestra (Wood) (C) |
| Fugue in C-minor, arr. by Elgar | R.A.H.O. (G) |
| Suite in B-minor, flute and strings | Robert Murchie and S.O. |
| Suite No. 6 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Sinfonia from Cantata No. 156 | (NGS) |
| Organ Chorale, No. 56 | Æ.O. (V) |
| Gavotte in E | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Air in D | Court S.O. (C) |

*Violin :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Concerto in D-minor, 2 violins | Kreisler and Zimbalist (HMV) |
| Concerto in D-minor, 2 violins, 2nd movement | J. d'Aranyi and A. Fachiri (V) |
| Concerto in C-minor, 2 violins, 3rd movement | J. d'Aranyi and A. Fachiri (V) |
| Air on G-string | Elman (HMV) |
| Air on G-String, with string quartet | Strockof (C) |
| Chaconne | Menges (HMV) |
| Gavotte in A | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Gavotte in E | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Gavotte in E | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Gigue from Sonata in C for 2 violins | A. Fachiri and J. d'Aranyi (V) |
| Præludium in E | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Præludium in E | Bratza (C) |
| Prelude, arr. Mangiagalli | Jeanne Marie Darré (V) |
| Sarabande from B-minor Suite | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Sonata in E | Maud Powell (HMV) |
| Sonata in E-minor, 2 movements | Strockof (C) |

BACH (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Viola :* | |
| Chaconne | Tertis (C) |
| Air on G-string | Tertis (V) |
| Komm, süsser Tod | Tertis (C) |
| *'Cello :* | |
| Arioso | Howard Bliss (V) |
| Sonata in D | Howard Bliss (V) |
| Gigue in C | B. Harrison (HMV) |
| Prelude & Allemand from Suite in C | Suggia (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Prelude and Fugue in C, No. 1 of 48 | Busoni (C) |
| Prelude and Fugue in B-flat, No. 10 of 48 | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Prelude and Fugue in C-sharp | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Chorale Prelude No. 44 in G | Busoni (C) |
| Chromatic Fantasia | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Fantasia in C-minor | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Fugue from Fantasia | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Prelude from Partita in B-flat | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Bourrées in A-minor | H. Samuel (HMV) |
| Overture in D | Pouishnof (C) |
| *Harpsichord :* | |
| First English Suite | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| Fugue in D-minor (Forty-eight) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| Fugue in E-minor (Forty-eight) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| Prelude in E-flat (Forty-eight) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| *Organ :* | |
| Toccata and Fugue in D-minor | Cunningham (HMV) |
| *Choral and Vocal Extracts :* | |
| Erbarme dich, mein Gott (*St. Matthew Passion*) | Dutch Choir (HMV) |
| We bow our heads (*St. Matthew Passion*) | Westminster Abbey (HMV) |
| Crucifixus (*B-minor Mass*) | Royal Choral Society (HMV) |
| Patrem Omnipotentem (*B-minor Mass*) | Royal Choral Society (HMV) |
| Qui tollis (*B-minor Mass*) | Royal Choral Society (HMV) |
| Hosanna in Excelsis (*B-minor Mass*) | Royal Choral Society (HMV) |
| Gloria in Excelsis (*B-minor Mass*) | Westminster Abbey (HMV) |
| My heart ever faithful | Louise Homer (HMV) |
| Oh, yes, just so (*Phœbus and Pan*) | Luella Paikin (V) |

BANTOCK, GRANVILLE

| | |
|---|---|
| Comedy Overture, The Pierrot of the Minute | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

BAX, ARNOLD

| | |
|---|---|
| Oboe Quintet | (NGS) |
| Mater, ora Filium, choral motet | Leeds Festival Choir (HMV) |

BEETHOVEN

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Symphony No. 5 | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Symphony No. 7 | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Symphony No. 8 | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Symphony No. 9 (Choral), complete | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Concerto No. 3 in C-minor, pianoforte and orchestra | Murdoch & Orch. (Harty) (C) |
| Concerto No. 4 in G, pf. and orch. | York Bowen and Æ.O. (V) |
| Concerto No. 4 in G, pf. and orch. | Menges and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Concerto No. 5 in E-flat, pf. & orch. | Lamond and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Coriolan Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Coriolan Overture | Q.H.O. (Wood) (HMV) |
| Egmont Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Egmont Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Egmont Overture | R. Italian Naval Band (C) |
| Leonora Overture, No. 3 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Leonora Overture, No. 3 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Minuet from Septet, Op. 20 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Rondino for wind instruments | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

*String Quartet :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1 | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in G, Op. 18, No. 2 | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in G, Op. 18, No. 2 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 18, No. 3 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 18, No. 3 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet in C-minor, Op. 18, No. 4 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in C-minor, Op. 18, No. 4 | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in A, Op. 18, No. 5 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in B-flat, Op. 18, No. 6 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| (*All Op. 18 recorded by L.Q. for C.*) | |
| Quartet in F, Op. 59, No. 1 | L.Q. (C) |

BEETHOVEN (*continued*)—

*String Quartet:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in E-minor, Op. 59, No. 2 | V.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in E-flat ("Harp"), Op. 74 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in F-minor, Op. 95 | (NGS) |
| Quartet in C-sharp-minor, Op. 131 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in C-sharp-minor, Op. 131 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet in A-minor, Op. 132 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in F, Op. 135 | (NGS) |

*Violin, 'Cello and Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Scherzo from Trio, Op. 1, No. 2 in G | Cherniavsky Trio (C) |
| Finale from Trio, Op. 1, No. 2 in G | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Andante & Menuet from Trio, Op. 1, No. 3 in C-minor | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Trio No. 8 in B-flat | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

*Violin and Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata No. 5 in F ("Spring"), Op. 24 | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |
| Sonata No. 9 in A ("Kreutzer"), Op. 47 | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |
| Sonata No. 9 in A ("Kreutzer"), Op. 47 | Hayward and Bourne (HMV) |
| Minuet in G | Elman (HMV) |
| Minuet in G | Strockof (C) |
| Minuet in G | Sammons (V) |
| Minuet in G, No. 2 | Zimbalist (HMV) |
| March (*Ruins of Athens*) | Elman (HMV) |
| March (*Ruins of Athens*) | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Chorus of Dervishes (*Ruins of Athens*) | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Rondino | Bratza (C) |
| Rondino | Albert Sandler (V) |

*Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3 | Hambourg (HMV) |
| Sonata in F, Op. 10, No. 2 (complete) | Lamond (HMV) |
| Sonata in F, Op. 10, No. 2, Presto | Murdoch (C) |
| Sonata Pathétique in C-minor, Op. 13, Adagio & Rondo | Murdoch (C) |
| Sonata in C-sharp-minor ("Moonlight"), Op. 27, No. 2 | Lamond (HMV) |
| Sonata in E-flat, Op. 31, No. 3 | Lamond (HMV) |
| Sonata in G, Op. 49, No. 2 | Murdoch (C) |

BEETHOVEN (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Piano:* | |
| Sonata in C ("Waldstein"), Op. 53 | Lamond (HMV) |
| Sonata in F-minor ("Appassionata"), Op. 57 | Lamond (HMV) |
| Scotch Step (arr. from Écossaises) | Busoni (C) |
| *Songs:* | |
| Adelaïde | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Creation's Hymn | Margaret Balfour (V) |
| In questa tomba oscura | Chaliapin (HMV) |

BERLIOZ

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Symphonie Fantastique, complete | Orch. Symph. des Concerts Pasdeloup (HMV) |
| Roman Carnival Overture | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Roman Carnival Overture | Life Guards (V) |
| Rakoczky March (*Damnation de Faust*) | R. Opera House Orch. (HMV) |
| Rakoczky March (ibid.) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Rakoczky March (ibid.) | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Rakoczky March (ibid.) | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Rakoczky March (ibid.) | Æ.O. (V) |
| Dance of Sprites (ibid.) | R.P.O. (Bruno Walter) (C) |
| Selection (*Damnation de Faust*) | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| *Voice:* | |
| Serenata (*Damnation de Faust*) | Stracciari (C) |
| Canzone della Pulce (*Damnation de Faust*) | Stracciari (C) |
| Si queste rose (*Damnation de Faust*) | Stracciari (C) |
| Eight vocal numbers (*Damnation de Faust*) | (HMV) |

BIZET

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Minuet from *Fair Maid of Perth* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Overture, Intermezzi Acts II. & III., & Ballet-music Act IV. (*Carmen*) | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Overture & Intermezzo Act IV. (*Carmen*) | S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |

Vocal selections from *Carmen* are recorded by HMV, and the complete opera by C.

BLISS, ARTHUR

| | |
|---|---|
| Rout, for orchestra | S.O. (A. Bliss) (C) |
| Conversations, for orchestra | S.O. (A. Bliss) (C) |
| Madam Noy, song | Anne Thursfield (C) |
| In the Tube at Oxford Circus (*Conversations*) | Anne Thursfield (C) |

BOCCHERINI

*'Cello :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Allegro from Sonata in A | Casals (C) |
| Rondo | Squire (C) |

BORODIN

| | |
|---|---|
| Dance No. 17 (*Le Prince Igor*) | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| March (*Le Prince Igor*) | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Notturno from Quartet No. 2 in D | L.Q. (C) |
| Au Couvent, from Piano Suite | Cherniavsky (C) |

BOUGHTON, RUTLAND

*The Immortal Hour :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Faery Song | Harold Farrer (HMV) |
| Faery Song | W. Heseltine (C) |
| Faery Chorus & Love Duet | L.S.O. (Boughton) (C) |
| Song of Creation | L.S.O. (Boughton) (C) |
| The Living Song | L.S.O. (Boughton) (C) |
| Bethlehem (carol) | English Singers (HMV) |

BRAHMS

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony No. 1 in C-minor, Op. 68 | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 73 | R.A.H.O. (Ronald) (HMV) |
| Students' Festival Overture, Op. 80 | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Hungarian Dances, Nos. 5 & 6 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

*String Sextet :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sextet in B-flat, Op. 18 | (NGS) |

*String Quartet :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in C-minor, Op. 51, No. 1 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in A-minor, Op. 51, No. 2 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in A-minor, Op. 51, No. 2 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| Andante & Agitato from Quartet in B-flat, Op. 67 | L.S.Q. (C) |

| | |
|---|---|
| BRAHMS (*continued*)— | |
| *Violin, 'Cello and Piano :* | |
| Scherzo & Finale from Horn Trio in E-flat, Op. 40 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| *Clarinet and Strings :* | |
| Quintet in B-minor, Op. 115 (complete) | (NGS) |
| Quintet in B-minor, Op. 115, Allegro & Adagio | L.S.Q. and C. Draper (C) |
| *Clarinet, 'Cello and Piano :* | |
| Trio in A-minor, Op. 114 | H. P. Draper, Squire, Harty (C) |
| *Horn, Violin and Piano :* | |
| Trio in E-flat, Op. 40 | (NGS) |
| *Violin and Piano :* | |
| Sonata No. 3 in D-minor, Op. 108 | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Hungarian Dance No. 1 | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 1 | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 1 | Kochanski (V) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 2 | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 5 | J. d'Aranyi (V) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 6 | Sammons (V) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 7 | Elman (HMV) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 17 | Elman (HMV) |
| Hungarian Dances Nos. 20 & 21 | Zimbalist (HMV) |
| Waltz, Op. 39, No. 15 | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Waltz, Op. 39, No. 15 | I. Menges (HMV) |
| Waltz, Op. 39, No. 15 | Bratza (C) |
| *Viola and Piano :* | |
| Sonata in F-minor, Op. 120, No. 1 | Tertis and E. Hobday (V) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Variations on theme by Paganini, Op. 35 | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Capriccio in B-minor, Op. 76, No. 2 | Pachmann (C) |
| Capriccio in C-sharp-minor, Op. 76, No. 5 | Pachmann (C) |
| Hungarian Dance No. 6 | Sapellnikof (V) |
| Cradle Song, Op. 49, No. 4 | Cortot (HMV) |
| *Songs :* | |
| Feldeinsamkeit | Gerhardt (V) |
| Feldeinsamkeit | McCormack (HMV) |

BRAHMS (*continued*)—

*Songs:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Immer leiser | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| In Summer Fields | Ben Davies (HMV) |
| In Waldeinsamkeit | McCormack (HMV) |
| Komm bald, Op. 97, No. 5 | McCormack (HMV) |
| Die Mainacht | McCormack (HMV) |
| The May Night | Ben Davies (HMV) |
| The May Night | Muriel Brunskill (C) |
| The Sandman | Constance Willis (V) |
| Sapphische Ode, Op. 94, No. 4 | Schumann-Heink (HMV) |
| Sapphische Ode, Op. 94, No. 4 | Gerhardt (V) |
| Von ewiger Liebe | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| Wiegenlied, Op. 49, No. 4 | Schumann-Heink (HMV) |

BRIDGE, FRANK

*Orchestra:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Suite, The Sea | L.S.O. (F. Bridge) (C) |
| A Christmas Dance | Q.H.L.O. (F. Bridge) (C) |
| Poem No. 2 (*Richard Jefferies*) | Q.H.L.O. (F. Bridge) (C) |

*String Quartet:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sally in our Alley & Cherry Ripe | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Three Idylls | V.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Londonderry Air | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Phantaisie | E.S.Q. (C) |
| Novelletten, Nos. 1 & 3 | S.D.S.Q. (V) |

*Violin, 'Cello and Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Minuet & Hornpipe from *Miniatures* | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

*'Cello:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Serenade | Felix Salmond (V) |

*Songs:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Go not, happy day | Hubert Eisdell (C) |
| Go not, happy day | Frank Titterton (V) |
| Isobel | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Love went a-riding | Elwes (C) |

BRIDGE, SIR FREDERICK

| | |
|---|---|
| Old London Cryes | Vocal Quartet (C) |

BRUCH, MAX

| | |
|---|---|
| Violin Concerto in G-minor, Op. 26 | Sammons & Orch. (Harty) (C) |
| Kol Nidrei, Op. 47, for 'cello | Casals (C) |

CHABRIER

| | |
|---|---|
| España Rhapsody | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Habañera | L.S.O. (Goossens) (C) |

CHARPENTIER

| | |
|---|---|
| Selection of airs from *Louise* | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Depuis le jour (*Louise*) (3 Records) | (HMV) |

CHOPIN

*Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Ballade in G-minor, Op. 23 (fragment from) | Cortot (HMV) |
| Ballade in A-flat, Op. 47 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Ballade in A-flat, Op. 47 | York Bowen (V) |
| Berceuse, Op. 57 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Berceuse, Op. 57 | Hofmann (C) |
| Chant Polonais (Chopin-Liszt) | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Écossaise in D-flat, Op. 9, No. 2 | Pachmann (C) |
| Étude in C, Op. 10, No. 1 | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Étude in A-minor (Chromatic), Op. 10, No. 2 | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Étude in C-sharp-minor, Op. 10, No. 4 | Jeanne Marie Darré (V) |
| Étude in C-sharp-minor, Op. 10, No. 4 | Pouishnof (HMV) |
| Étude in G-flat, Op. 10, No. 5 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Étude in G-flat, Op. 10, No. 5 | Busoni (C) |
| Étude in C-minor ("Revolutionary") Op. 10, No. 12 | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Étude in A-flat, Op. 25, No. 1 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Étude in F, Op. 25, No. 3 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Étude in F, Op. 25, No. 3 | Pachmann (C) |
| Étude in F, Op. 25, No. 3 | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Étude in E-minor, Op. 25, No. 5 | Busoni (C) |
| Étude in E-minor, Op. 25, No. 5 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Étude in E-minor, Op. 25, No. 5 | York Bowen (V) |
| Étude in G-flat, Op. 25, No. 9 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Étude in G-flat, Op. 25, No. 9 | Pouishnof (HMV) |
| Fantaisie-Impromptu, Op. 66 | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29 | Pachmann (C) |
| Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29 | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Impromptu in F-sharp, Op. 36, No. 2 | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |

CHOPIN (*continued*)—

*Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Impromptu in F-sharp, Op. 36, No. 2 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Impromptu in F-sharp, Op. 36, No. 2 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Introduction & Polonaise Brillante, Op. 3 | J. van Lier (V) |
| Mazurka in B-flat-minor, Op. 24, No. 4 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Mazurka in B-minor, Op. 33, No. 4 | Pachmann (C) |
| Mazurka in A-flat, Op. 59, No. 2 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Mazurka in A-flat, Op. 59, No. 2 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Mazurka in F-sharp-minor, Op. 59, No. 3 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Mazurka in A-minor, Op. 67, No. 4 | Pachmann (C) |
| Mazurka in A-minor, Op. 51 | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Nocturne in E-flat, Op. 9, No. 2 | Pachmann (C) |
| Nocturne in F, Op. 15, No. 1 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Nocturne in F-sharp, Op. 15, No. 2 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Nocturne in F-sharp, Op. 15, No. 2 | Busoni (C) |
| Nocturne in D-flat, Op. 27, No. 2 | Pachmann (C) |
| Nocturne in B, Op. 32, No. 1 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Nocturne in G, Op. 37, No. 2 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Nocturne in E-minor (posthumous) | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Polonaise in A, Op. 40, No. 1 | Hambourg (HMV) |
| Polonaise in A, Op. 40, No. 1 | Hofmann (C) |
| Polonaise in A-flat, Op. 53 | Adèle Verne (C) |
| Polonaise (Militaire) A-flat, Op. 53 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Polonaise, Op. 71, No. 3 (arr. Liszt) | Cortot (HMV) |
| Prelude in G, Op. 28, No. 3 | York Bowen (V) |
| Prelude in D-minor, Op. 28, No. 4 | Pachmann (C) |
| Prelude in A, Op. 28, No. 7 | Busoni (C) |
| Prelude in A, Op. 28, No. 7 | Murdoch (C) |
| Prelude in F-sharp-minor, Op. 28, No. 8 | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Prelude in B-flat-minor, Op. 28, No. 16 | Pachmann (C) |
| Prelude in C-minor, Op. 28, No. 20 | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Prelude in C-minor, Op. 28, No. 20 | York Bowen (V) |
| Prelude in F, Op. 28, No. 23 | Pachmann (C) |
| Prelude in F, Op. 28, No. 23 | York Bowen (V) |
| Preludes (complete) | Cortot (HMV) |
| Scherzo in B-flat-minor, Op. 31 | Countess Morsztyn (HMV) |
| Scherzo in B-flat-minor, Op. 31 | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |

CHOPIN (*continued*)—

*Piano :*

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|---|---|
| Scherzo in B-flat-minor, Op. 31 | York Bowen (V) |
| Scherzo from Sonata in B-minor, Op. 58 | Pachmann (C) |
| Sonata in B-minor, Op. 58 | Percy Grainger (C) |
| Tarantelle, Op. 43 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Waltz in A-flat, Op. 34, No. 1 | Hofmann (C) |
| Waltz in A-flat, Op. 34, No. 1 | York Bowen (V) |
| Waltz in A-flat, Op. 34, No. 1 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Waltz in D-flat, Op. 64, No. 1 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Waltz in D-flat, Op. 64, No. 1 | John Amadio (V) |
| Waltz in C-sharp-minor, Op. 64, No. 2 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Waltz in C-sharp-minor, Op. 64, No. 2 | Murdoch (C) |
| Waltz in B-minor, Op. 69, No. 2 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Waltz in G-flat, Op. 70, No. 1 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Waltz in G-flat, Op. 70, No. 1 | Pachmann (C) |
| Waltz in E-minor | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Waltz in E-minor | Hofmann (C) |

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Petite Suite de Concert | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Valse de la Reine | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| *Hiawatha* Ballet-music | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| *Othello* Suite, selection | Regent S.O. (V) |

*Violin and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata in D-minor, Op. 28 | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |

*Songs :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Eléanore | Arthur Jordan (C) |
| Eléanore | John Coates (V) |
| Hiawatha's Vision | Horace Stevens (V) |
| Onaway, awake, beloved | Hardy Williamson (V) |
| Onaway, awake, beloved | Hubert Eisdell (C) |
| Sons of the Sea | Harold Williams (C) |

CORELLI

| | |
|---|---|
| Concerto for Christmas Night | (NGS) |

DEBUSSY

*Orchestra :*

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|---|---|
| En Bateau, Cortège & Minuet (*Petite Suite*) | Æ.O. (V) |

DEBUSSY (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| En Bateau & Ballet (*Petite Suite*) | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| L'Après-midi d'un faune, Prelude | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| L'Après-midi d'un faune, Prelude | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| L'Après-midi d'un faune, Prelude | Æ.O. (V) |
| Fêtes (No. 2 of Three Nocturnes) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Danse Sacrée: Danse Profane (harp and orchestra) | (NGS) |
| *String Quartet:* | |
| Quartet in G-minor | V.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in G-minor | (NGS) |
| Quartet in G-minor (Slow Movement) | L.Q. (C) |
| *Strings and Piano:* | |
| Two Arabesques | Aeolian Quintet (V) |
| *Violin:* | |
| En Bateau, from *Petite Suite* | Thibaud (HMV) |
| Rêverie | A. Fachiri (V) |
| *Piano:* | |
| Arabesque No. 1 in E | Murdoch (C) |
| Arabesque No. 2 in G | Murdoch (C) |
| Arabesque No. 2 in G | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Children's Corner Suite | Cortot (HMV) |
| Golliwog's Cake-walk | Murdoch (C) |
| Clair de Lune | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Clair de Lune | Percy Grainger (C) |
| La Cathédrale engloutie | Cortot (HMV) |
| La Cathédrale engloutie | Murdoch (C) |
| La Fille aux cheveux de lin | Cortot (HMV) |
| Les Collines d'Anacapri | Murdoch (C) |
| Minstrels | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Bruyères | Murdoch (C) |
| Jardins sous la pluie | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Jardins sous la pluie | Murdoch (C) |
| Jardins sous la pluie | York Bowen (V) |
| Reflets dans l'eau | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Toccata in C-sharp-minor | Percy Grainger (C) |
| L'Après-midi d'un faune, Prelude | Hambourg (HMV) |
| *Songs:* | |
| Air de Lia (*L'Enfant Prodigue*) | Enid Cruickshank (V) |
| Mandoline (with pf. and harp) | Nordica (C) |

DEBUSSY (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Songs:* | |
| O day that ne'er may come again | Sydney Coltham (HMV) |
| What joyous airs, what happy singing | Sydney Coltham (HMV) |

DELIBES

| | |
|---|---|
| Entr'acte, Valse, Prelude, Mazurka (*Coppélia*) | L.S.O. (Goossens) (C) |
| Valse & Mazurka (*Coppélia*) | Æ.O. (V) |
| Cortège & Pizzicato (*Sylvia*) | Æ.O. (V) |
| Cortège & Pizzicato (*Sylvia*) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Intermezzo & Valse Lente (*Sylvia*) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Ballet Suite (*La Source*) | Regent S.O. (V) |
| Overture to *Le Roi l'a dit* | L.S.O. (Goossens) (C) |
| Les Filles de Cadix (song) | Galli-Curci (HMV) |

DELIUS

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Brigg Fair | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| On hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| A Dance Rhapsody | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| A Summer Night on the River | (NGS) |
| *Violin and Piano:* | |
| Sonata No. 2 | Sammons & Howard-Jones (C) |

DUKAS

| | |
|---|---|
| L'Apprenti Sorcier | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

DVOŘÁK

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Symphony No. 7 in E-minor | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Slavonic Dances | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| *String Quartet:* | |
| "Nigger" Quartet in F, Op. 96 (complete) | S.D.S.Q. (V) |
| "Nigger" Quartet in F, Op. 96, Lento | L.Q. (C) |
| *Violin, 'Cello and Piano:* | |
| Last 2 movements of "Dumky" Trio, Op. 90 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

DVOŘÁK (*continued*)—

*Violin, Viola and Piano :*

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|---|---|
| Bagatellen, Op. 47, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 | Sammons, Tertis, Hobday (V) |

*Violin :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Humoresque, Op. 101, No. 7 | Strockof (C) |
| Humoresque, Op. 101, No. 7 | Sammons (V) |
| Indian Lament in G-minor | Kathleen Parlow (C) |
| Indian Lament in G-minor | Sasha Culbertson (V) |
| Romantische Stücke | Bratza (C) |
| Slav Dance | Bratza (C) |

*Song :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Songs my mother taught me | Elwes (C) |
| Songs my mother taught me | May Peterson (V) |

ECCLES, HENRY

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata for 'cello | Squire (C) |

ELGAR

*Orchestra :*

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|---|---|
| Symphony No. 2 in E-flat, Op 63 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Violin Concerto, Op. 61 | Sammons & Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| 'Cello concerto, Op. 85 | B. Harrison (HMV) |
| Enigma Variations, Op. 36 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Enigma Variations, Op. 36 | S.O. (HMV) |
| Cockaigne Overture, Op. 40 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Two Interludes from *Falstaff*, Op. 68 | Modern Chamber Orch. (V) |
| In the South, Overture, Op. 50 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Overture in D-minor (Handel-Elgar) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Fantasia in C-minor (Bach-Elgar) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Wand of Youth Suite | S.O. (HMV) |
| The Sanguine Fan, from *Fan Ballet* | S.O. (HMV) |
| Pomp & Circumstance, Op. 39, No. 1 | S.O. (HMV) |
| Pomp & Circumstance, Op. 39, No. 1 | Grenadier Guards (C) |
| Pomp & Circumstance, Op. 39, No. 1 | Scots Guards (C) |
| Pomp & Circumstance, Op. 39, No. 4 | Life Guards (V) |
| Pomp & Circumstance, Op. 39, No. 4 | S.O. (HMV) |
| Land of Hope and Glory | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Meditation from *The Light of Life*, Op. 29 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Ballad from *King Olaf*, Op. 30 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Salut d'Amour | S.O. (HMV) |

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|---|---|
| ELGAR (*continued*)— | |
| *Piano and Strings :* | |
| Quintet in A-minor, Op. 84 | (NGS) |
| *String Quartet :* | |
| Quartet, Op. 83, first 3 movements | L.S.Q. (V) |
| *Violin :* | |
| La Capricieuse, Op. 17 | Heifetz (HMV) |
| La Capricieuse, Op. 17 | Bratza (C) |
| *Part-songs :* | |
| After many a dusty mile | Gresham Singers (HMV) |
| As torrents in summer | Apollo Choir (HMV) |
| *Voice :* | |
| My work is done, & I see not those false spirits (*Gerontius*) | Clara Butt and D'Oisly (C) |
| We now have passed the gate (*Gerontius*) | Clara Butt and D'Oisly (C) |
| Softly and gently (*Gerontius*) | Clara Butt (C) |
| In Haven (*Sea Pictures*) | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Sabbath Morning at Sea (*Sea Pictures*) | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Sea Slumber Song (*Sea Pictures*) | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Sea Slumber Song (*Sea Pictures*) | Margaret Balfour (V) |
| The Swimmer (*Sea Pictures*) | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Where corals lie (*Sea Pictures*) | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Where corals lie (*Sea Pictures*) | Margaret Balfour (V) |
| Where corals lie (*Sea Pictures*) | Clara Butt (HMV and C) |
| The Pipes of Pan | George Baker (HMV) |
| The Pipes of Pan | Harold Williams (C) |
| The Pipes of Pan | Horace Stevens (V) |
| Like to the damask rose | Harold Williams (C) |
| Speak, Music | John Coates (V) |
| Land of Hope and Glory | Clara Butt (HMV) |
| Land of Hope and Glory | Joan Ashley (V) |
| FALLA, MANUEL DE | |
| Pantomime, for orchestra | Modern Chamber Orch. (V) |
| Danse Rituelle de Feu (*El Amor Brujo*) | Modern Chamber Orch. (V) |
| Cubana for piano | Murdoch (C) |
| FRANCK, CÉSAR | |
| Symphony in D-minor, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Le Chasseur Maudit, Symphonic Poem, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

FRANCK, CÉSAR (*continued*)—

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|---|---|
| Variations Symphoniques, pf. & orch. | De Greef and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Lento from Quintet in F-minor, pianoforte and strings | L.Q. and Mrs. Loeser-Lebert (C) |
| String Quartet in D | V.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Sonata in A, violin and pianoforte | Thibaud and Cortot (HMV) |
| Sonata in A, violin and pianoforte | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |
| Sonata in A, violin and pianoforte | Phyllis Allan & E. Hobday (V) |
| Pièce Héroïque, organ | Marcel Dupré (HMV) |
| Ave Maria, song | Arthur Jordan (C) |

GARDINER, BALFOUR

| | |
|---|---|
| Shepherd Fennel's Dance, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Come unto these yellow sands, song | Dora Labbette (C) |

GERMAN, EDWARD

| | |
|---|---|
| Three Dances from *Nell Gwynn*, orch. | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Three Dances from *Henry VIII.*, orch. | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Three Dances from *Tom Jones*, orch. | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Songs and vocal extracts from operas | (C) |

GIBBONS, ORLANDO

| | |
|---|---|
| Fantasies, Nos. 3 & 9 | (NGS) |
| Fantasies, Nos. 6 & 8 | (NGS) |

GIBBS, ARMSTRONG

| | |
|---|---|
| Selection, *Midsummer Madness*, orch. | Court S.O. (C) |

GLAZUNOF

| | |
|---|---|
| Interludium & Alla Mazurka from String Quartet ("Slav") in G, Op. 26 | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Orientale, Op. 15, No. 2, & All' Ungherese, Op. 15, No. 5, for string quartet | E.S.Q. (C) |
| Polka, Op. 42, for piano | Pouishnof (C) |

GLIÈRE

| | |
|---|---|
| String Quartet in A, Op. 2 | (NGS) |

GLINKA

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|---|---|
| Introduction from *A Life for the Czar* | Kedroff Male Quartet (C) |
| The Midnight Review (with orchestra) | Norman Allin (C) |

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| GLUCK | |
| *Operas :* | |
| *Alceste.* | |
| Divinités du Styx | Jeritza (HMV) |
| Divinités du Styx | Enid Cruickshank (V) |
| Ye powers that dwell below | Edna Thornton (HMV) |
| *Orfeo ed Euridice.* | |
| Che farò senza Euridice | Kirkby Lunn (HMV) |
| J'ai perdu mon Eurydice | Ansseau (HMV) |
| Sù, e con me vieni, cara | Gadski and Homer (HMV) |
| *Paride ed Elena.* | |
| O del mio dolce ardor | Battistini (HMV) |
| *Solo Pieces :* | |
| Mélodie, violin | Elman (HMV) |
| Mélodie, violin | Sammons (V) |
| Gavotte in A, piano | Murdoch (HMV) |
| GOOSSENS | |
| Tam o' Shanter, Scherzo, orchestra | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Two Sketches for string quartet: (*a*) By the Tarn; (*b*) Jack o' Lantern | (NGS) |
| Suite for flute, violin and harp, Op. 6 | Woodhouse, Stainer, M. Goossens (V) |
| Molto Adagio from Sonata for pianoforte and violin, Op. 21 | (NGS) |
| GOUNOD | |
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Ballet-music from *Faust* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Ballet-music from *Faust* | Q.H.L.O. (HMV) |
| Funeral March of a Marionette | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Funeral March of a Marionette | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Judex, from *Mors et Vita* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Judex, from *Mors et Vita* | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Processional March from *Romeo and Juliet* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Overture to *Mirella* | Q.H.L.O. (F. Bridge) (C) |
| Danse des Bacchantes (*Philémon et Baucis*) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| The principal vocal numbers from *Faust* and vocal selections from other operas have been recorded by HMV. | |

GRAINGER, PERCY

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|---|---|
| Shepherd's Hey, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Irish Tune, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Handel in the Strand, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Molly on the Shore, string quartet | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Londonderry Air, arranged for piano | Murdoch (C) |

GRIEG

*Orchestra :*

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|---|---|
| Concerto in A-minor, pf. and orch. | De Greef and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Peer Gynt Suite | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Peer Gynt Suite | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Peer Gynt Suite | Life Guards (V) |
| Lyrische Suite | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Lyrische Suite | B.B.C.S.O. (Pitt) (C) |
| Symphonic Dance, Op. 64, No. 2 | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Norwegian Dance, Op. 35, No. 1 | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Norwegian Dances, Op. 35, Nos. 1 & 2 | Regent S.O. (V) |
| Ich liebe dich | De Groot Orchestra (HMV) |

*Strings and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| An den Frühling, Op. 43, No. 6 | Aeolian Quintet (V) |
| Berceuse, Op. 38, No. 1 | Aeolian Quintet (V) |

*Violin and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata in G, Op. 13 | Sammons and Murdock (C) |
| Sonata in C-minor, Op. 45, first two movements | Sammons and F. St. Leger (V) |
| Nocturne, Op. 54, No. 4 | Elman (HMV) |
| To Spring, Op. 43, No. 6 | Kreisler (HMV) |

*Viola and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| C-minor Violin Sonata, arr. in F-minor | Tertis and E. Hobday (V) |
| I love thee, arr. Tertis | Tertis (V) |

*Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| In the Spring | Murdoch (C) |
| Little Bird | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Papillons, Op. 43, No. 1 | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Waltz & Elfin Dance, Op. 12, Nos. 2 & 4 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Wedding Day, Op. 65, No. 6 | Una Bourne (HMV) |

GRIEG (*continued*)—

*Songs :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Chanson de Solveig | Galli-Curci (HMV) |
| Solveig's Song | Tetrazzini (HMV) |
| Solveig's Song | Kathleen Destournel (V) |
| Solveig's Song (with orchestra) | Dora Labbette (C) |
| Im Kahne | Gerhardt (V) |
| I love thee | Olga Haley (V) |

HANDEL

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Dead March in *Saul* | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Overture in D-minor (arr. Elgar) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Water Music Suite | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Largo in G | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

*Violin, Viola and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata No. 8, Op. 2, 1st & 2nd movements | Sammons, Tertis, Kiddle (V) |

*Violin :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata for two violins | J. d'Aranyi and A. Fachiri (V) |
| Sonata in A, Op. 1, No. 3 | Sammons (V) |
| Sonata in D, No. 4 | I. Menges (HMV) |
| Sonata No. 6, Adagio & Allegro | Zimbalist (HMV) |
| Hornpipe & Rigaudon (arr. Harty) | I. Menges (HMV) |
| Passacaglia (arr. Harty) | I. Menges (HMV) |
| Minuet (arr. Burmester) | Bratza (C) |
| Menuet in F | M. Hayward (HMV) |
| Largo in G (with orchestra) | Maud Powell (HMV) |

*Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Harmonious Blacksmith | Hambourg (HMV) |

*Organ :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Cuckoo and Nightingale | Easthope Martin (HMV) |
| Allegro from Concerto No. 4 in F | Stanley Roper (HMV) |

*Choir and Vocal Extracts :*

*Messiah.*

Nearly all the numbers, solo and choral, have been recorded by both C and HMV.

HANDEL (*continued*)—

*Vocal Extracts:*

*Acis and Galatea.*

| | |
|---|---|
| O ruddier than the cherry | R. Radford (HMV) |
| O ruddier than the cherry | Norman Allin (C) |
| O ruddier than the cherry | W. Watcyns (V) |
| Droop not, young lover | W. Watcyns (V) |
| Love sounds the alarm | Tudor Davies (HMV) |

*Alexander's Feast.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Revenge, Timotheus cries | M. McEachern (V) |

*Atalanta.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Come, beloved | Alma Gluck (HMV) |

*Israel in Egypt.*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Lord is a Man of War | Radford and Dawson (HMV) |

*Jephtha.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Deeper and deeper still, & Waft her, angels | W. Widdop (HMV) |

*Joshua.*

| | |
|---|---|
| O, had I Jubal's lyre | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |

*Judas Maccabæus.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Arm, arm, ye brave | R. Radford (HMV) |
| From mighty kings | Austral (HMV) |
| The Lord worketh wonders | Norman Allin (C) |

*L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Il Pensieroso | Selma Kurz (HMV) |
| Let me wander not unseen | Austral (HMV) |
| Sweet bird | Melba (HMV) |

*Rinaldo.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lascia ch'io pianga | De Luca (HMV) |
| Hark, the tempest | Norman Allin (C) |

*Samson.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Arm, arm, ye brave | M. McEachern (V) |
| Honour and arms | M. McEachern (V) |
| Let the bright seraphim | Flora Woodman (HMV) |
| Return, O God of Hosts | Edna Thornton (HMV) |
| Thy glorious deeds | W. Watcyns (V) |
| Thus when the sun | W. Heseltine (C) |
| Total eclipse | F. Titterton (V) |

HANDEL (*continued*)—

*Vocal Extracts:*

*Semele.*

| | |
|---|---|
| O sleep, why dost thou leave me? | Alma Gluck (HMV) |
| Where'er you walk | Sydney Coltham (HMV) |
| Where'er you walk | Elwes (C) |

*Serse* (*Xerxes*).

| | |
|---|---|
| Ombra mai fu | Caruso (HMV) |
| Ombra mai fu | Clara Butt (C) |
| Ombra mai fu | Margaret Balfour (V) |
| Slumber, dear maid (Ombra mai fu) | Carrie Herwin (C) |

*Sosarme.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Rend' il sereno al ciglio | Clara Butt (HMV and C) |

HARRISON, JULIUS

| | |
|---|---|
| Worcestershire Suite, orchestra | S.O. (Harrison) (C) |
| The Wanderer's Song, song with orch. | Norman Allin (C) |

HARTY, HAMILTON

| | |
|---|---|
| With the Wild Geese, orchestra | H.O. (Harty) (C) |

HAYDN

*Orchestra:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony in G ("Surprise") | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Symphony No. 16 ("Oxford") | Æ.O. (V) |
| Toy Symphony | Mayfair Orchestra (HMV) |

*String Quartet:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in F, Op. 3, No. 5 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in B flat, Op. 64, No. 3 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet in D ("Hornpipe"), Op. 64, No. 5 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D ("Hornpipe"), Op. 64, No. 5 | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in D ("Hornpipe"), Op. 64, No. 5 | S.D.S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet in E-flat, Op. 64, No. 6 | E.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in G, Op. 76, No. 1 | B.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D-minor, Op. 76, No. 2 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in C ("Emperor"), Op. 76, No. 3 (complete) | L.S.Q. (C) |

HAYDN (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *String Quartet:* | |
| Quartet in C ("Emperor"), Op. 76, No. 3, Andante | E.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 76, No. 5 | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 76, No. 5 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 76, No. 5 | L.Q. (C) |
| *Violin:* | |
| Minuet in D, No. 2 | Elman (HMV) |
| Minuet | Renée Chemet (HMV) |
| *Choral:* | |
| Praise the Lord (with organ acc.) | Church Choir (C) |
| *Voice* (from *The Creation*): | |
| In native worth | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Now Heaven in fullest glory shone | Horace Stevens (V) |
| Rolling in foaming billows | Robert Radford (HMV) |
| With verdure clad | Florence Austral (HMV) |

HOLBROOKE, JOSEF

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphonic Variations, Three Blind Mice, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Serenade, Belgium 1915, Op. 59a, string quartet | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Come not when I am dead, song | Arthur Jordan (C) |
| Come not when I am dead, song | John Coates (V) |

HOLST, GUSTAV

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| The Planets | S.O. (HMV) |
| The Planets | L.S.O. (Holst) (C) |
| Oriental Suite, Beni Mora | L S.O. (Holst) (C) |
| Dance of the Spirits of the Earth (*The Perfect Fool*) | (HMV) |
| St. Paul's Suite for string orchestra | Orch. cond. Holst (C) |
| Suite in E-flat for military band | Grenadier Guards (C) |
| Suite in F for military band | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Suite in F for military band | Life Guards (V) |
| Country Song from Op. 22 | Modern Chamber Orch. (V) |
| Four songs for voice and violin | D. Labbette & W. H. Reed (C) |

| | |
|---|---|
| **Howells, Herbert** | |
| Puck's Minuet, Op. 20, orchestra | Æ.O. (V) |
| **Humperdinck** | |
| *Hänsel and Gretel :* | |
| Overture | Q.H.L.O. (Frank Bridge) (C) |
| Overture | British S.O. (HMV) |
| Hexenritt | British S.O. (HMV) |
| Traum-Pantomime | British S.O. (HMV) |
| Der kleine Sandmann | Gluck and Homer (HMV) |
| Suse, liebe Suse | Gluck and Homer (HMV) |
| **Ireland, John** | |
| Sonata No. 2 in A-minor, vn. and pf. | Catterall and Murdoch (C) |
| The Holy Boy, arr. for viola | Tertis (V) |
| Sea Fever, song | K. Rumford (C) |
| **Järnefelt** | |
| Præludium, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| **Leoncavallo** | |
| Selection of Airs from *Pagliacci* | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| **Liszt** | |
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Concerto No. 1 in E-flat, pf. & orch. | De Greef and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Hungarian Fantasia, pf. and orch. | De Greef and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 | Life Guards (V) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 | Life Guards (V) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| La Campanella (Paganini-Liszt) | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Caprice poétique, La Leggierezza | Cortot (HMV) |
| Dedication (Love-song) (Schumann-Liszt) | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Églogue No. 7 (*Années de Pélerinage*) | York Bowen (V) |
| Erl King (Schubert-Liszt) | Lamond (HMV) |
| Erl King (Schubert-Liszt) | Hofmann (C) |
| Étude de Concert, No. 2 in F-sharp (Gnomenreigen) | Sapellnikof (V) |

LISZT (*continued*)—

*Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Étude de Concert, No. 2 in F-sharp | Pachmann (C) |
| Étude de Concert, No. 3 in D-flat | Lamond (HMV) |
| Hark, hark, the lark (Schubert-Liszt) | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Hark, hark, the lark (Schubert-Liszt) | Murdoch (C) |
| Hungarian Fantasy | Percy Grainger (C) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 | De Greef (HMV) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13 | Busoni (C) |
| Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13 | Sapellnikof (V) |
| Liebestraüme, No. 3 in A-flat | Hambourg (HMV) |
| Liebestraüme, No. 3 in A-flat | Pachmann (C) |
| Paraphrase de Concert (*Rigoletto*) | Cortot (HMV) |
| Polonaise in E | Percy Grainger (C) |
| Polonaise in E, with Cadenza | Pachmann (C) |
| Ronde des Lutins, F-sharp-minor | Lamond (HMV) |
| Le Rossignol | Sapellnikof (V) |
| Valse-Impromptu | Sapellnikof (V) |
| Venezia e Napoli | Hofmann (C) |
| Waldesrauschen | Sapellnikof (V) |

LOEWE

| | |
|---|---|
| Edward, an ancient ballad | Norman Allin (C) |

MCEWEN, J. B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nugæ, for string quartet | (NGS) |
| Peat-Reek, for string quartet | (NGS) |

MASCAGNI

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture to *Cavalleria Rusticana* | Court S.O. (C) |
| Selection from *Cavalleria Rusticana* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Operas | (HMV) |

MASSENET

| | |
|---|---|
| Selection from *Manon* | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Overture to *Le Roi de Lahore* | Garde Républicaine (C) |
| Meditation from *Thaïs* (violin) | Sammons (C) |
| Élégie, song | Stracciari (C) |
| Operas | (HMV) |

MENDELSSOHN

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"), Op. 90 | Æ.O. (V) |
| Piano Concerto No. 1 in G-minor, Op. 25 | Moiseiwitsch and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Hebrides (Fingal's Cave) Overture | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Hebrides (Fingal's Cave) Overture | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Hebrides (Fingal's Cave) Overture | Life Guards (V) |
| Ruy Blas Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Overture (ibid.) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Scherzo (ibid.) | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Scherzo (ibid.) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Nocturne (ibid.) | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| Nocturne (ibid.) | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| War March of the Priests (*Athalie*) | Prince's Band (C) |
| War March of the Priests (*Athalie*) | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| *String Quartet :* | |
| Quartet in E-flat, Op. 12, No. 2 | L.S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet in E-flat, Canzonetta | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in E-minor, Op. 44, No. 2 | L.Q. (C) |
| *Violin, 'Cello and Piano :* | |
| Trio in D-minor, Op. 49 | Sammons, Warwick-Evans, E. Hobday (V) |
| Trio in D-minor, Op. 49 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Andante & Scherzo from Trio in C-minor, Op. 66 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Capriccietto, arr. Burmester | Elman (HMV) |
| Finale from Concerto in E-minor | Heifetz (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Rondo Capriccioso in E-minor, Op. 14 | Hofmann (C) |
| Rondo Capriccioso in E-minor | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Spinning Song, Op. 67, No. 4 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Spring Song, Op. 62 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Venetian Gondola Song, Op. 30, No. 6 | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Prelude No. 3, Op. 104 | Jeanne Marie Darré (V) |

MENDELSSOHN (*continued*)—

*Voice :*

*Elijah.*

The chief vocal items have been recorded by C, HMV and V.

*Hymn of Praise.*

| | |
|---|---|
| I waited for the Lord | Gluck and Homer (HMV) |
| The sorrows of death | Evan Williams (HMV) |

*St. Paul.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Be thou faithful | Evan Williams (HMV) |
| But the Lord is mindful of His own | Schumann-Heink (HMV) |
| O God, have mercy upon me | Horace Stevens (V) |

*Songs.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Auf Flügeln des Gesanges | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| On Wings of Song | Enid Cruickshank (V) |
| O, for the wings of a dove | Melba (HMV) |
| I am a roamer (*Son and Stranger*) | M. McEachern (V) |
| I am a roamer (*Son and Stranger*) | Horace Stevens (V) |

MOSZKOWSKI

| | |
|---|---|
| March of the Dwarfs, Op. 53, No. 2, orchestra | Court S.O. (C) |
| Guitarre, Op. 5, No. 2, vn. and pf. | Bratza (C) |
| La Jongleuse, piano | Hofmann (C) |

MOZART

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony in C, No. 22 | (NGS) |
| Symphony in E-flat, No. 39 | L.S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Symphony in C, No. 41 ("Jupiter") | S.O. (HMV) |
| Symphony in G-minor ("Venus") | Æ.O. (V) |
| Violin Concerto in G, No. 3 | J. d'Aranyi and Æ.O. (V) |
| Violin Concerto in D, No. 4 | Kreisler and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Violin Concerto in A, No. 5 | Catterall & Orch. (Harty) (C) |
| Bassoon Concerto | A. Camden & Orch. (Harty) (C) |
| Overture to *The Magic Flute* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Overture to *The Magic Flute* | Mayfair Orchestra (HMV) |
| Overture to *The Magic Flute* | Æ.O (V) |
| Overture to *Marriage of Figaro* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Overture to *Marriage of Figaro* | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |

| | |
|---|---|
| MOZART (*continued*)— | |
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Overture to *Marriage of Figaro* | Æ.O. (V) |
| Sarabande from *Marriage of Figaro* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Serenade No. 9, Andantino & Finale | Modern Chamber Orch. (V) |
| Minuet in D | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Minuet in D | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| *String Quintet:* | |
| Quintet in G-minor | L.S.Q. & A. Hobday (C) |
| *String Quartet:* | |
| Quartet No. 1 in G (K387), dedicated to Haydn | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet No. 2 in D-minor (K421), dedicated to Haydn | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet No. 3 in E-flat (K428) dedicated to Haydn | E.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet No. 3 in G-minor | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 12 in G, Andante Cantabile & Molto Allegro | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 13 in D-minor | Kutcher S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet No. 13 in D-minor, Allegro Moderato & Andante | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 13 in D-minor, Allegretto ma non troppo | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 14 in E-flat | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 14 in E-flat, Menuetto | Kutcher S.Q. (V) |
| Quartet No. 15 in B-flat | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 18 in D-minor, Serenata | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 19 in C | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet No. 21 in D | L.S.Q. (V) |
| *Clarinet and Strings:* | |
| Quintet in A | (NGS) |
| *Oboe and Strings:* | |
| Quartet | (NGS) |
| *Violin, 'Cello and Piano:* | |
| Andante Grazioso from Trio No. 3 in E | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| *Violin, Viola and Piano:* | |
| Trio in E-flat | Sammons, Tertis, St. Leger (V) |
| Trio in E (K542) (arr. Tertis) | Sammons, Tertis, Hobday (V) |
| Trio No. 7, Op. 16 (arr. Tertis) | Sammons, Tertis, Hobday (V) |

MOZART (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Violin and Piano :* | |
| Sonata in A | Catterall and Harty (C) |
| Sonata in B-flat | Hayward and Bourne (HMV) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Adagio from Divertimento | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Menuet (arr. Burmester) | Bratza (C) |
| Menuet in D | J. d'Aranyi (V) |
| Menuetto from Serenade No. 7 | J. d'Aranyi (V) |
| Rondo in G | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Rondo (arr. Kreisler) | Sammons (V) |
| *Harp and Flute :* | |
| Concerto, first movement | Sassoli and Lemonné (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Menuet célèbre (arr. Palmgren) | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Serenade (*Don Juan*) | Backhaus (HMV) |
| *Voice :* | |
| *Clemenza di Tito.* | |
| Non più di fiori | Kirkby Lunn (HMV) |
| *Così fan Tutte.* | |
| In uomini, in soldati | Lucrezia Bori (HMV) |
| *Don Giovanni.* | |
| Batti, batti, o bel Masetto | Elizabeth Schumann (HMV) |
| Deh! vieni alla finestra | Titta Ruffo (HMV) |
| Fin ch' han dal vino | Titta Ruffo (HMV) |
| Là ci darem la mano | Farrar and Scotti (HMV) |
| Là ci darem la mano | Raisa and Rimini (C) |
| Madamina (Gentle lady) | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| Mio tesoro | McCormack (HMV) |
| Mi tradi | Evelyn Scotney (HMV) |
| Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza | M. Journet (HMV) |
| Non mi dir | Evelyn Scotney (HMV) |
| On her contentment | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| To her I love | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Vedrai, carino | Lucrezia Bori (HMV) |
| *Magic Flute.* | |
| Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza | Luella Melius (HMV) |
| Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza | Luella Parkin (C) |
| Gli angui d'inferno | Luella Melius (HMV) |
| La haine et la colère | M. Journet (HMV) |
| He who treads the path of duty | R. Radford (HMV) |

MOZART (*continued*)—

*Voice:*

*Magic Flute.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Isis! c'est l'heure | M. Journet (HMV) |
| O Isis | R. Radford (HMV) |
| O Isis | Norman Allin (C) |
| Oh, loveliness beyond compare | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Oh, voice of magic melody | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Quì sdegno | M. Murray-Davey (V) |
| To sorrow now my days are fated | Evelyn Scotney (HMV) |
| Within this hallowed dwelling | Norman Allin (C) |

*Marriage of Figaro.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Crudel! perchè finora | Farrar and Scotti (HMV) |
| Deh! vieni, non tardar | Toti dal Monte (HMV) |
| Non più andrai | Battistini (HMV) |
| Non so più cosa | Luella Parkin (C) |
| Non so più cosa | Galli-Curci (HMV) |
| Oh! come, my heart's delight | Violet Essex (HMV) |
| Se vuol ballare | De Luca (HMV) |
| Voi che sapete | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |

*Re Pastore.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Amerò, sanò costante (vn. obbl.) | Melba and Kubelik (HMV) |

*Seraglio.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Ah! my pretty brace of fellows | R. Radford (HMV) |
| Costanza, Costanza | F. Titterton (V) |
| When a maiden takes your fancy | R. Radford (HMV) |

*Twelfth Mass.*

| | |
|---|---|
| He is blessed (Benedictus) | Church Choir (HMV) |

*Song.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Deh, non varcar quell' onda | Evelyn Scotney (HMV) |
| Schlafe, mein Prinzschen (Wiegenlied | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |

MUSSORGSKY

*Boris Godunof:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Coronation Scene | Chaliapin and S.O. (HMV) |
| Revolution Scene | S.O. (HMV) |
| Death of Boris | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| Farewell of Boris | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| I have attained the power | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| In the town of Kasan | Chaliapin (HMV) |

| | |
|---|---|
| MUSSORGSKY (*continued*)— | |
| *Boris Godunof :* | |
| Pimen's Monologue | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| Scene in the monastery cell (Duet of Pimen and Gregory) | Smirnof and Kaidanof (HMV) |
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Fantasia, A Night on the Bare Mountain | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Prelude to Opera *Khovanshtchina* | S.O. (Harty) (C) |
| *Songs :* | |
| Death's Serenade | Rosing (V) |
| Field-Marshal Death | Rosing (V) |
| The Goat | Rosing (V) |
| Mushrooms | Rosing (V) |
| The Orphan | Rosing (V) |
| Pourquoi, mon triste cœur | Smirnof (HMV) |
| The Seminarist (with orchestra) | Norman Allin (C) |
| Song of the Flea | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| Song of the Flea | Rosing (V) |
| Song of the Flea | John Buckley (V) |
| Song of the Harp-player | Norman Allin (C) |
| Still is the forest | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| Trepak | Rosing (V) |
| Yeremushka's Cradle Song | Rosing (V) |
| PARRY | |
| Never, weather-beaten sail (*Songs of Farewell*) | Westminster Abbey "Special" Choir (HMV) |
| PUCCINI | |
| *La Bohème :* | |
| The principal vocal extracts have been recorded by HMV. | |
| *La Fanciulla del West :* | |
| Vocal extracts (HMV) | |
| *Gianni Schicchi :* | |
| O mio babbino caro | Frances Alda (HMV) |
| *Madam Butterfly :* | |
| The whole of the opera has been recorded by HMV. | |
| *Manon Lescaut :* | |
| Donna non vidi mai | Caruso (HMV) |

PUCCINI (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Suor Angelica :* | |
| Senza mamma | Poli-Randacio (HMV) |
| *Il Tabarro :* | |
| Hai ben ragione | Smirnof (HMV) |
| *La Tosca :* | |
| Vocal extracts (HMV) | |

PURCELL

| | |
|---|---|
| *Strings :* | |
| Fantasia in C | (NGS) |
| Fantasia in C-minor | (NGS) |
| Fantasia in Three Parts | (NGS) |
| Fantasia upon One Note | (NGS) |
| *Violin and Piano :* | |
| Golden Sonata | Menges and Primrose (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Gavotte (harpsichord) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| Minuet | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Sarabande | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Toccata Prelude | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Two Bourrées | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| *Voice :* | |
| Arise, ye subterranean winds | Norman Allin (C) |
| Hark the echoing air | Elsie Suddaby (HMV) |
| I attempt from love's sickness | Ben Davies (HMV) |
| I attempt from love's sickness | Dora Labbette (C) |
| Nymphs and Shepherds | Dora Labbette (C) |
| When I am laid in earth | Elsie Suddaby (HMV) |
| Ye twice ten hundred deities | R. Radford (HMV) |

QUILTER, ROGER

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| A Children's Overture | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Rosamund & Fairy Frolic (*Where the Rainbow Ends*) | Q.H.L.O. (Maclean) (C) |
| Three English Dances | Æ.O. (V) |
| *Songs :* | |
| Blow, blow, thou winter wind | Elwes (C) |
| Blow, blow, thou winter wind | Coates (V) |
| Brown is my love | F. Titterton (V) |

QUILTER, ROGER (*continued*)—

*Songs:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Come away, Death | F. Titterton (V) |
| Cuckoo Song | Elwes (C) |
| Damask Roses | F. Titterton (V) |
| Drink to me only | Victor Carne (V) |
| Fair house of joy | Elwes (C) |
| Fill a glass with golden wine | Elwes (C) |
| It was a lover and his lass | Eisdell (C) |
| Love's Philosophy | Elwes (C) |
| Morning Song | Eisdell (C) |
| Now sleeps the crimson petal | Elwes (C) |
| Now sleeps the crimson petal | W. Watcyns (V) |
| O mistress mine | Elwes (C) |
| O mistress mine | F. Titterton (V) |
| To Daisies | F. Titterton (V) |
| To Julia, song cycle (with string quartet) | Eisdell (C) |

RACHMANINOF

*Piano:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Prelude in C-sharp-minor, Op. 3 | Hofmann (C) |
| Prelude in C-sharp-minor, Op. 3 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Prelude in C-sharp-minor, Op. 3 | Mark Hambourg (HMV) |
| Prelude in G-minor, Op. 23, No. 5 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Prelude in G-minor, Op. 23, No. 5 | Hofmann (C) |
| Prelude in G, Op. 32, No. 5 | Murdoch (C) |
| Prelude in G, Op. 32, No. 5 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Prelude in G-sharp-minor, Op. 32, No. 12 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Sérénade, Op. 3, No. 5 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Humoreske | Pouishnof (C) |

*Songs:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Before my window (vn. obbl.) | McCormack & Kreisler (HMV) |
| Chanson Georgienne | Smirnof (HMV) |
| How fair is this spot | McCormack (HMV) |
| The moon is high in the sky | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| O cease thy singing, maiden fair (vn. obbl.) | McCormack & Kreisler (HMV) |
| To the Children (vn. obbl.) | McCormack & Kreisler (HMV) |
| When night descends (vn. obbl.) | McCormack & Kreisler (HMV) |

RAFF

| | |
|---|---|
| The Declaration, from *Maid of the Mill* Suite | (NGS) |

RAMEAU

| | |
|---|---|
| Tambourin from *Fêtes d'Hébé*, orch. | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Rigaudon from *Dardanus*, orchestra | Grenadier Guards (C) |
| Menuet, arr. for 'cello by Salmon | Howard Bliss (V) |

RAVEL

| | |
|---|---|
| Mother Goose Suite | S.O. (HMV) |
| Empress of the Pagodas & The Fairy Garden (*Mother Goose* Suite), orchestra | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Pavane pour une Infante défunte, orchestra | Q.H.L.O. (F. Bridge) (C) |
| String Quartet in F, complete | (NGS) |
| String Quartet in F, 1st, 3rd and last movements | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Septet, for fl., harp, str. quartet & clar. | Ravel directing (C) |
| Jeux d'eau, pianoforte | Cortot (HMV) |

RIMSKY-KORSAKOF

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Alborado & Fandango from *Capriccio Espagnol* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Third Movement of Symphony No. 2 (*Antar*), Op. 9 | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Scheherazade, suite symphonique, parts 2 & 4 | L.S.O. (Coates) (C) |
| Introduction & Wedding March from *Le Coq d'Or* | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Flight of the Bumble-bee | Court S.O. (C) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Chanson Indoue | Bratza (C) |

ROSSINI

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture to *William Tell*, orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Overture to *The Barber of Seville*, orch. | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Pro peccatis, from *Stabat Mater*, voice with orchestra | Norman Allin (C) |

RUBINSTEIN

| | |
|---|---|
| Allegro from String Quartet in F, Op. 17, No. 3 | (NGS) |

SAINT-SAËNS

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Le Carnaval des Animaux | S.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Danse Macabre | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Danse Macabre | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Ballet Music from *Henry VIII.* | Garde Républicaine (C) |
| Piano Concerto No. 2 in G-minor | De Greef and R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| *Chamber-Music :* | |
| Andante from Trio in F, Op. 18, violin, 'cello, pianoforte | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Le Cygne, for 'cello | Casals (HMV) |
| Introduction & Rondo Capriccioso, violin | Strockof (C) |
| Introduction & Rondo Capriccioso, violin | Elman (HMV) |
| Vocal extracts from *Samson and Dalilah* have been recorded by both HMV and C. | |

SCARLATTI

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Good-humoured Ladies (arranged by Tommasini) | British S.O. (HMV) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Capriccio | Elman (HMV) |
| Pastorale | Elman (HMV) |
| Pastorale | Strockof (C) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Sonata in C-minor | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Sonata in D-minor | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| Sonata in A (harpsichord) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |
| Sonata in D (harpsichord) | V. Gordon Woodhouse (HMV) |

SCHÖNBERG

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|---|---|
| String Sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4 | (NGS) |

SCHUBERT

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Unfinished Symphony | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Unfinished Symphony | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Unfinished Symphony | Æ.O. (V) |
| Overture to *Rosamunde* | Coldstream Guards (HMV) |
| Marche Militaire | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Marche Militaire | Grenadier Guards (C) |
| Marche Militaire | Life Guards (V) |
| *String Quintet :* | |
| Quintet in C, Op. 163 | (NGS) |
| Quintet, the "Trout," in A-minor | Levey, W. Warner, Warwick Evans, C. & E. Hobday (C) |
| *String Quartet :* | |
| Quartet in A-minor, Op. 29 | (NGS) |
| Minuet from Quartet in A-minor, Op. 29 | E.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet Movement No. 12 in C-minor | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Satz in C-minor | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in D-minor ("Death and the Maiden") | L.Q. (C) |
| *Violin, 'Cello and Piano :* | |
| Trio No. 1 in B-flat, Op. 99 | Casals Trio (HMV) |
| Trio No. 1 in B-flat, Op. 99, Scherzo | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Trio in E-flat, Op. 100 | (NGS) |
| *Violin, Viola and Piano :* | |
| Trio in B-flat, Op. 99 (arr. Tertis) | Sammons, Tertis, Hobday (V) |
| *Violin, Flute and Harp :* | |
| Serenata | Instrumental Trio (HMV) |
| *Violin :* | |
| Serenade | Toscha Seidel (C) |
| Ave Maria | Strockof (C) |
| Moment Musical | Sammons (C and V) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Impromptu in B-flat, Op. 142, No. 3 | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Hark, Hark, the Lark (Schubert-Liszt) | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Hark, Hark, the Lark (Schubert-Liszt) | Murdoch (C) |
| The Erl-King (Schubert-Liszt) | Hofmann (C) |

SCHUBERT (*continued*)—

*Songs :*

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|---|---|
| An die Musik | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| Auf dem Wasser zu singen | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| Auf dem Wasser zu singen | Olga Haley (V) |
| Ave Maria | Olga Haley (V) |
| Death and the Maiden | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Du bist die Ruh' | McCormack (HMV) |
| The Erl-King | Radford (HMV) |
| Der Erlkönig | Gerhardt (V) |
| Der Erlkönig | Roy Henderson (V) |
| Die Forelle | Olga Haley (V) |
| Gretchen am Spinnrade | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| Gretchen am Spinnrade | Olga Haley (V) |
| Hörch, hörch, die Lerch | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| Das Lied im Grünen | Gerhardt (HMV) |
| Der Musensohn | Gerhardt (V) |
| Serenade | McCormack (HMV) |
| Der Tod und das Mädchen | Gerhardt (V) |
| The Wanderer | Radford (HMV) |
| Whither? | Olga Haley (V) |
| Who is Sylvia? | Olga Haley (V) |
| Who is Sylvia? | D. Oldham (HMV) |
| Who is Sylvia? | H. Eisdell (C) |
| Wiegenlied | Olga Haley (V) |
| Wohin? | Gerhardt (HMV) |

SCHUMANN

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Concerto in A-minor, Op. 54 | R.A.H.O. and Cortot (HMV) |
| Evening Song & Traümerei | String Ensemble (HMV) |

*String Quartet :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in A-minor, Op. 41, No. 1 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3 | L.S.Q. (C) |

*Piano and Strings :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quintet, Op. 41 | F.S.Q. & Gabrilowitsch (HMV) |

*Violin, 'Cello and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Duet & Finale from Phantasiestücke, Op. 88 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |
| Love's Garden | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

SCHUMANN (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Violin :* | |
| Abendlied | I. Menges (HMV) |
| Garden Melody | M. Hayward (HMV) |
| Garden Melody | Sammons (C) |
| Traümerei | Seidel (C) |
| *'Cello :* | |
| Abendlied (with orchestra) | Casals (C) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Arabesque | De Greef (HMV) |
| Aufschwung | Paderewski (HMV) |
| Carnaval, Op. 9 | Cortot (HMV) |
| Carnival in Vienna, Op. 26, Finale | De Greef (HMV) |
| Dedication (Love-song) | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Grillen | Pachmann (C) |
| Intermezzo in E-flat | I. Scharrer (HMV) |
| L'Oiseau prophête | Pachmann (HMV) |
| Traümeswirren, Op. 12, No. 7 | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Warum ? | Paderewski (HMV) |
| *Songs :* | |
| Les Deux Grenadiers | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| The Two Grenadiers | H. Williams (C) |
| Du bist wie eine Blume | E. Marshall (HMV) |
| Die Lotosblume | E. Marshall (HMV) |
| Du meine Seele (Widmung) | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| Return of Spring | Evan Williams (HMV) |
| A Spring Night | Ben Davies (HMV) |

SCOTT, CYRIL

| | |
|---|---|
| *Violin :* | |
| Cherry Ripe | Sammons (C) |
| Lullaby | James Levey (C) |
| Valse Triste | Marjorie Hayward (HMV) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Caprice Chinois | Hambourg (HMV) |
| Danse Nègre | Murdoch (C) |
| Impromptu | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| A Little Waltz | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Summerland Suite | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Water Wagtail | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| *Song :* | |
| My lady sleeps | Sydney Coltham (HMV) |

| | |
|---|---|
| **Scriabin** | |
| Le Poème de "L'Extase," orchestra | L.S.O. (Coates) (C) |
| Rêverie, orchestra | |
| **Sibelius** | |
| Valse Triste, Op. 44 | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Scènes Historiques, Op. 25, No. 3 | L.S.O. (Goossens) (C) |
| Finlandia, Op. 26 | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Finlandia, Op. 26 | Scots Guards (C) |
| **Smetana** | |
| Overture to *The Bartered Bride* | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Overture to *The Bartered Bride* | R.A.H.O. (Ronald) (HMV) |
| String Quartet in E-minor ("From my Life") | L.Q. (C) |
| Aus der Heimat, violin | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Aus der Heimat, violin | Bratza (C) |
| Bohemian Dance, piano | Backhaus (HMV) |
| Bohemian Polka, No. 4, piano | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Bohemian Cradle Song | Alma Gluck (HMV) |
| **Smyth, Ethel** | |
| *The Boatswain's Mate :* | |
| Overture | S.O. (HMV) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV) | |
| **Somervell, Arthur** | |
| *Songs :* | |
| The Gentle Maiden | F. Mullings (C) |
| Shepherd's Cradle Song | Edgar Coyle (C) |
| **Spohr** | |
| Finale from Duet in D for 2 violins | Catterall and J. S. Bridge (C) |
| Rose softly blooming, song | Dora Labbette (C) |
| **Stanford** | |
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Overture to *Shamus O'Brien* | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| *Songs :* | |
| A Carol of Bells | Elwes (C) |
| Battle Hymn | Elwes (C) |
| Father O'Flynn (with orchestra) | Thorpe Bates (C) |
| Drake's Drum (with orchestra) | H. Williams (C) |
| Molly Brannigan (with orchestra) | W. F. Watt (C) |
| Songs of the Fleet | H. Williams and Male Quartet with L.S.O. (Stanford) |

STRAUSS

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Don Juan | S.O. (HMV) |
| Don Juan | L.S.O. (Strauss) (C) |
| Till Eulenspiegel | S.O. (HMV) |
| Tod und Verklärung | S.O. (HMV) |
| Tod und Verklärung | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| Suite from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Dance of the Seven Veils (*Salomé*) | S.O. (HMV) |
| Waltz from *Rosenkavalier* | L.S.O. (Strauss) (C) |

*Voice :*

| | |
|---|---|
| All Souls' Day | John Harrison (HMV) |
| Dream in the Twilight | Leila Megane (HMV) |
| Serenade | Nordica (C) |
| Ständchen | Selma Kurz (HMV) |
| To-morrow (with violin) | McCormack & Kreisler (HMV) |
| and vocal selections from *Salome* and *Rosenkavalier* (HMV) | |

STRAVINSKY

| | |
|---|---|
| Petrushka | R.A.H.O. (Goossens) (HMV) |
| L'Oiseau de Feu | S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| L'Oiseau de Feu | B.S.O. (Beecham) (C) |
| Rag-time, for piano | Marcelle Meyer (HMV) |

SULLIVAN

Most of the operas have been recorded in full by HMV, and both HMV and C have recorded orchestral selections.

SVENDSEN

| | |
|---|---|
| Romance in G, for violin | Sammons (C) |

TARTINI

| | |
|---|---|
| Sonata in G-minor ("The Devil's Trill"), violin | Sammons (C) |
| Sonata in G-minor ("The Devil's Trill"), violin | Renée Chemet (HMV) |
| Variations on a theme by Corelli, vn. | Bratza (C) |

TCHAIKOVSKY

*Orchestra :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Symphony No. 4 in F-minor, Op. 36 | R.A.H.O. (Ronald) (HMV) |
| Symphony No. 4 in F-minor, Op. 36, Scherzo | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, Op. 64 | S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, Op. 64 | Milan S.O. (C) |
| Symphony No. 6 in B-minor (Pathétique), Op. 74 | R.A.H.O. (Ronald) (HMV) |
| Symphony No. 6 in B-minor (Pathétique), Op. 74 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Piano Concerto, Op. 23 | Sapellnikof (V) |
| "1812" Overture, Op. 49 | R. Opera House Orch. (HMV) |
| "1812" Overture, Op. 49 | Life Guards (V) |
| Casse-Noisette Suite, Op. 71a | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Casse-Noisette Suite, Op. 71a | Hermann Finck's Orch. (C) |
| Caprice Italien, Op. 45 | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Caprice Italien, Op. 45 | Life Guards (V) |
| Francesca da Rimini | S.O. (HMV) |
| Slav March | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |

*String Quartet :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in D, Op. 11 | V.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 11, Andante | L.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 11, Scherzo | L.S.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in D, Op. 11, Scherzo | L.Q. (C) |
| Quartet in F, Op. 22, No. 1 | C.S.Q. (HMV) |
| Quartet in E-flat, Op. 30, No. 3 | F.S.Q. (HMV) |

*Violin, 'Cello and Piano :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Theme with Variations from Trio in A-minor, Op. 50 | Catterall, Squire, Murdoch (C) |

*Violin :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Canzonetta, from Concerto, Op. 35 | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Chanson Triste, Op. 40, No. 2 | De Groot (HMV) |
| Chanson Triste, Op. 40, No. 2 | Sammons (C) |
| Chant d'Automne, Op. 37, No. 10 | Zimbalist (HMV) |
| Chant sans Paroles, Op. 2, No. 3 | Kochanski (V) |
| Chant sans Paroles, Op. 2, No. 3 | Kreisler (HMV) |
| Mélodie, Op. 42, No. 3 | Elman (HMV) |
| Mélodie, Op. 42, No. 3 | Kochanski (V) |
| Nocturne in C-sharp-minor | Renée Chemet (HMV) |
| Sérénade Mélancolique, Op. 26 | Heifetz (HMV) |
| Valse from Serenade, Op. 48 | Heifetz (HMV) |

TCHAIKOVSKY (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *'Cello :* | |
| Melody in E-flat, Op. 42, No. 3 | Casals (C) |
| *Piano :* | |
| Humoresque, Op. 10, No. 2 | Sapellnikof (V) |
| Humoresque, Op. 10, No. 2 | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| June, from *The Months*, Op. 37a | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| November, from *The Months*, Op. 37a | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| Troïka en Traîneaux | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Waltz in A-flat, Op. 40, No. 8 | Rachmaninof (HMV) |
| Waltz, Op. 50, No. 9 | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| *Voice :* | |
| Alas! there is no doubt (in Russian) (*Eugene Oniegin*) | G. Baklanof (HMV) |
| Distant echo of my youth (in Russian) (*Eugene Oniegin*) | Dmitri Smirnof (HMV) |
| Écho lointain de ma jeunesse (*Eugene Oniegin*) | Caruso (HMV) |
| Lontan, lontan, lontan da me ne andaste (*Eugene Oniegin*) | Martinelli (HMV) |
| Forgive me, bright celestial vision (in Russian) (*Pique Dame*) | Smirnof (HMV) |
| What is our life? (in Russian) (*Pique Dame*) | Smirnof (HMV) |
| Air des Adieux | Olga Haley (V) |
| A Ball-room Meeting | Olga Haley (V) |
| Don Juan's Serenade | Roy Henderson (V) |
| A Legend | Muriel Brunskill (C) |
| Nightingale | Chaliapin (HMV) |
| None but the weary heart | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| Pimpinella | Caruso (HMV) |
| Summer Love Tale | Peter Dawson (HMV) |
| To the Forest | Peter Dawson (HMV) |
| To the Forest | Roy Henderson (V) |

THOMAS, AMBROISE

| | |
|---|---|
| Selection of airs from *Mignon* | Q.H.L.O. (C) |
| Overture to *Raymond* | Scots Guards (C) |
| Vocal selections from *Mignon* | (HMV) |

TOMLINSON, ERNEST

| | |
|---|---|
| A Lament, for string quartet | (NGS) |

TURINA

| | |
|---|---|
| Danzas Fantasticas for orchestra | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. See WILLIAMS, VAUGHAN

VERDI

*Aïda :*

Nearly all the vocal numbers are recorded by both HMV and C.

*Ballo in Maschera :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Alla vita | Battistini (HMV) |
| Alla vita | Stracciari (C) |
| Di' tu se fedele | Caruso (HMV) |
| Eri tu | Battistini (HMV) |
| Eri tu | Stracciari (C) |
| Forse la soglia | Caruso (HMV) |
| Mezzanotte! Ah! che vegg' io | Poli-Randaccio (HMV) |
| Morrò, ma prima in grazia | Destinn (HMV) |
| Saper vorreste | Tetrazzini (HMV) |
| Volta la terrea fronta alle stelle | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |

*Don Carlos :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Dio, che nell' alma infondere | Caruso and Scotti (HMV) |
| Ella giammai m'amò | Journet (HMV) |
| Io l' ho perduta | De' Muro (HMV) |
| O Carlo, ascolta | De Luca (HMV) |
| O don fatale | Clara Butt (C) |
| Per me giunto è il dì supremo | Battistini (HMV) |

*Due Foscari :*

| | |
|---|---|
| O vecchio cor che batti | Amato (HMV) |

*Ernani :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Come rugiada al cespite | Martinelli (HMV) |
| Ernani, involami | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| Ernani, involami | Stralia (C) |
| Lo vedremo, o veglio audace | Titta Ruffo (HMV) |
| O sommo Carlo | Battistini, De Witt, Taccani (HMV) |
| Oh! de' verd' anni miei | Battistini (HMV) |
| Surta è la notte | Frieda Hempel (HMV) |
| Vieni meco, sol di rose | Battistini and Corsi (HMV) |

*Falstaff :*

| | |
|---|---|
| L' onore! Ladri | Titta Ruffo (HMV) |
| Quand' era paggio | Scotti (HMV) |

VERDI (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Forza del Destino :* | |
| Egli è salvo | Battistini (HMV) |
| Invano, Alvaro | Caruso and Amato (HMV) |
| La vergine | Destinn (C) |
| Madre pietosa | Boninsegna (C) |
| Minaccie, i fieri accenti | Caruso and Amato (HMV) |
| O thou, that now with angels fair | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Pace, pace | Boninsegna (C) |
| Sleale! | Caruso and De Luca (HMV) |
| Solenne in quest' ora | Caruso and Scotti (HMV) |
| Urna fatale | Battistini (HMV) |
| Virgin Mother, hear me | Austral (HMV) |
| *Lombardi :* | |
| Qual voluttà trascorrere | Caruso, Alda, Journet (HMV) |
| *Macbeth :* | |
| Ah! la paterna mano | Caruso (HMV) |
| Pietà, rispetto, amore | Battistini (HMV) |
| *Nabucco :* | |
| Tremin gl' insani | Titta Ruffo (HMV) |
| *Otello :* | |
| Nearly all the vocal numbers are recorded by both HMV and C. | |
| *Requiem :* | |
| Confutatus maledictis | Harold Williams (HMV) |
| Ingemisco | Caruso (HMV) |
| *Rigoletto :* | |
| All the vocal numbers are recorded by both HMV and C. | |
| *Simon Boccanegra :* | |
| Il lacerato spirito | Ezio Pinza (HMV) |
| The broken spirit | Norman Allin (C) |
| *Traviata :* | |
| The principal vocal numbers are recorded by both HMV and C. | |
| *Trovatore :* | |
| Nearly all the vocal numbers are recorded by both HMV and C. | |
| *Vespri Siciliani :* | |
| Mercè, dilette amiche | Tetrazzini (HMV) |

VIEUXTEMPS

| | |
|---|---|
| Ballade et Polonaise, vn. and orch. | Sammons (C) |

VITALI

| | |
|---|---|
| Chaconne for violin | Sammons (C) |

WAGNER

| | |
|---|---|
| *Flying Dutchman :* | |
| Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Overture | Q.H.O. (Wood) (HMV) |
| Spinning Chorus | Grand Opera Co. (HMV) |
| *Lohengrin :* | |
| Prelude | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Introduction to Act III. | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Introduction to Act III. | S.O. (HMV) |
| Wedding Procession Music | S.O. (HMV) |
| and various vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| *Mastersingers :* | |
| Overture | S.O. (HMV) |
| Prelude to Act III. | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| Dance of Apprentices | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Dance of Apprentices & Procession of Mastersingers | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| and nearly the whole of the opera in vocal numbers (HMV & C) | |
| *Parsifal :* | |
| Prelude | S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| Prelude | Milan S.O. (C) |
| Klingsor's Magic Garden | S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| Good Friday Music | S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| Good Friday Music | Milan S.O. (C) |
| Good Friday Music | S.O. (Harty) (C) |
| and numerous vocal extracts (HMV) | |
| *Rhinegold :* | |
| Prelude | S.O. (HMV) |
| Entry of the Gods into Valhalla | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Entry of the Gods into Valhalla | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV) | |

WAGNER (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Rienzi :* | |
| Overture | S.O. (HMV) |
| Overture | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Overture | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV) | |
| *Siegfried :* | |
| Forest Murmurs | S.O. (Pitt) (HMV) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| *Tannhäuser :* | |
| Overture | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Overture | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Venusberg Music | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| *Tristan and Isolda :* | |
| Prelude | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Prelude & Isolda's Love Song | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Isolde's Love Song | S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| Isolde's Love Song | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| *Twilight of the Gods :* | |
| Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine | S.O. (HMV) |
| Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |
| Siegfried's Funeral March | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Siegfried's Funeral March | H.O. (Harty) (C) |
| Song of the Rhine Daughters | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| and vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| *Valkyrie :* | |
| Introduction & Ride of the Valkyries (Act III.) | Orchestra (Coates) (HMV) |
| Magic Fire Scene | S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| and practically the whole of the opera in vocal extracts (HMV and C) | |
| Siegfried Idyll | L.S.O. (Coates) (HMV) |
| Siegfried Idyll | R.P.O. (Walter) (C) |

WEBER

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra :* | |
| Overture to *Der Freischütz* | S.O. (HMV) |
| Overture to *Euryanthe* | Æ.O. (V) |

WEBER (*continued*)—

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| Overture to *Oberon* | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Overture to *Oberon* | Q.H.O. (Wood) (C) |
| Overture to *Oberon* | Life Guards (V) |
| Invitation to the Waltz | R.A.H.O. (HMV) |
| Invitation to the Waltz | S.O. (Weingartner) (C) |
| *Violin:* | |
| Country Dance | Elman (HMV) |
| Larghetto | A. Fachiri (V) |
| Waltz | Renée Chemet (HMV) |
| *Clarinet:* | |
| Concertino | Charles Draper (HMV) |
| *Piano:* | |
| Invitation to the Waltz | Sapellnikoff (V) |
| Perpetuum mobile | Moiseiwitsch (HMV) |
| Perpetuum mobile | Friedheim (C) |
| Rondo, La Gaieté | Una Bourne (HMV) |
| *Voice:* | |
| Softly sighs (*Der Freischütz*) | Austral (HMV) |
| Through the forest (*Der Freischütz*) | Tudor Davies (HMV) |
| Ocean, thou mighty monster (*Oberon*) | Stralia (C) |
| Oh, to the glorious night (*Oberon*) | Tudor Davies (HMV) |

WIENIAWSKI

| | |
|---|---|
| Légende for violin | Sammons (C) |
| Romance from Violin Concerto, Op. 22, No. 2 | Seidl (C) |

WILLIAMS, R. VAUGHAN

| | |
|---|---|
| *Orchestra:* | |
| London Symphony (complete) | L.S.O. (Godfrey) (C) |
| London Symphony (1st & 3rd movements) | S.O. (HMV) |
| Suite for Military Band | R.A.F. Band (HMV) |
| Old King Cole Suite | Æ.O. (V) |
| Overture to *The Wasps* | Æ.O. (V) |
| Folk Song Suite | Life Guards (V) |
| Sea Songs, Quick March | Life Guards (V) |
| *String Quintet:* | |
| Phantasy Quintet | (NGS) |

WILLIAMS, R. VAUGHAN (*continued*)—

*Opera :*

| | |
|---|---|
| Hugh the Drover (complete) | (HMV) |

*Voice :*

| | |
|---|---|
| On Wenlock Edge, with string quartet (complete) | Elwes and L.S.Q. (C) |
| Bright is the ring of words | P. Dawson (HMV) |
| Bushes and Briars | De Reszke Singers (HMV) |
| A Farmer's Son | English Singers (HMV) |
| Linden Lea | G. Baker (HMV) |
| Linden Lea | E. Coyle (C) |
| Linden Lea | W. Watcyns (V) |
| The Roadside Fire | P. Dawson (HMV) |
| The Roadside Fire | Elwes (C) |
| The Roadside Fire | H. Williams (C) |
| Silent Noon | P. Dawson (HMV) |
| Springtime of the Year | English Singers (HMV) |
| The Turtle Dove | English Singers (HMV) |
| The Vagabond | P. Dawson (HMV) |
| Wassail Song | English Singers (HMV) |
| Winter is gone | De Reske Singers (HMV) |

# APPENDIX V

## LIST OF MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES AND STUDIES IN ENGLISH

### Bach


Spitta, *Life of Bach*, 3 vols. (Novello, 1899).
Forkel, *J. S. Bach, Life and Work* (Constable, 1920).
Schweitzer, *J. S. Bach* (Black, 1911).
Parry, *J. S. Bach* (Putnam, 1909).
C. F. Abdy-Williams, *Bach* (Dent and Sons, 4th edition, 1921).
Rutland Boughton, *Bach* (John Lane, 1907).
R. L. Poole, *Bach* (Sampson Low, 1882).
E. H. Thorne, *J. S. Bach* (Bell and Sons, 1908).
C. Sanford Terry, *Bach's Chorales*, 3 vols. (Cambridge University Press, 1915, 1917, 1921).
C. Sanford Terry, *Bach's Cantata Texts* (Constable, 1926).
W. G. Whittaker, *Fugitive Notes on Bach's Cantatas* (Milford, 1924).
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Anon., *The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach* (Chatto and Windus, 1925).
Eaglefield Hull, *Handbook to Bach's Complete Organ Works* (*Musical Opinion* Office, 1927).


### Bantock


H. O. Anderton, *Granville Bantock* (John Lane, 1915).


### Beethoven


Thayer, *Life of Beethoven* (new edition, 3 vols., New York, 1924).
R. Wagner, *Beethoven* (Reeves, 1903).
G. Grove, *Beethoven* (article in Grove's *Dictionary*, 1879).
G. Grove, *Beethoven's Symphonies* (Novello, 1896).
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Romain Rolland, *Beethoven* (Kegan Paul, 1917).

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F. Kerst, *Beethoven in his own Words*) (G. Bles, 1926).
Paul Bekker, *Beethoven* (Dent and Sons, 1925).
J. S. Shedlock, *Letters of Beethoven*. New Edition, edited by Eaglefield Hull (Dent and Sons, 1926).
J. S. Shedlock, *Beethoven* (Bell and Sons, 1908).
E. Evans, Sen., *Beethoven's Symphonies*, 2 vols. (Reeves, 1923).
Ernest Walker, *Beethoven* (John Lane, 1906).
H. A. Rudall, *Beethoven* (Sampson Low, 1908).
O. G. Sonneck, *Beethoven: Impressions of Contemporaries* (Schirmer, 1927).
J. W. Turner, *Beethoven: the Search for Reality* (Benn, 1927).
Harvey Grace, *Beethoven* (Kegan Paul, 1927).
Ernest Newman, *The Unconscious Beethoven* (Leonard Parsons, 1927).
William Behrend, *Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas* (Dent and Sons, 1927).

### Bennett

J. R. Sterndale Bennett, *Life of Sterndale Bennett* (Cambridge University Press, 1907).

### Berlioz

*Autobiography* (Translated by K. Boult; Dent and Sons, 1912).
*Autobiography* (Translated by R. Holmes; Macmillan, 1884; o.p.).
E. Newman, *Musical Studies* (John Lane).
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### Bizet

D. C. Parker, *Bizet* (Kegan Paul, 1926).

### Borodin

A. Habets, *Borodin and Liszt* (Reeves, 1895).

### Brahms

J. A. Fuller Maitland, *Brahms* (Methuen, 1911).
A. Dietrich, *Recollections of Johannes Brahms* (Seeley and Co., 1899).
E. Markham Lee, *Brahms, and his Music* (Sampson Low, 1896).
H. Antcliffe, *Brahms* (Bell and Sons, 1908).
Jeffrey Pulver, *Brahms* (Kegan Paul, 1926).
Florence May, *Life of Brahms* (2 vols., Arnold, 1905).
H. C. Colles, *Brahms* (John Lane).

### Bruneau

A. Hervey, *Alfred Bruneau* (John Lane).

### Chopin

J. G. Huneker, *Chopin, the Man and his Music* (Reeves, 1903).
F. Niecks, *Chopin as a Man and as a Musician*, 2 vols. (Novello, 1888).
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M. Karazowski, *Chopin* (Reeves, 1906).
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E. J. Oldmeadow, *Chopin* (G. Bell and Sons).

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Mrs. Franz Liebich, *Claude Achille Debussy* (John Lane, 1908).
A. Cortot, *The Piano Music of Debussy* (Chester, 1922).

### Delius

Philip Heseltine, *Delius* (John Lane, 1923).

### Dvořák

Sir Henry Hadow, *Studies in Modern Music*, vol. ii. (Seeley, 1895).

### Elgar

Ernest Newman, *Elgar* (John Lane, 1906).
J. F. Porte, *Sir Edward Elgar* (Kegan Paul, 1921).
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### Franck

Vincent d'Indy, *César Franck* (John Lane, 1909).

### Glinka

M. Montagu-Nathan, *Glinka* (Constable, 1916).

### Gluck

Ernest Newman, *Gluck and the Opera* (B. Dobell, 1895).

### Gounod

E. Markham Lee, *Gounod* (G. Bell and Sons).

### Grieg

H. T. Finck, *Grieg and his Music* (John Lane).

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Romain Rolland, *Handel* (Kegan Paul, 1913).
Newman Flower, *George Frideric Handel, his Personality and his Times* (Cassell, 1923).
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C. F. Abdy Williams, *Handel* (Dent and Sons, 1904).
W. H. Cummings, *Handel* (Bell and Sons, 1906).

### Haydn

J. Cuthbert Hadden, *Haydn* (Dent and Sons, 1911).
Michel Brenet, *Haydn* (Humphrey Milford, 1926).
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### Holbrooke

S. Lowe, *Joseph Holbrooke* (Kegan Paul, 1920).

### Liszt

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W. S. Rockstro, *Mendelssohn* (Sampson Low, 1906).
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F. Kerst, *Mozart in his own Words* (G. Bles, 1926).
F. Gehring, *Mozart.*
V. Wilder, *Mozart* (Reeves).
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MUSSORGSKY

M. D. Calvocoressi, *Mussorgsky* (Kegan Paul, 1919).
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PALESTRINA

Z. Kendrick Pyne, *Palestrina: his Life and Times* (John Lane).

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PUCCINI

Wakeling Dry, *Giacomo Puccini* (John Lane).

PURCELL

W. H. Cummings, *Purcell* (Sampson Low, 1881).
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RIMSKY-KORSAKOF

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Julius Benedict, *Carl Maria von Weber* (Sampson Low, 1906)

### Wolf, Hugo

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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bantock | Goossens | Ireland | Pizzetti |
| Bax | Grovlez | Jongen | Poldowski |
| Berners | Heath | de Maleingreau | Sibelius |
| Bliss | Holbrooke | Malipiero | Stravinsky |
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### General

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